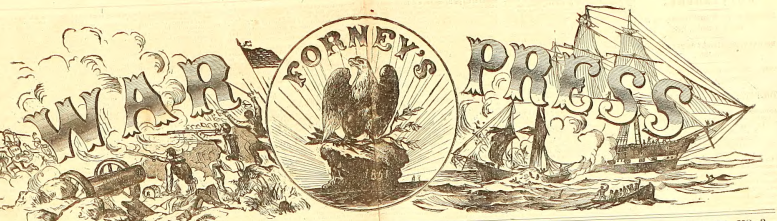
Oration of Hon Edward Everett Gettysburgh



FORNEY'S WAR PRESS

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863. VOL. III.—NO. 3.

WESTERN GUERILLAS ON A MARAUDING EXPEDITION.

[For The War Press.]

ROTHERMEL'S PAINTING.

"THE MARTYS IN THE COLISEUM."

[*At the Academy of the Fine Arts.*]

CHAS. HENRY BROCK.

We gaze—and hearts are hushed and souls inspired,
And eyeballs dimmed, before the breathing
Canvass. Truth is there, outvieing with its wan
And holy light, the universal blaze
Of Roman glory. Martyr might is there,
Unpanoplied in royalty and steel,
Yet nobler born and sterner mailed than they,
Of Forum and of field, who bade outstart
An Empire from their conquest.
Far and grand
Tier above tier, the countless multitudes
Rise in the Coliseum. Kingly pride,
And pomp of warrior helm, and frailer mould—
Oh, God! that this of all might be
But sculptured marble of the arched walls,
Not womanhood and childhood—all are there—
And gaze and shout and gaze again
Down to the wide arena.
A roar—a shriek—
A gleam of gaping flesh—a burst of blood—
And man and monster wrestle in the strife
Of horrid death. Far—far on high,
Around—above the frenzied plaudits roll
In joyous echoes thro' each arch and nave,
And join their cadence with the crunch of bone.
Oh, Heaven—*Italia's* heaven! and did thy smile,
Thy smile of day, pure and cerulean,
Illume the sick'ning sight! Perhaps amid his throes
Of lingering death, ere yet the lion jaw
Had crushed his martyr heart, the victim's eye
Rose o'er the applauder's of his agony,
Beyond the dizzy heights of columned stone,
And *wept*, and blessed the calm blue sky,
That arched in holy beauty, as it were,
The mirror of his calm and Christian Rest!
Without, in speechless waiting, view them kneel,
The band of doomed martyrs.
One—the first—
Whose brow grows corrugate and eyeballs fixed
In agony of fear—forbids her bosom's breath,
And bars with clenched hands her shrinking ears
Lest death-groans from the arena quench the might
Of her soul's faith.
And nearer—sadder yet—
With fragile spirit bended in the storm—
A mother, on whose prostrate swooned breast
The unconscious infant pratties in his play.
While hoary Age, whose wasted lineaments speak
That a few kindly years of earth and toil
Had spared the lion's work and Roman's sport—
Kneels trembling in its trust.
And there—the last—
The loftiest—noblest—grandest of them all—
E'en thro' a bronzed and mailed hand
Defiles with its rude touch her unclosed breast
And marshals her to death—a girlish wife—
She heeds nor husband's fond and frenzied clasp,
Nor shout of restless multitudes—nor shriek
Of the last manly victim—nor the shame
Of her bared bosom to lascivious gaze—
But calm and strong, her martyr spirit soars
Up to her faith's Omnipotent, and sheds
One parting holy radiance of its trust
Upon her woman's brow.
Oh, Rome and Romans!
It was a blighting day for Earth and Life,
A blessing one for Death and Heaven.
Ye all were there—the assembled pomp and power
And glory of an Empire—at your sport
Of Christian agony—seas of your cohort steel
To execute your bidding might have swept
From ocean to Euphrates: yet the child—
The quivering orphan child—that Genius bears
With ye to life, among the martyrs there
Wields in its wan and puny hand, a sign
Full mightier than your gilded eagles gave
To *Greek* or *Macedonian.*
Constantine—
When ages long had hushed the orphan scream
Beneath the lion spring—beheld and blessed—
Transplanted from the arena to the heavens—
All blazing glorious on their midnight arch—
That orphan's martyr Cross!
Now Genius—for thee
And thy rapt child, we twine the laurel wreath.
*Amid the crumbled arch and mossy nave
And mouldering column stone, that shrine the wreck
Of Rome's proud Coliseum, thou hast lent
Thy choicest inspiration to thy son,
And bade him blend in rare and beauteous Art,
Thy mystic angel touch and heavenly dyes
To rear the World and Time and Truth
A painted soul—a pictured monument—
Of Faith triumphant in the martyr hour—
Of Faith immortal on a mortal Earth—
Of an Eternal God!

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*Rothermel is said to have conceived his work among the "Ruins of the Coliseum."

Philadelphia, November, 1863.

[Written for The War Press.]

ABIGAIL.

BY M. L. S.

CHAPTER V.

> "But green leaves, and blossoms, and warm sunny weather,
> And singing and loving—all come back together;
> And the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
> The greenfields below him, the blue sky above,
> That he sings and he sings, and forever sings he—
> 'I love my Love and my Love loves me!'"
> [*Coleridge.*

Such summer days as were now passing ought always to bring as much happiness as they did to some of the party at Oakland. [illegible] seemed a rest in life to the Major, it was [illegible] peaceful, so joyous a holiday. Abby was [illegible] happy also; she, too, was at rest and [illegible]on. The outside excitement of the house [illegible]pled the surface of her life. She re[illegible] highest state of enjoyment—per[illegible] from any care or annoyance. Some [illegible] well ple[illegible] others were quite as content and an almo[illegible] The young chaplain was now Steele's, a[illegible]wavering attendant of Miss [illegible] cided that [illegible]med at length to have de[illegible] locks. Seve[illegible] hair was preferable to fair terested in eac[illegible]hers became as much in[illegible] ning, tete-a-tete[illegible]r, and walks in the eve[illegible] popular. Of c[illegible] the portico became very genous to such plac[illegible]very movement indi[illegible] ing, dancing, tablea[illegible] tried—rides, fish[illegible] had their turn. And [illegible]d charades, all grand pic-nic came—a fai[illegible] the day for a About a mile down the river[illegible] day in July. a small stream emptying its [illegible]n revealed waters into the river, and up this sparkling went. The banks were low and [illegible] they but the monotony of waving leaves, [illegible]form, trees hanging over shining water, is seen lightful one can hardly wish for a change. [illegible] sudden turn among higher banks, dense foliage, level fields, or a mansion with its lawn and garden, made diversity enough for Abby, who was pleased by all nature.

There was a merry row up the creek, an eager race, a gay, picturesque landing, and then the usual pic-nic scenes—the grouping into small parties, the intimate friends wandering off together, the sentimental young man lying down under the trees with a volume of Shelley, and gazing up at the leafy branches, finding "emotions unutterable flood his soul;" the two smokers who retire to a convenient distance, so they can watch the others, and yet themselves be undisturbed; the young ladies and beaux who hunt for wild flowers, and find all the prettiest places in the wood; the solitary young woman who strays off, always, however, keeping in sight of the young man who is likewise intellectual; she is supposed to love all things beautiful a little more than others do, to look unutterable things, and only hint her inner life; the couple who stray alone to the river side; those who take a long walk, and bring back cedars and pretty leaves, and never fail to mention how far they have been; the younger ones who race and run merrily through the trees, find good boughs for swings, and take clandestine rows in boats.

As for Abby, at first her housekeeping instincts, her propensity to assist the busiest, made her throw off her mantle, and begin to help the matrons unpack the baskets, put the butter, milk, and wine into running water, gather sticks for a fire, and help with the trouble of a pic-nic, until Mrs. Drummond, who was anxious Abby should enjoy herself alway, told her to go among the girls, and leave them.

Then she walked with a couple who had been married but a few years, and who were on delightfully easy terms with themselves and every one else; but having no relish for the laughing attentions of the gentleman, who implored his wife to walk on, so he might "make love to Miss Abby," she soon left them, and was suddenly seized by a merry group, who hunted for ferns and crowned themselves, gathered acorns, frightened squirrels, disturbed the "unutterable" couple, who had been drawn by an irresistible attraction together, then making a chain among the trees, they suddenly wound Miss Steele and Mr. Graham in it, as they sat by the river, and so filled the morning with gladness that they hardly guessed how time was passing, until the boys ran through the woods arousing every one with the ringing shout—"Come to din—din—din—ner!"

The Major was not young nor excitable enough to enjoy a long day's romp as Abby did, nor could he have smoked and talked with Dr. Drummond and his party *this* day. He had found out what these few weeks had wrought for him. He wished to be alone, and think of it. So he found a seat under a maple hidden from the others, and from where he saw Abby once through the morning, saw her come like a wood-nymph in her pale green dress, wreathed with ferns, and cross a little creek on a log flung across. He was now standing near the spread cloth, waiting for her to come back. Presently the party came trooping down the hillside, with Abby in their midst, her dress waving in the wind, her hat in her hand, the ferns on her hair, a bright bloom on her cheeks and lips, and he thought her the loveliest picture of sweet youth those old trees had ever thrown their waving branches over. He sighed and turned away. Better suited to her were the youths and maidens she was with than his October years.

Then followed the dreaming couple with more humanity about them, and Miss Steele and her cavalier both conscious of a secret that was easily guessed, and only half desirous of hiding it.

Abby looked at the table, ran off, and while they were all seated and wondering where she had gone, came running up the hill from the spring with the forgotten butter.

"Well," cried Mrs. Drummond, "that *is* queer—to think I should have forgotten it! There, Abby, sit down; there is your seat."

Abby took her seat between the Doctor and Lieutenant Grey; the latter immediately began to talk in his familiar tone of old acquaintance.

"Can you make butter, Miss Abby?"

"Certainly I can."

"Tell me how you do it. Begin at the beginning."

Abby laughed. "First, thee must roll up thy sleeves, and put on a great apron."

The lieutenant looked with an air of comical dismay at his coat sleeves.

"Humph! roll up my sleeves! Then I work it?"

"Thee gets on too fast. Thee must churn it first, work it, mould it, eat it. Which could thee do best?"

"Don't ask me! Don't you press it, pat it, and look very wise and busy? How do you mould it—pour it in a mould and bring it out all in shape with a cow or a parcel of bunchy wheat on it?"

"That's not the way Abby does," cried Master Phil Drummond, opposite. "I've seen her make butter often at her brother's. She has a smooth little stick, and she makes flowers and grapes all over them. But I'll tell you what she is great on—corn dodgers! You needn't laugh. You'd laugh for joy if you could eat some of them. Oh my, they are good!" rolling up his eyes.

"What else can you do, Miss Abby? Can you sweep? can you fry oysters, or make bread for your butter?"

"Does thee want a cook? Perhaps thee would like a character from my last place?"

"In those eyes we look"—began the chaplain, but the glance Miss Steele gave him taught him better than to quote poetry to other ladies.

"When I do want a Madame Soyer for my minage, will you come, Miss Abby? Goodness, man!" he cried, looking at the Major, who sat opposite; "why, what have I done?"

"Perhaps," said Miss Steele, blandly, about to punish Abby for the chaplain's misconduct—"perhaps Major Reynolds thinks of getting a refusal."

She was rewarded by a look from the Major which made her color, start, shrug her shoulders, and look appealingly at the chaplain.

Doctor Drummond, who had not heard this little episode, now turned and continued the subject, much to Abby's annoyance.

"Lucky is the man who gets Abby, especially if he is a soldier. You need not look for her, though, Gray, until you are at least a colonel. But she cannot only order his household, but when he is sick, attend to his duties, detail his men, call the roll, post the guards, review a regiment, or anything else."

Abby looked rather grave during this panegyric of the Doctor's. She had not come to the same conclusions as the Major had; in fact, she had not thought of him, except as a very kind and agreeable friend; but his very evident displeasure wounded her; she feared she had said or done something wrong, and his grim face during the rest of the meal completely spoiled her pleasure. The repast seemed very long, the jokes and mirth very stupid, and she gladly sprang up and took the first opportunity to steal off by herself. She wanted to be alone and think. There was a strange, unaccountable feeling in her heart; she hated the company, but most of all she hated Major Reynolds; she felt as if he had injured her in some way—as if all peace and repose had passed from her. But as she ran hastily, for fear some one would see her and call her back, she felt as if she was running away from this new, miserable feeling, and as if in the distance there was a place it would fall from her as did Christian's burden.

CHAPTER VI.

> "For Love himself took part against himself
> To warn us off, and Duty loved of Love—
> On this world's curse—beloved and hated—came
> Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace and mine."
> [*Tennyson.*

A few weeks had brought many changes into Abby's life; changes we can only briefly chronicle; changes she certainly did not understand nor estimate as she passed under the trees until she reached the anchored boats. Then gathering her dress daintily up, she went down over the white sands, still moist from the receding tide, crushing the muscle shells and leaving a clear, well-defined model of her foot in every step. She selected the smallest, cleanest boat, and keeping carefully out of the water that lay in little pools down by the boat, stepped in. She raised an oar, planted it on the shore, and gave such a strong, sudden push that the boat flew off, the oar dropped from her hand, she staggered, and almost fell over the side of the boat, but fortunately recovered her balance. As she looked up in terror, she saw Major Reynolds running [illegible] a few feet of her.

"Miss Abby, have you hurt yourself?"

"Oh, no."

He came down, picked up the oar, and placed it in the boat.

"What did you wish to do, Miss Abby?"

"I only wanted to push the boat off into the water. It is anchored, Major Reynolds."

"Yes, I see it; it would otherwise have been a crazy performance."

"I think I will get out," said she, apparently about to step into the water.

"No, no; don't let me disturb you; I will walk on. Shall I push your boat out? As you have both oars, of course you fear no accident, even if you should in some way drift off."

He could not help smiling as he said this, to see with what a perplexed, rueful air she sat down in the seat behind her.

"Suppose I propose a plan, Miss Abby? Shall I take you out a little way? It is pleasant now; the slight haze makes it quite cool."

"If thee wishes to," answered Abby, submissively.

The Major hesitated one moment. It was not a very cordial assent, but he stepped over into the boat. He raised the anchor, then turning looked at Abby, and picking up the oars offered them to her.

"Will you row, Miss Abby?"

She flushed brightly, for she was sitting on the middle seat, and immediately sat down in the stern, wishing secretly that she could have one moment's quiet to compose herself. The Major dipped his oars in the water, gave a few long pulls, and the boat headed up the stream.

"Is thee going up the creek?"

"Yes, don't you think it pleasanter? You have not seen that part of the stream, and it will be pleasant to float down."

"Would thee rather float than row?"

"That depends on my mood; or has that a moral?"

She laughed, but did not answer, and so they went up the water. Abby could now have indulged in her meditations to her heart's content, but her self-consciousness prevented her from thinking too intently of him in his presence; so she leaned forward and watched the shadows in the water, the bending trees, the birds flying in flocks over the creek, the clear cut of the oars as they struck through the water, coming up glancing and gleaming in the light. The Major watched *her*. At last he spoke.

"Miss Abby, you have no idea how you frightened me just now. You would have injured yourself, no doubt, seriously if you had fallen on the side of the boat."

"I have been unfortunate to-day, to have both alarmed and displeased thee."

"'Displeased' me! I hardly think that would be possible. What do you mean?"

"What displeased thee at lunch time?"

"Not you. I thought Lieutenant Gray very impertinent. A man has no right to talk to a young lady in such familiar terms, especially in such public circumstances. I was pleased to see you resented it."

Abby was amused; she had not thought of the Lieutenant. It was some one else who had troubled her. She made no reply, but leaned over the edge of the boat, dipping her fingers in the water. Suddenly, Major Reynolds turned the boat, rested his oars, and spoke.

"Abby!"

She looked up, caught the revelation in his eyes, and shrank timidly back, with a low cry.

"Abby, listen to me; you must indeed. Abby, you know I love you; I have never loved a woman until now; can you not guess some little how I regard you?"

She only drew still further back, hiding her face in her hands, her figure swaying with the motion of the boat in inarticulate distress.

"Do I trouble you? Indeed I had hoped not. Do I speak too suddenly? I know very little of a young girl's heart. But I do not want to distress you."

"Oh, why did I come out with thee?" half sobbed Abby. "I wish thee would put me on shore. I could walk down to the others, indeed I could!"

"Abby, Abby, answer me. You *must* love me—you cannot refuse me. You are free, you do not love another? Answer me!"

"Yes, yes, I *am* free, but I have nothing to say to thee; please do not ask me."

Her distress was so evident, her passionate vehemence so great, that the Major was silent for a few moments; then yielding to a sudden impulse, not a generous one, he drew his oars farther in, and leaning over took her hands from her face. It was very pallid, her eyes were filled with tears, her hat hanging back on her neck, a few drooping ferns in her hair, poor Abby looked disconsolate.

"Abby, do you love me?"

The color flew to her face, and she looked at him in distress.

"Indeed I do not know!"

"Will you marry me?"

"No, no, I cannot marry thee."

Her voice was so clear as she said this, her eyes looked so steadily at him, that he answered sharply—

"Why not? You cannot trifle with me. I do not think you would. Abby, you wound me very much. Do I deserve such treatment? You must not answer me so. Your eyes are too calm and fixed. You do not look like the Abby—pretty, quaint name—whom I love! Do not trifle with me. You are free. If you will look into my eyes and say, 'I do not love you,' I will believe you, and trouble, distress you no more."

She tried to free her hands, but he grasped them with such force that her firmness gave way, and she cried out in pain—

"Thee hurts me! Oh, how canst thou be so cruel to me!"

"Poor little hands! Indeed, Abby, I did not guess it."

He covered them with kisses. She could better have borne the pain. She snatched them away indignantly.

"How dost thou dare? Thou hast no right to do so!"

"Forgive me; it is true I have no right."

She was moved by his tones to speak:

"I am very sorry; I did not suspect this. Thou art so different from other men, I thought thee only a friend. I would not let thee have said this if I had guessed it. I cannot say anything to thee, but it must not be!"

"Abby, this is wicked; it *must* be!"

"Ah, if thee knew why I said so, thou would be the last to wish it."

"Are you determined to refuse me, Abby?"

"I cannot help it."

"I am determined to have you!"

A half smile passed over her face.

"Indeed, it can never, never be. Why does thee not believe me? I would neither deceive nor trifle with thee."

"I cannot believe, Abby, that any obstacle but your want of regard for me *could* separate us. Tell me what it is; at least give me the privilege of judging the power of this reason."

Abby looked at him with terror in her face.

"Do not ask me; I cannot speak of it; thee cannot know the unspeakable horror it is to me; it is no wrong, no crime, but a terrible misfortune."

"Whom does it concern, Abby?"

"Myself—only myself. If thee wishes, I *will* tell thee—but, oh, I cannot!"

"Abby, look at me. I will not ask you; I do not wish you to; but I will say no more to you for a month; then, if you still refuse me, I must be content. But I think in that time you will learn how truly I love you, and your own love will teach you. *Then* you may tell me if you choose; if not, I am willing to trust you, marry you. I am not romantic, Abby; I am a proud, matter-of-fact soldier; but if you tell me there is no disgrace in your secret—as if disgrace could touch you!"

"No disgrace—only distress."

"Indeed, I would marry you in almost any case, Abby, for I know you are perfectly pure and good. But if you still refuse me, there is no woman on earth I would think of."

"Major Reynolds, I am young and ignorant, but I can feel thy goodness; but I cannot understand so much love towards myself. I promise thee this, however:—although I would commit a greater wrong in marrying *thee* than in marrying almost any one, knowing thy opinions as I do, yet I will either marry thee or live a single life!"

He did not answer, but only looked at her. It was enough—he was content. That there could be any serious, impassable obstacle between them he did not believe.

But the boat, left to its own guidance, with scarcely any perceptible movement, had drifted near land, and now ran sharply, suddenly against the low shore. The Major resumed his oars, pushed off, with a few sweeps brought them out, and in a few minutes they had reached their starting place. He helped her silently out, and she walked up the beach, leaving him to secure the boat and follow her.

CHAPTER VII.

> "Or is weeping indeed a bitter thing, and for very loathing of the things which we before enjoyed, does it then, when we shrink from them, please us?"
> [*St. Augustine.*

When the party reached Oakland, the first person that greeted Abby's weary eyes was her brother Samuel. He was sitting on the porch with a pencil and card in his hand, apparently making a calculation. It was a sight which gave her no comfort, for she longed to run away to her own room and be quiet.

Samuel saw the party coming, met them on the lawn, and before they reached the house his errand was told. The children were both sick, Jane had sprained her foot, and was helpless, and Benjamin had sent for Abby to come up and stay a few weeks, to superintend the woman they had to work.

"He would have written," said the truthful Samuel, "but he did not know thy exact address, and feared thee would not come immediately."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Drummond, curtly—there was very little liking between her and the Holmes brothers—"but your sister is tired. You must excuse her for the present, and she will make her decision when she is rested."

"Excuse *me*," replied Samuel; "but I think in such a case no decision is necessary. It is a matter of sisterly duty. I am sure Abigail is not blind to it."

"Let me pass, and I will speak to thee after awhile."

His sister's tones were so faint that Samuel said no more, but let her enter the house.

Mrs. Drummond saw that Abby was distressed as well as fatigued. She took her to her own room, sent the Doctor into Phil's, put her in an easy arm-chair, took off her hat and mantle, bid her unlace her shoes, and then throwing off her own bonnet, sat down by her. Her sympathy was not new to Abby; to it she owed nearly all her happiness; without it she would have been a very different girl.

"Now, in the first place, my dear, you must not go back with Samuel. It is just like Benjamin, to saddle all the care of the house on you. I warrant you that his wife is perfectly capable of superintending her own house, but you are to nurse the children! that is what he wants you for."

Abby leaned back wearily, and said—

"It is no use talking about it, Aunt; I must go."

"Indeed you shall not! Why, Abby, dear child, what are you crying about? You are worn-out and nervous. I wish Samuel Holmes had staid on his farm. Your brothers give you pain, and no comfort."

"Indeed, Aunty, I am only tired; they have nothing to do with it."

"Humph!" says the lady, "then somebody else has! Has any one else been worrying you?"

"No, Aunty; but I am very much distressed. My old trouble has borne heavily on me to-day."

"How, my love, tell me how?"

Abby's sobs ceased.

"The Major told me to-day that he loved me."

"Well, then?"

"I refused him."

"Refused him, Abby! You are not indifferent to him?"

"I will tell the truth, Aunty. I do like him; I had no idea he loved me, I never thought of it; I never thought of my feeling to him until to-day."

"And you refused him! I am very sorry. I could have given you to Major Reynolds with certain expectations of your happiness. Abby, you have not let your fears interpose?"

"Aunty, has thee ever heard him speak on that subject?"

"No."

"Then thee does not know how he feels. I could not tell him, and I would not marry him unless he knew."

"Then, you did not say anything about it?"

"No, Aunty."

"May I tell him?"

Abby sat in painful thought for a few minutes; then she looked up.

"If thee chooses."

Mrs. Drummond did the wisest thing she could have done—she went into the next room, and left Abby alone.

When she went down to supper she looked fresh, and much as usual. Her heart was numb; there was no active pain in it to be suppressed, so it was comparatively easy to smile. She told Samuel pleasantly enough that she would go with him the next morning, although Mrs. Drummond was looking very sternly at her. She was partly glad to go, feeling as if when she left Oakland she would leave all her troubles. No one who could have influenced her tried to prevent her going. Mrs. Drummond would not for many reasons; the Doctor always approved of every one having their own way, so it did not interfere with his; he said he was very sorry, and told Samuel he ought to be ashamed of himself to take her. Major Reynolds had to leave Oakland in a few days, and was very glad for her to spend the coming month in seclusion. She cared very little for Lieutenant Gray's loud laments, nor the Chaplain's private ones; but was very glad when the evening was over.

[CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.]

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GETTYSBURG.

Dedication of the National Cemetery on the 19th of November, 1863.

DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE BATTLES OF JULY.

THE ORATION OF THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

THE BATTLE-FIELD AS IT IS TO-DAY.

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—SPEECHES OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, GOVERNOR CURTIN, MR. J. W. FORNEY, AND OTHERS—PRAYER BY THE REV. T. H. STOCKTON, ETC., ETC.

On Thursday of last week—the 19th day of November—the NATIONAL CEMETERY at Gettysburg, prepared for the interment of the remains of the Federal soldiers who fell in the battles of the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July, was formally consecrated, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, gathered from all parts of the Union, of the President, the Governors of the loyal States, and many distinguished representatives of the army, navy, clergy, and the liberal professions. In the following columns our readers will find a full account of the ceremonies, and scenes on the battle-ground and the cemetery, the oration of Hon. Edward Everett, the address of the President, and other documents which illustrate the history of the battles. Gen. Meade's report we append, as its subject is intimately connected with the national interest of the consecration.

The ground for the cemetery was bought by the State of Pennsylvania, and each State represented in the battles has been presented with a special lot, of size proportioned to the number of its dead soldiers. These States are: New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, Maine, Indiana, Maryland, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Delaware, and Virginia. The largest lot is the property of New York, the next that of Pennsylvania. But because the number of the slain whose names and regiments could not be ascertained, is very large, two large lots have been placed for these nameless soldiers, upon whose monument will be the simple inscription "Unknown." The Cemetery is situated on the west side of the Baltimore turnpike, adjoining the Gettysburg Cemetery. It was here that, on the 2d and 3d of July, the battle was fiercest, and the invasion beaten back. In the centre the monument will stand. The bodies are placed in rows, and at the head of each grave the name, company, and regiment of the dead, will be cut in marble.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL MEADE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
October 1, 1863.

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit herewith a report of the operations of this army during the month of July, including details of the battle of Gettysburg, which have been delayed by failure to receive the reports of the several corps and division commanders, who were severely wounded in battle. On the 28th of June I received orders from the President placing me in command of the Army of the Potomac. The situation of affairs was briefly as follows:

The Confederate army, which was commanded by General Robert E. Lee, was estimated at over one hundred thousand strong. All that army had crossed the Potomac river and advanced up the Cumberland Valley. Reliable intelligence placed his advance thus: Ewell's corps on the Susquehanna, Harrisburg, and Columbia; Longstreet's corps at Chambersburg, and Hill's corps between that place and Cashtown.

The 29th of June was spent in ascertaining the positions and strength of the different corps of the army, but principally in bringing up the cavalry which had been covering the rear of the army in its passage over the Potomac, and to which a large increase had just been made from the forces previously attached to the defences of Washington.

Orders were given on this day to Major General French, commanding at Harper's Ferry, to move with seven thousand men to occupy Frederick and the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with the balance of the force, estimated at four thousand, to remove and escort public property to Washington.

On the 29th the army was put in motion, and on the evening of that day it was in position, the left at Emmettsburg, and the right at New Windsor. Buford's division of cavalry was on the left flank, with his advance at Gettysburg.

Kilpatrick's division was in the front at Hanover, where he encountered this day General Stuart's Confederate cavalry, which had crossed the Potomac at Seneca creek, and, passing our right flank, was making its way toward Carlisle, having escaped Gregg's division, which was delayed in taking position on the right flank, by the occupation of the roads by a column of infantry.

On the 30th the right flank of the army was moved up to Manchester, the left still being at Emmettsburg, or in that vicinity, at which place three corps; 1st, 11th, and 3d, were collected under the orders of Major General Reynolds. General Buford having reported from Gettysburg the appearance of the enemy on the Cashtown road in some force, General Reynolds was directed to occupy Gettysburg.

On reaching that place on the 1st day of July, General Reynolds found Buford's cavalry warmly engaged with the enemy, who had debouched his infantry through the mountains on Cashtown, but was being held in check in the most gallant manner by Buford's cavalry. Major General Reynolds immediately moved round the town of Gettysburg and advanced on the Cashtown road, and without a moment's hesitation deployed his advanced division and attacked the enemy, at the same time sending orders for the 11th Corps, General Howard, to advance as promptly as possible.

Soon after making his dispositions for attack, Major General Reynolds fell mortally wounded, the command of the 1st Corps devolving on Major General Doubleday, and the command of the field on Major General Howard, who arrived about this time (11.30 A. M.) with the 11th Corps, then commanded by Major General Schurz. Major General Howard pushed forward two divisions of the 11th Corps to support the 1st Corps, now warmly engaged with the enemy, on a ridge to the north of the town, and posted his 3d division, with three batteries of artillery, on the Cemetery ridge, on the south side of the town.

Up to this time the battle had been with the forces of the enemy debouching from the mountains on the Cashtown road, known to be Hill's corps. In the early part of the action the success was on the enemy's side. Wadsworth's division of the 1st Corps having driven the enemy back some distance, capturing numerous prisoners; among them, Gen. Archer, of the Confederate army.

The arrival of reinforcements to the enemy on the Cashtown road, and the junction of Ewell's Corps coming in on the York and Harrisburg roads, which occurred between 1 and 2 o'clock P. M., enabled the enemy to bring vastly superior forces against both the 1st and 11th Corps, outflanking our line of battle, and pressing it so severely that about 4 o'clock P. M. Major Gen. Howard deemed it prudent to withdraw these two corps to the Cemetery ridge, on the south side of the town, which operation was successfully accomplished; not, however, without considerable loss in prisoners, arising from the confusion incident to portions of both corps passing through the town, and the men getting confused in the streets. About the time of the withdrawal, Major Gen. Hancock arrived, whom I had despatched to represent me on the field, on hearing of the death of Gen. Reynolds.

In conjunction with Major Gen. Howard, Gen. Hancock proceeded to post the troops on Cemetery Ridge, and to repel an attack that the enemy made on our right flank. This attack was not, however, very vigorous; the enemy seeing the strength of the position occupied, seemed to be satisfied with the success he had accomplished, desisting from any further attack this day.

About 7 o'clock P. M. Major Gens. Slocum and Sickles, with the 12th Corps, and a part of the 3d, reached the ground, and took post on the right and left of the troops previously posted. Being satisfied, from reports received from the field, that it was the intention of the enemy to support with his whole army the attack already made, and reports from Major Generals Hancock and Howard on the character of the position being favorable, I determined to give battle at this point, and early in the evening first issued orders to all corps to concentrate at Gettysburg, directing all trains to be sent to the rear at Westminster, at 11 P. M. 1st.

I broke up my headquarters, which till then had been at Taneytown, and proceeded to the field, arriving there at 1 A. M. of the 2d. So soon as it was light I proceeded to inspect the position occupied, and to make arrangements for posting several corps as they should reach the ground.

By 7 A. M. the 2d and 5th Corps, with the rest of the 3d, had reached the ground, and were posted as follows: The 11th Corps retained its position on Cemetery Ridge, just opposite to the town; the 1st Corps was posted on the right; the 11th on an elevated knoll connecting with the ridge and extending to the south and east, on which the 12th Corps was placed, the right of the 12th Corps resting on a small stream at a point where it crossed the Baltimore pike, and which formed on the right flank of the 12th something of an obstacle.

Cemetery Ridge extended in a westerly and southerly direction, gradually diminishing in elevation till it came to a very prominent ridge called "Round Top," running east and west. The 2d and 3d Corps were directed to occupy the continuation of Cemetery Ridge on the left of the 11th Corps and 5th Corps, pending their arrival the 6th Corps was held in reserve. While these dispositions were being made the enemy was massing his troops on an exterior ridge, distant from the line occupied by us from a mile to a mile and a half.

At 2 P. M. the 6th Corps arrived, after a march of thirty-two miles, which was accomplished from 9 P. M. of the day previous. On its arrival being reported I immediately directed the 5th Corps to move over to our extreme left, and the 6th to occupy its place as a reserve for the right.

About 3 P. M., I rode out to the extreme left to await the arrival of the 5th Corps and post it, when I found that Major General Sickles, commanding the 3d Corps, not fully apprehending my instructions in regard to the position to be occupied, had advanced, or rather was in the act of advancing, his corps some half mile or three quarters of a mile in the front of the line of the 2d Corps on a prolongation on which it was designed his corps should rest.

Having found Major General Sickels, I was explaining to him that he was too far in the advance, and discussing with him the propriety of withdrawing, when the enemy opened upon him with several batteries in his front and flank, and immediately brought forward columns of infantry, and made a vigorous assault. The 3d Corps sustained the shock most heroically. Troops from the 2d Corps were immediately sent by Major General Hancock to cover the right flank of the 3d Corps, and soon after the assault commenced.

The 5th Corps, most fortunately, arrived and took a position on the left of the 3d, Major General Sykes, commanding, immediately sending a force to occupy "Round Top" Ridge, where a most furious contest was maintained, the enemy making desperate but unsuccessful efforts to secure it. Notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of the 3d Corps, under Major General Birney (Major General Sickles having been wounded early in the action), superiority in numbers of corps of the enemy enabling him to outflank its advanced position, General Birney was counselled to fall back and reform behind the line originally desired to be held.

In the meantime, perceiving the great exertions of the enemy, the 6th Corps, Major General Sedgwick, and part of the 1st Corps, to which I had assigned Major General Newton, particularly Lockwood's Maryland Brigade, together with detachments from the 2d Corps, were all brought up at different periods, and succeeded, together with a gallant resistance of the 5th Corps, in checking, and, finally, repulsing the assault of the enemy, who retired in confusion and disorder about sunset, and ceased any further efforts on our extreme left.

An assault was, however, made about eight P. M., on the 11th Corps, from the left of the town, which was repelled with the assistance of troops from the 2d and 1st Corps. During the heavy assault upon our extreme left, portions of the 12th Corps were sent as reinforcements.

During their absence the line on the extreme right was held by a very much reduced force. This was taken advantage of by the enemy, who, during the absence of Geary's division of the 12th Corps, advanced and occupied part of the line.

On the morning of the third, Gen. Geary having returned during the night, attacked at early dawn the enemy, and succeeded in driving him back and reoccupying his former position. A spirited contest was maintained all the morning along this part of the line. Gen. Geary, reinforced by Wheaton's brigade of the 6th Corps, maintained his position and inflicted very severe losses on the enemy.

With this exception, our lines remained undisturbed till 1 P. M., on the 3d, when the enemy opened from over 125 guns, playing upon our centre and left. The cannonade continued for over two hours, when our guns failing to make any reply, the enemy ceased firing, and soon his masses of infantry became visible, forming for an assault on our left and left centre.

An assault was made with great firmness, directed principally against the point occupied by the 2nd Corps, and was repelled with equal firmness by the troops of that corps, supported by Doubleday's division and Stannard's brigade of the 1st Corps. During this assault, both Major General Hancock, commanding the left centre, and Brigadier General Gibson, commanding the 2nd Corps, were severely wounded.

This terminated the battle, the enemy retiring to his lines, leaving the field strewed with his dead and wounded, and numerous prisoners in our hands. Buford's division of cavalry, after its arduous service at Gettysburg on the first, was on the second sent to Westminster, to refit and guard our trains. Kilpatrick's division, that on the 29th, 30th, and 1st had been successfully engaging the enemy's cavalry, was, on the 3d, sent on our extreme left, on the Emmettsburg road, where good service was rendered in assaulting the enemy's line, and occupying his attention.

At the same time, Gen. Gregg was engaged with the enemy on our extreme right, having passed across the Baltimore pike and Bonaughtown roads, and boldly attacked the enemy's left and rear. On the morning of the 4th the reconnoissances developed that the enemy had drawn back his left flank, but maintained his position in front of our left, apparently assuming a new line parallel to the mountain.

On the morning of the 5th it was ascertained that the enemy was in full retreat by the Fairfield and Cashtown roads. The 6th Corps was immediately sent in pursuit on the Fairfield road, and the cavalry on the Cashtown road, and by Emmettsburg and Monterey passes. The 5th and 6th of July were employed in succoring the wounded and burying the dead.

Major General Sedgwick, commanding the 6th Corps, having pushed on in pursuit of the enemy as far as Fairfield Pass in the mountains, and reporting that pass as very strong, and one in which a small force of the enemy could hold in check and delay considerable time any pursuing force, I determined to follow the enemy by a flank movement, and accordingly, leaving McIntosh's brigade of cavalry and Neill's brigade of infantry to continue harassing the enemy, I put the army in motion for Middletown, Md.

Orders were immediately sent to Major General French, at Frederick, to re-occupy Harper's Ferry, and to send a force to occupy Turner's Pass, in South Mountain. I subsequently ascertained that Major General French had not only anticipated these orders, in part, but had pushed his cavalry force to Williamsport and Falling Waters, where they destroyed the enemy's pontoon bridge and captured its guard. Buford was at the same time sent to Williamsport and Hagerstown.

The duty above assigned to the cavalry was most successfully accomplished, the enemy being greatly harrassed, his trains destroyed, and many captures in guns and prisoners made. After halting a day at Middletown to procure necessary supplies and to bring up trains, the army moved through South Mountain, and by the 12th of July was in front of the enemy, who occupied a strong position on the heights of Marsh Run, in advance of Williamsport.

In taking this position several skirmishes and affairs had been had with the enemy, principally by cavalry from the 11th and 6th corps. The 13th was engaged in making reconnoissances of the enemy's position and preparations for attack, but on advancing on the morning of the 14th, it was ascertained that he had retired the night previous by a bridge at Falling Waters and a ford at Williamsport.

The cavalry in pursuit overtook the rear guard at Falling Waters, capturing two guns and numerous prisoners. Previous to the retreat of the enemy, Gregg's division of cavalry had crossed at Harper's Ferry, and coming up with the rear of the enemy at Charlestown and Sheperdstown, had a spirited contest, in which the enemy were driven to Martinsburg and Winchester, and pressed and harassed in his retreat.

Pursuit was resumed by a flank movement of the army, crossing the Potomac at Berlin, and moving down Loudoun valley. Cavalry were immediately pushed into several passes of the Blue Ridge, and having learned from scouts of the withdrawal of the Confederate army from the lower valley of the Shenandoah, the 3d Corps, Major General French, in advance, was moved into Manassas Gap, in the hope of being able to intercept a portion of the enemy.

The possession of the Gap was disputed so successfully as to enable the rear guard to withdraw by way of Strasburg, the Confederate army retiring to the Rapidan. Position was taken with this army on the line of the Rappahannock, and the campaign terminated about the close of July.

The result of the campaign may be briefly stated, in the defeat of the enemy at Gettysburg, their compulsory evacuation of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and withdrawal from the upper valley of the Shenandoah, and the capture of 3 guns, 41 standards, and 13,621 prisoners; 24,978 small arms were collected on the battle-field.

Our own losses were very severe, amounting, as will be seen by the accompanying return, to 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6,643 missing; in all 23,186.

It is impossible, in a report of this nature, to enumerate all the instances of gallantry and good conduct which distinguished our success on the hard-fought field of Gettysburg. The reports of corps commanders and their subordinates, herewith submitted, will furnish all information upon this subject.

I will only add my tribute to the heroic bravery of the whole army, officers and men, which, under the blessings of Divine Providence, enabled the crowning victory to be obtained, which I feel confident the country will never cease to bear in greatful remembrance.

It is my duty, as well as my pleasure, to call attention to the earnest efforts and co-operation on the part of Major General D. N. Couch, commanding the Department of the Susquehanna, and particularly to his advance of four thousand men under Brigadier General W. F. Smith, who joined me at Boonsboro', just prior to the withdrawal of the Confederate army.

In conclusion, I desire to return my thanks to my staff, general and personal, to each and all of whom I was indebted for unremitting activity and most efficient assistance. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major General Commanding.

Brigadier General L. THOMAS, Adjutant General U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

MR. EVERETT'S ADDRESS.

This Address needs neither compliment nor introduction; it is complete and perfect, and while appropriate to the solemn occasion, is not confined merely to the battle or the ceremony. Its eloquent and thoughtful author has used this great opportunity to pronounce not only a beautiful tribute to the memories of the soldiers who fell at Gettysburg, but to the justice of our cause, the dignity of the Government, and the loyal purpose of the millions of American freemen he addresses. His oration is necessarily eloquent, but it has the higher value of a masterly analysis of the principles of our Republic and the methods of its preservation. Mr. Everett has added a new lustre to our literature in this, one of the noblest of his intellectual achievements:

It was appointed by law in Athens, that the obsequies of the citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner. Their bones were carefully gathered up from the funeral pyre, where their bodies were consumed, and brought home to the city. There, for three days before the interment, they lay in state, beneath tents of honor, to receive the votive offerings of friends and relatives—flowers, weapons, precious ornaments, painted vases, (wonders of art, which after two thousand years adorn the museums of modern Europe)—the last tributes of surviving affection. Ten coffins of funeral cypress received the honorable deposit, one for each of the tribes of the city, and an eleventh in memory of the unrecognized, but not therefore unhonored, dead, and of those whose remains could not be recovered. On the fourth day the mournful procession was formed; mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, led the way, and to them it was permitted by the simplicity of ancient manners to utter aloud their lamentations for the beloved and the lost; the male relatives of the deceased followed; citizens and strangers closed the train. Thus marshalled they moved to the place of interment in that famous Ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, with walks and fountains, and columns; whose groves were filled with altars, shrines, and temples; whose gardens were ever green with streams from the neighboring hills, and shaded with the trees sacred to Minerva, and coeval with the foundation of the city; whose circuit enclosed

"the olive grove of Academe
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trilled his thick-warbled note the summer long;"

whose pathways gleamed with the monuments of the illustrious dead, the work of the most consummate masters that ever gave life to marble. There, beneath the overarching plane trees, upon a lofty stage, erected for the purpose, it was ordained by law that a funeral oration should be pronounced by some citizen of Athens, in the presence of the assembled multitude.

Such were the tokens of respect required by law to be paid at Athens, to the memory of those who had fallen in the cause of their country. To those alone who fell at Marathon, a peculiar honor was reserved. As the battle fought upon that immortal field was distinguished from all others in Grecian history for its influence over the fortunes of Hellas, as it depended upon the event of that day whether Greece should live, a glory and a light to all coming time, or should expire, like the meteor of a moment; so the honors awarded to its martyr-heroes were such as were bestowed by Athens on no other occasion. They alone of all her sons were entombed upon the spot which they had forever rendered famous. Their names were inscribed upon ten pillars erected upon the monumental tumulus which covered their ashes (where, after six hundred years they were read by the traveller Pausanias), and although the columns, beneath the hand of barbaric violence and time, have long since disappeared, the venerable mound still marks the spot where they fought and fell:

"That battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword."

And shall I, fellow-citizens, who, after an interval of twenty-three centuries, a youthful pilgrim from a world unknown to ancient Greece, have wandered over that illustrious plain, ready to put off the shoes from off my feet, as one that stands on holy ground; have gazed with respectful emotion on the mound which still protects the remains of those who rolled back the tide of Persian invasion, and rescued the land of popular liberty, of letters, and arts from the ruthless foe, stand unmoved over the graves of our dear brethren, who but yesterday—on three of those all-important days which decide a nation's history—days on whose issue it depended whether this august republican Union, founded by some of the wisest statesmen that ever lived, cemented with the blood of some of the purest patriots that ever died, should perish or endure—rolled back the tide of an invasion, not less unprovoked, not less ruthless, than that which came to plant the dark banner of Asiatic despotism and slavery on the free soil of Greece? Heaven forbid! And could I prove so insensible to every prompting of patriotic duty and affection, not only would you, fellow-citizens, gathered many of you from distant States, who have come to take part in these pious offices of gratitude—you, respected fathers, brethren, matrons, sisters, who surround me, cry out for shame, but the forms of brave and patriotic men who fill these honored graves would heave with indignation beneath the sod.

We have assembled, friends, fellow-citizens, at the invitation of the Executive of the great Central State of Pennsylvania, seconded by the Governors of eighteen other loyal States of the Union, to pay the last tribute of respect to the brave men, who, in the hard-fought battles of the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of July last, laid down their lives for the country on these hill-sides and the plains spread out before us, and whose remains have been gathered into the cemetery which we consecrate this day. As my eye ranges over the fields whose sods were so lately moistened by the blood of gallant and loyal men, I feel, as never before, how truly it was said of old that it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country. I feel, as never before, how justly, from the dawn of history to the present time, men have paid the homage of their gratitude and admiration to the memory of those who nobly sacrifice their lives that their fellow-men may live in safety. And if this tribute were ever due, when—to whom—could it be more justly paid, than to those whose last resting place we this day commend to the blessing of Heaven and of men.

For consider, my friends, what would have been the consequences to the country, to yourselves, and to all you hold dear, if those who sleep beneath our feet, and their gallant comrades who survive to serve their country on other fields of danger, had failed in their duty on those memorable days. Consider what, at this moment, would be the condition of the United States, if that noble Army of the Potomac, instead of gallantly and for the second time beating back the tide of invasion from Maryland and Pennsylvania, had been itself driven from these well-contested heights; thrown back in confusion on Baltimore; or trampled down, discomfited, scattered to the four winds. What, under the circumstances, would not have been the fate of the Monumental City, of Harrisburg, of Philadelphia, of Washington—the Capital of the Union, each and every one of which would have lain at the mercy of the enemy, accordingly as it might have pleased him, spurred only by passion, flushed with victory, and confident of continued success, to direct his course?

For this we must bear in mind, it is one of the great lessons of the war, indeed of every war, that it is impossible for a people without military organization, inhabiting the cities, towns, and villages of an open country, including, of course, the natural proportion of non-combatants of either sex and of every age, to withstand the inroad of a veteran army. What defence can be made by the inhabitants of villages mostly built of wood, of cities unprotected by walls; nay, by a population of men, however high-toned and resolute, whose aged parents demand their care, whose wives and children are clustering about them, against the charge of the war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder; against flying artillery, and batteries of rifled cannon planted on every commanding eminence; against the onset of trained veterans led by skilful chiefs? No, my friends, army must be met by army; battery by battery; squadron by squadron; and the shock of organized thousands must be encountered by the firm breasts and valiant arms of other thousands, as well organized and as skilfully led. It is no reproach, therefore, to the unarmed population of the country to say, that we owe it to the brave men who sleep in their beds of honor before us and their gallant surviving associates, not merely that your fertile fields, my friends of Pennsylvania and Maryland, were redeemed from the presence of the invader, but that your beautiful capitals were not given up to threatened plunder, perhaps laid in ashes—Washington seized by the enemy, and a blow struck at the heart of the nation.

Who that hears me has forgotten the thrill of joy that ran through the country on the 4th of July—auspicious day for the glorious tidings, and rendered still more so by the simultaneous fall of Vicksburg, when the telegraph flashed through the land the assurance from the President of the United States that the Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, had again smitten the invader? Sure I am that, with the ascriptions of praise that rose to Heaven from twenty millions of freemen, with the acknowledgments that breathed from patriotic lips throughout the length and breadth of America to the surviving officers and men who had rendered the country this inestimable service, there beat in every loyal bosom a throb of tender and sorrowful gratitude to the martyrs who had fallen on the sternly-contested field. Let a nation's fervent thanks make some amends for the toils and sufferings of those who survive. Would that the heartfelt tribute could penetrate these honored graves!

In order that we may comprehend, to their full extent, our obligations to the martyrs and surviving heroes of the Army of the Potomac, let us contemplate for a few moments, my friends, the train of events which culminated in the battles of the first, second, and third of July. Of this stupendous rebellion, planned, as its originators boast, more than thirty years ago, matured and prepared for during an entire generation, finally commenced because, for the first time since the adoption of the Constitution, an election of President had been effected without the votes of the South, (which retained however the control of the two other branches of the Government,) the occupation of the national capital, with the seizure of the public archives and of the treaties with foreign Powers was an essential feature. This was in substance, within my personal knowledge, admitted in the winter of 1860-1, by one of the most influential leaders of the rebellion, and it was fondly thought that this object could be effected by a bold and sudden movement on the 4th of March, 1861. There is abundant proof also that a darker project was contemplated, if not by the responsible chiefs of the rebellion, yet by nameless ruffians, willing to play a subsidiary and murderous part in the treasonable drama. It was accordingly maintained by the rebel emissaries abroad, in the circles to which they found access, that the new American minister ought not, when he arrived, to be received as the envoy of the United States, inasmuch as before that time Washington would be captured, and the capital of the nation and the archives and muniments of the Government would be in the possession of the Confederates. In full accordance also with this threat, it was declared by the rebel Secretary of War, at Montgomery, in the presence of his chief and of his colleagues, and of five thousand hearers, while the tidings of the assault on Sumpter were travelling over the wires on that fatal 12th of April, 1861, that before the end of May "the flag which now flaunted the breeze (as he expressed it) would float over the dome of the Capitol at Washington."

At the time this threat was made, the rebellion was confined to the cotton growing States, and it was well understood by them that the only hope of drawing any of the other slaveholding States into the conspiracy, was by bringing about a conflict of arms, and "firing the heart of the South" by the effusion of blood. This was declared by the Charleston press to be the object for which Sumpter was to be assaulted, and the emissaries sent from Richmond, to urge on the unhallowed work, gave the promise that with the first drop of blood that should be shed, Virginia would place herself by the side of South Carolina.

In pursuance of this original plan of the leaders of the rebellion, the capture of Washington has been continually had in view, not merely for the sake of its public buildings, as the capital of the Confederacy, but as the necessary preliminary to the absorption of the Border States, and for the moral effect in the eyes of Europe of possessing the metropolis of the Union.

I allude to these facts, not perhaps enough borne in mind, as a sufficient refutation of the pretence on the part of the rebels, that the war is one of self-defence, waged for the right of self government. It is in reality a war originally levied by ambitious men in the cotton-growing States, for the purpose of drawing the slave-holding Border States into the vortex of the conspiracy, first by sympathy, which in the case of Southeastern Virginia, North Carolina, part of Tennessee and Arkansas, succeeded; and then by force, and for the purpose of subjugating Western Virginia, Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, Missouri and Maryland; and it is a most extraordinary fact, considering the clamors of the rebel chiefs on the subject of invasion, that not a soldier of the United States has entered the States last named, except to defend their union-loving inhabitants from the armies and guerillas of the rebels.

In conformity with these designs on the City of Washington, and notwithstanding the disastrous results of the invasion of 1862, it was determined by the rebel Government last summer to resume the offensive in that direction. Unable to force the passage of the Rappahannock where General Hooker, notwithstanding the reverse at Chancellorville in May, was strongly posted, the Confederate general resorted to strategy. He had two objects in view. The first was by a rapid movement northward, and by manœuvring with a portion of his army on the east side of Blue Ridge, to tempt Hooker from his base of operations, thus leading him to uncover the approaches to Washington, to throw it open to a raid by Stuart's cavalry, and enable Lee himself to cross the Potomac in the neighborhood of Poolesville, and thus fall upon the capital. This plan of operations was wholly frustrated. The design of the rebel general was promptly discovered by General Hooker, and moving himself with great rapidity from Fredericksburg, he preserved unbroken the inner line, and stationed the various corps of his army at all the points protecting the approach to Washington, from Centreville up to Leesburg. From this vantage ground the rebel general in vain attempted to draw him. In the meantime, by the vigorous operations of Pleasonton's cavalry, the cavalry of Stuart, though greatly superior in numbers, was so crippled as to be disabled from performing the part assigned it in the campaign. In this manner, General Lee's first object, viz: the defeat of Hooker's army on the south of the Potomac, and a direct march on Washington, was baffled.

The second part of the Confederate plan, and which is supposed to have been undertaken in opposition to the views of General Lee, was to turn the demonstration northward into a real invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, in the hope, that, in this way, General Hooker would be drawn to a distance from the capital; that some opportunity would occur of taking him at disadvantage, and, after defeating his army, of making a descent upon Baltimore and Washington. This part of General Lee's plan, which was substantially the repetition of that of 1862, was not less signally defeated, with what honor to the arms of the Union the heights on which we are this day assembled will forever attest.

Much time had been uselessly consumed by the rebel general in his unavailing attempts to outmanœuvre General Hooker. Although General Lee broke up from Fredericksburg on the 3d of June, it was not till the 24th that the main body of his army entered Maryland, and instead of crossing the Potomac, as he had intended, east of the Blue Ridge, he was compelled to do it at Shepherdstown and Williamsport, thus materially deranging his entire plan of campaign north of the river. Stuart, who had been sent with his cavalry to the east of the Blue Ridge, to guard the passes of the mountains, to mask the movements of Lee, and to harrass the Union general in crossing the river, having been very severely handled by Pleasanton at Beverly Ford, Aldie, and Upperville, instead of being able to retard General Hooker's advance, was driven himself away from his connection with the army of Lee, and cut off for a fortnight from all communication with it; a circumstance to which General Lee, in his report, alludes more than once, with evident displeasure. Let us now rapidly glance at the incidents of the eventful campaign.

A detachment from Ewell's Corps under Jenkins had penetrated on the 15th of July as far as Chambersburg. This movement was intended at first merely as a demonstration, and as a marauding expedition for supplies. It had, however, the salutary effect of alarming the country, and vigorous preparations, here in Pennsylvania and in the sister States, were made to repel the inroad. After two days passed at Chambersburg, Jenkins, anxious for his communications with Ewell, fell back with his plunder to Hagerstown. Here he remained for several days, and having swept the recesses of Cumberland valley, came down upon the eastern flank of the South Mountain, and pushed his marauding parties as far as Waynesboro. On the 22d the remainder of Ewell's corps crossed the river and moved up the valley. They were followed on the 24th by Longstreet and Hill, who crossed at Williamsport and Shepherdstown, and pushing up the valley encamped at Chambersburg on the 27th. In this way the whole rebel army, estimated at 90,000 infantry, upwards of 10,000 cavalry, and 4,000 or 5,000 artillery, making a total of 105,000 of all arms, was concentrated in Pennsylvania.

Up to this time no report of Hooker's movements had been received by General Lee, who, having been deprived of his cavalry, had no means of obtaining information. Rightly judging, however, that no time would be lost by the Union army in the pursuit, in order to detain it on the eastern side of the mountains in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and thus preserve his communications by the way of Williamsport, he had, before his own arrival at Chambersburg, directed Ewell to send detachments from his corps to Carlisle and York. The latter detachment, under Early, passed through this place on the 26th of June. You need not, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg, that I should recall to you those moments of alarm and distress, precursors as they were of the more trying scenes which were so soon to follow.

As soon as General Hooker perceived that the advance of the Confederates into the Cumberland valley was not a mere feint to draw him away from Washington, he moved himself rapidly in pursuit. Attempts, as we have seen, were made to harass and retard his passage across the Potomac. These attempts were not only altogether unsuccessful, but so unskilfully made as to place the entire Federal army between the cavalry of Stuart and the army of Lee. While the latter was massed in the Cumberland valley, Stuart was east of the mountains, with Hooker's army between, and Gregg's cavalry in close pursuit. Stuart was accordingly compelled to force a march northward, which was destitute of all strategical character, and which deprived his chief of all means of obtaining intelligence.

No time, as we have seen, had been lost by General Hooker in the pursuit of Lee. The day after the rebel army entered Maryland, the Union army crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, and by the 28th lay between Harper's Ferry and Frederick. The force of the enemy on that day was partly at Chambersburg, and partly moving on the Cashtown road, in the direction of Gettysburg, while the detachments from Ewell's corps, of which mention has been made, had reached the Susquehanna opposite Harrisburg and Columbia. That a great battle must soon be fought, no one could doubt, but in the apparent, and perhaps real absence of plan on the part of Lee, it was impossible to foretell the precise scene of the encounter. Wherever fought, consequences the most momentous hung upon the result.

In this critical and anxious state of affairs, General Hooker was relieved, and General Meade was summoned to the chief command of the army, and it appears to my unmilitary judgment to reflect the highest credit upon him, upon his predecessor, and upon the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, that a change could take place in the chief command of so large a force on the eve of a general battle—the various corps necessarily moving on lines somewhat divergent, and all in ignorance of the enemy's intended point of concentration—and not an hour's hesitation should ensue in the advance of any portion of the entire army.

Having assumed the chief command on the 28th, Gen. Meade directed his left wing, under Reynolds, upon Emmettsburg, and his right upon New Windsor, leaving Gen. French, with 11,000 men, to protect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and convey the public property from Harper's Ferry to Washington. Buford's cavalry was then at this place, and Kilpatrick at Hanover, where he encountered and defeated the rear of Stuart's cavalry, who was roving the country in search of the main army of Lee. On the rebel side, Hill had reached Fayetteville, on the Cashtown road, on the 28th, and was followed on the same road by Longstreet, on the 29th. The eastern side of the mountain, as seen from Gettysburg, was lighted up at night by the camp fires of the enemy's advance, and the country swarmed with his foraging parties. It was now too evident to be questioned that the thunder cloud so long gathering blackness would soon burst on some part of the devoted vicinity of Gettysburg.

The 30th of June was a day of important preparation. At 11½ in the morning General Buford passed through Gettysburg, upon a reconnoissance in force, with his cavalry, upon the Chambersburg road. The information obtained by him was immediately communicated to Gen. Reynolds, who was in consequence directed to occupy Gettysburg. That gallant officer accordingly, with the 1st Corps, marched from Emmettsburg to within six or seven miles of this place, and encamped on the right bank of Marsh's creek. Our right wing meantime was moved to Manchester. On the same day the corps of Hill and Longstreet were pushed still farther forward on the Chambersburg road, and distributed in the vicinity of Marsh's creek, while a reconnoissance was made by the Confederate General Pettigrew up to a very short distance from this place. Thus, at nightfall on the 30th of June the greater part of the rebel force was concentrated in the immediate vicinity of two corps of the Union army, the former refreshed by two days passed in comparative repose, and deliberate preparation for the encounter, the latter separated by a march of one or two days from their supporting corps, and doubtful at what precise point they were to expect an attack.

And now the momentous day, a day to be forever remembered in the annals of the country, arrived. Early in the morning, on the 1st of July, the conflict began. I need not say that it would be impossible for me to comprise, within the limits of the hour, such a narrative as would do anything like full justice to the all-important events of these three great days, or to the merit of the brave officers and men of every rank, of every arm of the service, and of every loyal State, who bore their part in the tremendous struggle; alike those who nobly sacrificed their lives for their country, and those who survive, many of them scarred with honorable wounds, the objects of our admiration and gratitude. The astonishingly minute, accurate, and graphic accounts contained in the journals of the day, prepared from personal observation by reporters who witnessed the scenes and often shared the perils which they describe, and the highly valuable "Notes" of Professor Jacobs, of the University in this place, to which I am greatly indebted, will abundantly supply the deficiency of my necessarily too-condensed statement.*

General Reynolds, on arriving at Gettysburg in the morning of the 1st, found Buford with his cavalry warmly engaged with the enemy, whom he held most gallantly in check. Hastening himself to the front, General Reynolds directed his men to be moved over the fields from the Emmettsburg road, in front of McMillan's and Dr. Schmucker's, under cover of the Seminary ridge, and, without a moment's hesitation attacked the enemy, at the same time sending orders to the 11th Corps (General Howard's) to advance as promptly as possible. General Reynolds immediately found himself engaged with a force which greatly outnumbered his own, and had scarcely made his dispositions for the action when he fell, mortally wounded, at the head of his advance. The command of the 1st Corps devolved on General Doubleday, and that of the field on General Howard, who arrived at 11.30 with Schurz and Barlow's divisions of the 11th Corps, the latter of whom received a severe wound. Thus strengthened, the advantage of the battle was for some time on our side. The attacks of the rebels were vigorously repulsed by Wadsworth's division of the 11th Corps, and a large number of prisoners, including Gen. Archer, were captured. At length, however, the continued reinforcement of the Confederates from the main body, on the Cashtown road, and by the divisions of Rodes and Early, coming down by separate lines from Heidlersburg and taking post on our extreme right, turned the fortunes of the day. Our army, after contesting the ground for five hours, was obliged to yield to the enemy, whose force outnumbered them two to one, and toward the close of the afternoon Gen. Howard deemed it prudent to withdraw the two corps to the heights where we are now assembled. The greater part of the 1st Corps passed through the outskirts of the town and reached the hill without serious loss or molestation. The 11th Corps and portions of the 1st, not being aware that the enemy had already entered the town from the north, attempted to force their way through Washington and Baltimore streets, which, in the crowd and confusion of the scene, they did with a heavy loss in prisoners.

General Howard was not unprepared for this turn in the fortunes of the day. Early in the morning he had caused Cemetery Hill to be occupied by General Steinwehr, with the 3d division of the 11th Corps. About the time of the withdrawal of our troops to the hill, General Hancock arrived, having been sent by General Meade, on hearing the death of Reynolds, to assume the command of the field till he himself could reach the front. In conjunction with General Howard, General Hancock immediately proceeded to post troops and to repel an attack on our right flank. This attack was feebly made and promptly repulsed. At nightfall our troops on the hill, who had so gallantly sustained themselves during the toil and peril of the day, were cheered by the arrival of General Slocum with the 12th Corps, and of General Sickles with a part of the 3d.

Such was the fortune of the first day, commencing with decided success to our arms, followed by a check, but ending in the occupation of this all-important position. To you, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg, I need not attempt to portray the anxieties of the ensuing night. Witnessing, as you had done, with sorrow the withdrawal of our army through your streets, with a considerable loss of prisoners; mourning as you did over the brave men who had fallen; shocked with the widespread desolation around you, of which the wanton burning of the Harmon house, in the morning, had given the signal; ignorant of the near approach of Gen. Meade, you passed the weary hours of the night in painful expectation.

Long before the dawn of the 2d of July the new commander-in-chief had arrived at the front. Having received intelligence of the events in progress, and informed by the reports of Gens. Hancock and Howard of the favorable character of the position, he determined to give battle to the enemy at this point. He accordingly directed the remaining corps of the army to concentrate at Gettysburg with all possible expedition, and breaking up his headquarters at Taneytown at 10 P. M., he arrived on the field at one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July. Few were the moments given to sleep during the rapid watches of that brief mid-summer's night, by officers or men, though half of our troops were exhausted by the conflict of the day, and the residue wearied by the forced marches which had brought them to the rescue. The full moon, veiled by thin clouds, shone down that night on a strangely unwonted scene—the silence of the graveyard was broken by the heavy tramp of armed men; by the neigh of the war-horse; the harsh rattle of the wheels of artillery hurrying to their stations; the voice of the bugle, the roll of the drum, and all the indescribable tumult of preparation. The various corps of the army, as they arrived, were moved to their positions on the spot where we are assembled, and the ridges that extend southeast and southwest; batteries were planted, and breastworks thrown up. The 2d and 5th Corps, with the rest of the 3d, had reached the ground by seven o'clock A. M., but it was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that Sedgwick arrived with the 6th Corps. He had marched thirty-two miles since nine o'clock in the morning of the day before. It was only on his arrival that the Union army attained an equality of numbers with that of the rebels, posted upon the opposite and parallel ridge, distant from a mile to a mile and a half, and overlapping our position on either wing.

And here I cannot but remark on the providential inaction of the rebel army. Had the contest been renewed by it at daylight on the 2d of July, with the 1st and 11th Corps exhausted by the battle and the retreat; the 3d and 12th weary from their forced march; and the 2d, 5th, and 6th not yet arrived, nothing but a miracle could have saved the army from destruction. Instead of this, the day dawned, the sun rose, the cool hours of the morning passed, the forenoon wore away, without the slightest aggressive movement on the part of the enemy. Thus time was given for half of our forces to arrive and take their place in the lines, while the rest of the army enjoyed a much needed half-day's repose.

At length, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon the work of death began. A signal gun from the hostile batteries was followed by a tremendous cannonade along the rebel lines, and this by a heavy advance of infantry, brigade after brigade, commencing on the enemy's right against the left of our army, and so onward to the left centre. A forward movement of General Sickles, to gain a commanding position from which to repel the rebel attack, drew upon him a destructive fire from the enemy's batteries, and a furious assault from Longstreet's and Hill's advancing troops. After a brave resistance on the part of his corps, he was forced back, himself falling severely wounded. This was the critical moment of the second day; but the 5th and a part of the 6th Corps, with portions of the 1st and 2d, were promptly brought to the support of the 3d; the struggle was fierce and murderous, but by sunset our success was decisive, and the enemy was driven back in confusion. The most important service was rendered toward the close of the day, in the memorable advance between Round Top and Little Round Top, by General Crawford's division of the 5th corps, consisting of two brigades of the Pennsylvania Reserves, of which one company was from the town and neighborhood. The rebel General Barksdale fell in this encounter, and his force was driven back with great loss in killed and prisoners. At 8 o'clock in the evening a desperate attempt was made by the enemy to storm the position of the 11th Corps on Cemetery Hill, but here too, after a terrible conflict, he was repulsed with immense loss. Ewell, on our extreme right, which had been weakened by the withdrawal of the troops sent over to support our left, had succeeded in gaining a foothold within a portion of our lines, near Spangler's Spring. This was the only advantage obtained by the rebels to compensate them for the disasters of the day, and of this, as we shall see, they were soon deprived.

Such was the result of the second act of this eventful drama—a day hard fought, and at one moment anxious, and with the exception of the slight reverse just named, crowned with dearly-earned, but uniform success to our arms, auspicious of a glorious termination of the final struggle. On these good omens the night fell.

At dawn of the 3d, General Geary returned to his position on the right, from which he had hastened the day before to strengthen the left. He was immediately attacked by the enemy, whom, however, after a sharp and decisive action, he drove out of our lines, recovering the ground which had been lost on the preceding day. A spirited contest was kept up all the morning on this part of the line, but General Geary, reinforced by Wheaton's brigade of the 6th Corps, maintained his position and inflicted very severe losses on the enemy.

Such was the cheering commencement of the third day's work, and with it ended all serious attempts of the enemy on our right. As on the preceding day, his efforts were now mainly directed against our left centre and left wing. From eleven till half past one o'clock, all was still: a solemn pause of preparation, as if both parties were nerving themselves for the supreme effort. At length the awful silence, more terrible than the wildest tumult of battle, was broken by the roar of 250 pieces of artillery from the opposite ridges joining in a cannonade of unsurpassed violence, the rebel batteries along two-thirds of their line pouring their fire upon Cemetery Hill and the centre and left wing of our army. Having attempted in this way for two hours, but without success, to shake the steadiness of our lines, the enemy rallied his forces for a last grand assault. Their attack was principally directed against the position of our 2d Corps. Successive lines of rebel infantry moved forward with equal spirit and steadiness, from their cover on the wooded crest of Seminary ridge, crossing the intervening plain, supported right and left by their choicest brigades, and charged furiously up to our batteries. Our own brave troops of the 2d Corps, supported by Doubleday's division and Stannard's brigade of the 1st received the shock with firmness, the ground on both sides was long and fiercely contested and covered with the killed and the wounded till after "a determined and gallant struggle," as it is pronounced by General Lee, the rebel advance, consisting of two-thirds of Hill's corps and the whole of Longstreet's, including Pickett's division, the élite of his corps, which had not yet been under fire, and was now depended upon to decide the fortune of this last eventful day, was driven back with prodigious slaughter, discomfited, and broken. While these events were in progress at our left centre, the enemy was driven by the Pennsylvania Reserves from a strong position on our extreme left, from which he was annoying our force on "Little Round Top," his battery taken, and three hundred prisoners captured. In the terrific assault on our centre, Generals Hancock and Gibbons were wounded. In the rebel army, Armistead, Kemper, Pettigrew, and Trimble were wounded, the first named mortally, the latter also made prisoner; while General Garnett was killed, and thirty-five hundred officers and men made prisoners.

These were the expiring agonies of the three days' conflict, and with them the battle ceased. It was fought by the Union army with courage and skill, from the first cavalry skirmish on Wednesday morning to the fearful rout of the enemy on Friday afternoon, by every arm and every rank of the service, by officers and men, by cavalry, artillery, and infantry. The two armies, after the first day, were numerically equal; if the Union force had the advantage of a strong position, the Confederates had that of choosing time and place, the prestige of former victories over the Army of the Potomac, and of the success of the first day. Victory does not always fall to the lot of those who deserve it; but that so decisive a triumph, under circumstances like these, was gained by our troops, I am inclined to ascribe, under Providence, to the spirit of exalted patriotism that animated them, and a consciousness that they were fighting in a righteous cause.

All hope of defeating our army, and securing what General Lee calls "the valuable results" of such an achievement having vanished, he thought only of rescuing from destruction the remains of his shattered forces. In killed, wounded, and missing, he had, as far as can be ascertained, suffered a loss of about 37,000 men, rather more than a third of the army which he is supposed to have brought with him into Pennsylvania. Perceiving that his only safety was in rapid retreat, he commenced withdrawing his troops at daybreak on the 4th, throwing up field works in front of our left, which, assuming the appearance of a new position, were intended probably to protect the rear of his army in their retreat. That day—sad celebration of the 4th of July for an army of Americans—was passed by him in hurrying off his trains. The main army was in full retreat on the Cashtown and Fairfield roads at nightfall, and moved with such precipitation that, short as the nights were, by daylight the following morning, notwithstanding a heavy rain, the rear-guard had left its position. The struggle of the two last days resembled in many respects the battle of Waterloo, and if in the evening of the third day General Meade, like the Duke of Wellington, had had the assistance of a powerful auxiliary army to take up the pursuit, the rout of the rebels would have been as complete as that of Napoleon.

Owing to the circumstances above named, the intentions of the enemy were not apparent on the 4th. The moment his retreat was discovered the following morning, he was pursued by our cavalry on the Cashtown road, and in the Emmettsburg and Monterey passes, and by Sedgwick's corps on the Fairfield road. His rear guard was briskly attacked at Fairfield; a great number of wagons and ambulances were captured in the passes of the mountains; the country swarmed with his stragglers, and his wounded were literally emptied from the vehicles containing them, into the farm-houses on the road. General Lee, in his report, makes repeated mention of the Union prisoners whom he conveyed into Virginia, somewhat overstating their number. He states, also, that "such of his wounded as were in a condition to be removed," were forwarded to Williamsport. He does not mention that the number of his wounded *not* removed, and left to the Christian care of the victors, was 7,540, not one of whom failed of any attention which it was possible, under the circumstances of the case, to afford them; not one of whom, certainly, has been put upon Libby-prison fare—lingering death by starvation. Heaven forbid, however, that we should claim any merit for the exercise of common humanity!

Under the protection of the mountain ridge, whose narrow passes are easily held, even by a retreating army, Gen. Lee reached Williamsport in safety, and took up a strong position opposite to that place. Gen. Meade necessarily pursued with the main army by a flank movement through Middletown, Turner's pass having been secured by Gen. French. Passing through the South Mountain, the Union army came up with that of the rebels on the 12th, and found it securely posted on the heights of Marsh's run. His position was reconnoitred and preparations made for an attack on the 13th. The depth of the river, swollen by the recent rains, authorized the expectation that he would be brought to a general engagement the following day. An advance was accordingly made by Gen. Meade on the morning of the 14th, but it was soon found that the rebels had escaped in the night with such haste that Ewell's corps forded the river where the water was breast high. The cavalry, which had rendered the most important services during the three days, and in harassing the enemy's retreat, was now sent in pursuit and captured two guns and a large number of prisoners. In an action which took place at Falling Waters, Gen. Pettigrew was mortally wounded. Gen. Meade, in further pursuit of the enemy, crossed the Potomac at Berlin. Thus again covering the approaches to Washington, he compelled the enemy to pass the Blue Ridge at one of the upper gaps, and in about six weeks from the commencement of the campaign Gen. Lee found himself again on the south side of the Rappahannock with the loss of about a third of his army.

Such, most inadequately recounted, is the history of the ever-memorable Three Days and of the events immediately preceding and following. It has been pretended, in order to diminish the magnitude of this disaster to the rebel cause, that it was merely the repulse of an attack on a strongly-defended position. The tremendous losses on both sides are a sufficient answer to this misrepresentation, and attest the courage and obstinacy with which the three-days' battle was waged. Few of the great conflicts of modern times have cost victors and vanquished so great a sacrifice. On the Union side there fell in the whole campaign, of generals killed, Reynolds, Weed, and Zook; and wounded, Generals Barlow, Barnes, Butterfield, Doubleday, Gibbon, Graham, Hancock, Sickles, and Warren; while of officers below the rank of general, and men, there were 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6,643 missing. On the Confederate side there were killed on the field or mortally wounded Generals Armistead, Barksdale, Garnett, Pender, Pettigrew, and Semmes; and wounded, Heth, Hood, Johnson, Kemper, Kimball, and Trimble. Of officers below the rank of general, and men, there were taken prisoners, including the wounded, 13,621, an amount ascertained officially. Of the wounded in a condition to be removed, of the killed and the missing, the enemy has made no return. They are estimated, from the best data which the nature of the case admits, at 23,000. General Meade also captured three cannons and forty-one standards.

I must leave to others, who can do it from personal observation, to describe the mournful spectacle presented by these hill-sides and plains at the close of the terrible conflict. It was a saying of the Duke of Wellington, that, next to a defeat, the saddest thing is a victory. The horrors of the battle-field, after the contest is over—the sights and sounds of woe—let me throw a pall over the scene, which no words can adequately depict to those who have not witnessed it; on which no one who has witnessed it, and who has a heart in his bosom, can bear to dwell. One drop of balm alone, one drop of heavenly, life-giving balm—mingles in this bitter cup of misery. Scarcely has the cannon ceased to roar, when the brethren and sisters of Christian benevolence, ministers of compassion, angels of pity, hasten to the field and the hospital, to moisten the parched tongue, to bind the ghastly wounds, to soothe the parting agonies alike of friend and foe, and to catch the last whispered messages of love from dying lips. "Carry this miniature back to my dear wife, but do not take it from my bosom till I am gone." "Tell my little sister not to grieve for me, I am willing to die for my country." "Oh, that my mother were here!" When, since Aaron stood between the living and the dead, was there ever a ministry like this? It has been said that it is characteristic of Americans to treat women with a deference not paid to them in any other country. I will not undertake to say whether this is so, but I will say that since this terrible war has been waged, the women of the loyal States, if never before, have entitled themselves to our highest admiration and gratitude, alike those who, at home, often with fingers unused to the toil, often bowed beneath their own domestic cares, have performed an amount of daily labor not less than hers who works for her daily bread, and those who, in the hospital and the tent of the Sanitary Commission, have rendered services which millions could not buy. Happily, the labor and the service are their own reward. Thousands of matrons and thousands of maidens have experienced a delight in these homely toils and services, compared with which the pleasures of the ball-room and the opera-house are tame and unsatisfactory. This on earth is reward enough; but a richer is in store for them. Yes brothers, sisters of charity, while you bind up t wounds of the poor sufferers—the humblest, p haps, that have shed their blood for the coun forget not who it is that will hereafter say toat "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of th of these my brethren, ye have done it unto stand

And now, friends, fellow-citizens, as a ques- among these honored graves, the moment's to the tion presents itself, which of the two pa-for this war is responsible for all this sufferic constitu- dreadful sacrifice of life—the lawful, or the tional Government of the United against it I ambitious men who have rebelled arl Russell, I say "rebelled" against it, althou oreign Affairs, the British Secretary of State fastory speech in in his recent temperate and o no prejudice ought Scotland, seems to intimate that as our English to attach to that word, inarles I and James II, forefathers rebelled againsebelled against George and our American fathers venerable precedents; III. These certainly is just and proper to rebel but they prove only overnments. They do not against oppressive t and proper for the son of prove that it was against George I, or his grand- James II to rebel to rebel against George II.; son Charles Edward, ought these dynastic strug- nor, as it seems than family quarrels, to be com- gles, little mo monstrous conspiracy, against the pared with Union. These precedents do not prove America just and proper for the "disappointed that great men" of the cotton-growing States to rebel against "the most beneficent Government of which history gives us any account," as the Vice President of the Confederacy, in November, 1860, charged them with doing. They do not create a presumption even in favor of the disloyal slaveholders of the South, who, living under a Government of which Mr. Jefferson Davis, in the session of 1860-61, said that it was "the best Government ever instituted by man, unexceptionably administered, and under which the people have been prosperous beyond comparison with any other people whose career has been recorded in history," rebelled against it, because their aspiring politicians, himself among the rest, were in danger of losing their monopoly of its offices. What would have been thought by an impartial posterity of the American rebellion against George III, if the colonists had at all times been more than equally represented in Parliament, and James Otis, and Patrick Henry, and Washington, and Franklin, and the Adamses, and Hancock, and Jefferson, and men of their stamp, had for two generations enjoyed the confidence of the sovereign and administered the government of the Empire? What would have been thought of the rebellion against Charles I, if Cromwell, and the men of his school had been the responsible advisers of that Prince from his accession to the throne, and then, on account of a partial change in the Ministry, brought his head to the block, and involved the country in a desolating war? What would have been thought of the Whigs of 1688 if they had themselves composed the Cabinet of James II, and been the advisers of the measures and the promoters of the policy which drove him into exile? The Puritans of 1640 and the Whigs of 1688 rebelled against arbitrary power in order to establish constitutional liberty. If they had risen against Charles and James, because those monarchs favored equal rights, and in order themselves, "for the first time in the history of the world," "to establish an oligarchy" "founded on the corner-stone of slavery," they would truly have furnished a precedent for the rebels of the South; but their cause would not have been sustained by the eloquence of Pym or of Somers, nor sealed with the blood of Hampden or Russell.

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* Besides the sources of information mentioned in the text, I have been kindly favored with a memorandum of the operations of the three days, drawn up for me by direction of Major General Meade (anticipating the promulgation of his official report), by one of his aids, Colonel Theodore Lyman, from whom, also, I have received other important communications relative to the campaign. I have received very valuable documents relative to the battle from Major General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the army, and have been most assisted in drawing up the sketch of the campaign by the detailed reports, kindly transmitted to me in manuscript, from the Adjutant General's Office, of the movements of every corps of the army, for each day, after the breaking up from Fredericksburg commenced. I have derived much assistance from Col. John B. Bachelder's oral explanations of his beautiful and minute drawing (about to be engraved) of the field of the three-days struggle. With the information derived from these sources I have compared the statements in General Lee's official report of the campaign, dated 31st July, 1863; a well-written article, purporting to be an account of the three-days battle, in the Richmond *Enquirer* of the 22d of July; and the article on "The Battle of Gettysburg and the Campaign of Pennsylvania," by an officer, apparently a colonel, in the British army, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September. The value of the information contained in this last essay may be seen by comparing the remark under date 27th of June, that "private property is to be rigidly protected," with the statement in the next sentence but one, that "all the cattle and farm horses having been seized by Ewell, farm labor had come to a complete stand-still." He also, under date of 4th July, speaks of Lee's retreat being encumbered by "Ewell's *immense train of plunder*." This writer informs us that, on the evening of the 4th July, he heard "reports coming in from the different *generals* that the enemy (Meade's army) was *retiring* and had been doing so all day long." At a consultation at headquarters on the 6th, between Generals Lee, Longstreet, Hill, and Wilcox, this writer was told by some one, whose name he prudently leaves in blank, that the army had no intention at present of retreating for good, and that some of the enemy's despatches had been intercepted in which the following words occur: "The noble but unfortunate Army of the Potomac has again been obliged to retreat before superior numbers." I much regret that General Meade's official report was not published in season to enable me to take full advantage of it in preparing the brief sketch of the battles of the three days contained in this address. It reached me but the morning before these pages were sent to the press.

I call the war which the Confederates are waging against the Union a "rebellion," because it is one, and in grave matters it is best to call things by their right names. The Constitution of the United States puts "rebellion" on a par with "invasion." The Constitution and law not only of England, but of every civilized country, regard them in the same light; or rather they regard the rebel in arms as far worse than the alien enemy. To levy war against the United States is the constitutional definition of treason, and that crime is, by every civilized government, regarded as the highest which citizen or subject can commit. Not content with the sanctions of human justice, of all the crimes against the law of the land it is singled out for the denunciations of religion. The Litanies of every church in Christendom, as far as I am aware, from the Metropolitan Cathedrals of Europe to the humblest Missionary Chapel in the islands of the sea, concur with the Church of England in imploring the Sovereign of the Universe, by the most awful adjurations which the heart of man can conceive or his tongue utter, to deliver us from "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion." And reason good; for while a rebellion against tyranny, a rebellion designed, after prostrating arbitrary power, to establish free government on the basis of justice and truth, is an enterprise on which good men and angels may look with complacency, an unprovoked rebellion of ambitious men against a beneficent government, for the purpose—the avowed purpose—of establishing, extending, and perpetuating any form of injustice and wrong, is an imitation on earth of that first foul revolt of "the Infernal Serpent," which emptied heaven of one-third part of its sons.

Lord Bacon, "in the true marshalling of the Sovereign degrees of honor," assigns the first place to "the *Conditores Imperiorum*, founders of States and Commonwealths," and truly to build up from the discordant elements of our nature; the passions, the interests, and the opinions of the individual man; the rivalries of family, clan, and tribe; the influences of climate; the accidents of peace and war accumulated for ages—to build up from these oftentimes warring elements, a well-compacted, prosperous, and powerful State, if it were to be accomplished by one effort, or in one generation, would require a more than mortal skill. To contribute in some notable degree to this the greatest work of man, by wise and patriotic counsel in peace, and loyal heroism in war, is as high as human merit can well rise, and far more than to any of those to whom Bacon assigns this highest place of honor—Romulus, Cyrus, Cæsar, Ottoman, Ismael—is it due to our Washington, as the founder of the American Union. But if to achieve or help to achieve this greatest work of man's wisdom and virtue gives title to a place among the chief benefactors, rightful heirs of the benedictions of mankind, by equal reason shall the bold bad men who seek to undo the noble work, *Eversores Imperiorum*, destroyers of States, who, for base and selfish ends, rebel against beneficent governments, seek to overthrow wise constitutions, lay powerful republican Unions at the foot of foreign thrones, bring on civil and foreign war, anarchy at home, dictation abroad, desolation, ruin—by equal reason, I say, yes, a thousand fold stronger, shall they inherit the execrations of the ages.

But to hide the deformity of the crime under the cloak of that sophistry which makes the worse appear the better reason, we are told by the leaders of the rebellion, that in our complex system of government, the separate States are "sovereign," and that the central power is only an "agency" established by these sovereigns to manage certain affairs, which they could not so conveniently administer themselves. It happens, unfortunately for this theory, that the Federal Constitution, (which has been adopted by the people of every State of the Union, as much as their own State Constitutions have been adopted, and is declared to be paramount to them,) no where recognizes the States as "sovereigns," in fact that, by their names, it does not recognize them at all; while the authority established by that instrument is recognized, in its text, not as an "agency," but as "the Government of the United States." By that Constitution, moreover, which purports in its preamble, to be ordained and established by "the People of the United States," it is expressly provided, "that the members of the State Legislatures, and all the executive officers, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support the Constitution." Now, it is a common thing, under all governments, for an agent to be bound by oath to be faithful to his sovereign; but I never heard before of sovereigns being bound by oath to be faithful to their agency.

Certainly, I do not deny that the separate States are clothed with sovereign powers for the administration of local affairs. It is one of the most beautiful features of our mixed system of government, but it is equally true that in adopting the Federal Constitution, the States abdicated, by express renunciation, all the most important functions of national sovereignty, and by one comprehensive self-denying clause gave up all right to contravene the Constitution of the United States. Specifically, and by enumeration, they renounced all the most important prerogatives of independent States, for peace and for war; the right to keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, or to engage in war unless actually invaded; to enter into compact with another State or foreign Power; to lay any duty on tonnage, or any impost on exports or imports, without the consent of Congress; to enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; to grant letters of marque and reprisal, and to emit bills of credit; while all these powers, and many others, are expressly vested in the General Government. To ascribe to political communities, thus limited in their jurisdiction—who cannot even establish a post office on their own soil—the character of independent sovereignty, and to reduce a national organization, clothed with all the transcendent powers of government, to the name and condition of an "agency" of the States, proves nothing but that the logic of secession is on a par with its loyalty and patriotism.

Oh, but "the reserved rights!" And what of the reserved rights? The tenth amendment of the Constitution supposed to provide for "reserved rights" is constantly misquoted. By that amendment, "the *powers* not delegated to the United States or prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the People." The "powers" reserved must of course be such as could have been but were not delegated to the States; could have been but were not prohibited to the States; but to speak of the *right* of an *individual* State to secede, as a *power* that could have been though it was not delegated to the *United States* is simple nonsense.

But, waving this obvious absurdity, can it need a serious argument to prove that there can be no State right to enter into a new confederation, reserved under a Constitution, which expressly prohibits a State "to enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation," or any "agreement or compact with another State or a foreign Power?" To say that the State may, by enacting the preliminary farce of secession, acquire the right to do the prohibited things; to say, for instance, that though the States, in forming the Constitution, delegated to the United States and prohibited to themselves the power of declaring war, there was by implication reserved to each State the right of seceding and then declaring war; that though they expressly prohibited to the States, and delegated to the United States the entire treaty-making power, they reserved by implication, for an express reservation is not pretended, to the individual States, to Florida, for instance, the right to secede and then to make a treaty with Spain, retro-ceding that Spanish colony, and thus surrendering to a foreign Power the key to the Gulf of Mexico; to maintain propositions like these, with whatever affected seriousness it is done, appears to me egregious trifling.

Pardon me, my friends, for dwelling on these wretched sophistries. But it is these which conducted the armed hosts of rebellion to your doors on the terrible and glorious days of July, and which have brought upon the whole land the scourge of an aggressive and wicked war—a war which can have no other termination compatible with the permanent safety and welfare of the country but the complete destruction of the military power of the enemy. I have, on other occasions, attempted to show that to yield to his demands and acknowledge his independence, thus resolving the Union at once into two hostile governments, with a certainty of further disintegration, would annihilate the strength and the influence of the country as a member of the family of nations; afford to foreign Powers the opportunity and the temptation for disastrous and humiliating interference in our affairs; wrest from the Middle and Western States some of their great natural outlets to the sea, and of their most important lines of internal communication; deprive the commerce and navigation of the country of two thirds of our seacoast and of the fortresses which protect it; not only so, but would enable each individual State, some of them with a white population equal to a good-sized Northern county, or rather the dominant party in each State—to cede its territory, its harbors, its fortresses, the mouths of its rivers, to any foreign Power. It cannot be that the people of the loyal States—that twenty-two millions of brave and prosperous freemen—will, for the temptation of a brief truce in an eternal border warfare, consent to this hideous national suicide.

Do not think that I exaggerate the consequences of yielding to the demands of the leaders of the rebellion. I understate them. They require of us not only all the sacrifices I have named, not only to cede to them—a foreign and hostile Power—all the territory of the United States at present occupied by the rebel forces, but the abandonment to them of the vast regions we have rescued from their grasp—of Maryland, of a part of Eastern Virginia and the whole of Western Virginia, the sea-coast of North and South Carolina; Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri; Arkansas, and the larger portion of Mississippi and Louisiana, in most of which, with the exception of lawless guerillas, there is not a rebel in arms; in all of which the great majority of the people are loyal to the Union. We must give back, too, the helpless colored population, thousands of whom are perilling their lives in the ranks of our armies, to a bondage rendered tenfold more bitter, by the momentary enjoyment of freedom. Finally, we must surrender every man in the Southern country, white or black, who has moved a finger or spoken a word for the restoration of the Union, to a reign of terror as remorseless as that of Robespierre, which has been the chief instrument by which the rebellion has been organized and sustained, and has already filled the prisons of the South with noble men, whose only crime is that they are not traitors. The South is full of such men. I do not believe there has been a day since the election of President Lincoln, when, if an ordinance of secession could have been fairly submitted to the mass of the people, in any single Southern State, a majority of ballots would have been given in its favor. No, not in South Carolina. It is not possible that the majority of the people, even of that State, if permitted, without fear or favor, to give a ballot on the question, would have abandoned a leader like Petigru, and all the memories of the Gadsdens, the Rutledges, and the Cotesworth Pinckneys, of the revolutionary and constitutional age, to follow the agitators of the present day.

Nor must we be deterred from the vigorous prosecution of the war, by the suggestion, continually thrown out by the rebels and those who sympathize with them, that, however it might have been at an earlier stage, there has been engendered by the operations of the war a state of exasperation and bitterness which, independent of all reference to the original nature of the matters in controversy, will forever prevent the restoration of the Union, and the return of harmony between the two great sections of the country. This opinion I take to be entirely without foundation.

No man can deplore more than I do the miseries of every kind, unavoidably incident to war. Who could stand on this spot and call to mind the scenes of the 1-3 of July with any other feeling? A sad foreboding of what would ensue, if war should break out between North and South, has haunted me through life, and led me perhaps too long to tread in the path of hopeless compromise, in the fond endeavor to conciliate those who were pre-determined not to be conciliated. But it is not true, as is pretended by the rebels and their sympathizers, that the war has been carried on by the United States without entire regard to those temperaments which are enjoined by the law of nations, by our modern civilization, and by the spirit of Christianity. It would be quite easy to point out, in the recent military history of the leading European Powers, acts of violence and cruelty, in the prosecution of their wars, to which no parallel can be found among us. In fact, when we consider the peculiar bitterness with which civil wars are almost invariably waged, we may justly boast of the manner in which the United States have carried on the contest. It is, of course, impossible to prevent the lawless acts of stragglers and deserters, or the occasional unwarrantable proceedings of subordinates on distant stations; but I do not believe there is, in all history, the record of a civil war of such gigantic dimensions, where so little has been done in the spirit of vindictiveness as in this war, by the Government and commanders of the United States; and this notwithstanding the provocation given by the rebel government by assuming the responsibilities of wretches like Quantrell, refusing quarter to colored troops, and scourging and selling into slavery free colored men from the North, who fall into their hands, covering the sea with pirates, and starving prisoners of war to death.

In the next place, if there are any present who believe that, in addition to the effect of the military operations of the war, the confiscation acts, and emancipation proclamations have embittered the rebels beyond the possibility of reconciliation, I would request them to reflect that the tone of the rebel leaders and rebel press was just as bitter in the first months of the war, nay, before a gun was fired, as it is now. There were speeches made in Congress in the very last session before the rebellion, so ferocious as to show that their authors were under the influence of a real frenzy. At the present day, if there is any discrimination made by the Confederate press in the affected scorn, hatred, and contumely, with which every shade of opinion and sentiment in the loyal States is treated, the bitterest contempt is bestowed upon those at the North, who still speak the language of compromise, and who condemn those measures of the Administration which are alleged to have rendered the return of peace hopeless.

No, my friends, that gracious Providence which overrules all things for the best, from seeming evil still educing good, has so constituted our natures that the violent excitement of the passions in one direction is generally followed by a reaction in an opposite direction, and the sooner for the violence. If it were not so, if anger produced abiding anger, if hatred caused undying hatred, if injuries inflicted and retaliated of necessity led to new retaliations, with forever-accumulating compound interest of revenge, then the world, thousands of years ago, would have been turned into an earthly hell, and the nations of the earth would have been resolved into clans of furies and demons, each forever warring with his neighbor. But it is not so; all history teaches a different lesson. The wars of the Roses in England lasted an entire generation, from the battle of St. Albans, in 1455, to that of Bosworth Field, in 1485. Speaking of the former, Hume says: "This was the first blood spilt in that fatal quarrel which was not finished in less than a course of thirty years: which was signalized by twelve pitched battles; which opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness and cruelty; is computed to have cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood, and almost entirely annihilated the ancient nobility of England. The strong attachments which, at that time, men of the same kindred bore to each other, and the vindictive spirit which was considered a point of honor, rendered the great families implacable in their resentments, and widened every moment the breach between the parties." Such was the state of things in England, under which an entire generation grew up; but when Henry VII in whom the titles of the two houses were united, went up to London after the battle of Bosworth Field, to mount the throne, he was everywhere received with joyous acclamations, "as one ordained and sent from Heaven to put an end to the dissensions" which had so long afflicted the country.

The great rebellion in England of the seventeenth century, after long and angry premonitions, may be said to have begun with the calling of the Long Parliament in 1640, and to have ended with the return of Charles II, in 1660—twenty years of discord, conflict, and civil war; of confiscation, plunder, havoc; a proud hereditary peerage trampled in the dust; a national church overturned, its clergy beggared, its most eminent prelate put to death; a military despotism established on the ruins of a monarchy which had subsisted seven hundred years, and the legitimate sovereign brought to the block; the great families which adhered to the king proscribed, impoverished, ruined; prisoners of war sold to slavery in the West Indies—in a word, everything that can embitter and madden contending factions. Such was the state of things for twenty years, and yet, by no gentle transition, but suddenly and "when the restoration of affairs appeared most hopeless," the son of the beheaded sovereign was brought back to his father's blood-stained throne, with such "unexpressible and universal joy" as led the Merry Monarch to exclaim "he doubted it had been his own fault he had been absent so long, for he saw nobody who did not protest he had ever wished for his return." "In this wonderful manner," says Clarendon, "and with this incredible expedition, did God put an end to a rebellion that had raged near twenty years, and had been carried on with all the horrid circumstances of murder, devastation, and parricide, that fire and sword, in the hands of the most wicked men in the world—[it is a royalist that is speaking]—could be instruments of, almost to the desolation of two kingdoms, and the exceeding defacing and deforming of the third. By these remarkable steps did the merciful hand of God, in this short space of time, not only bind up and heal all those wounds, but even made the scar as undiscernible as, in respect of the deepness, was possible, which was a glorious addition to the deliverance."

In Germany, the wars of the Reformation and of Charles V, in the 16th century, the thirty-years war in the 17th century, the seven-years war in the 18th century, not to speak of other less celebrated contests, entailed upon that country all the miseries of intestine strife for more than three centuries. At the close of the last-named war, "An officer," says Archenholz, "rode through seven villages in Hesse, and found in them but one human being." More than three hundred principalities, comprehended in the Empire, fermented with the fierce passions of proud and petty States. At the commencement of this period the castles of robber Counts frowned upon every hill-top; a dreadful secret tribunal froze the hearts of men with terror throughout the land; religious hatred mingled its bitter poison in the seething cauldron of provincial animosity; but, of all these deadly enmities between the States of Germany, scarcely the memory remains. There is no country in the world in which the sentiment of national brotherhood is stronger.

In Italy, on the breaking up of the Roman Empire, society might be said to be resolved into its original elements—into hostile atoms, whose only movement was that of mutual repulsion. Ruthless barbarians had destroyed the old organizations and covered the land with a merciless feudalism. As the new civilization grew up, under the wings of the Church, the noble families and the walled towns fell madly into conflict with each other; the secular feud of Pope and Emperor scourged the land; province against province; city against city; street against street, waged remorseless war against each other from father to son, till Dante was able to fill his imaginary hell with the real demons of Italian history. So ferocious had the factions become, that the great poet-exile himself, the glory of his native city, and of his native language, was by a decree of the municipality ordered to be burned alive, if found in the city of Florence. But these deadly feuds and hatreds yielded to political influences, as the hostile cities were grouped into States under stable governments; the lingering traditions of the ancient animosities gradually died away; and now Tuscan and Lombard, Sardinian and Neapolitan, as if to shame the degenerate sons of America, are joining in one cry for an united Italy.

In France, not to go back to the civil wars of the league in the sixteenth century, and of the Fronde in the seventeenth; not to speak of the dreadful scenes throughout the kingdom, which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; we have, in the great revolution which commenced at the close of the last century, seen the blood-hounds of civil strife let loose as rarely before in the history of the world. The reign of terror established at Paris stretched its bloody Briarean arms to every city and village in the land; and if the most deadly feuds which ever divided a people, had the power to cause permanent alienation and hatred, this surely was the occasion. But far otherwise the fact. In seven years from the fall of Robespierre, the strong arm of the youthful conqueror brought order out of the chaos of crime and woe; Jacobins whose hands were scarcely cleansed from the best blood of France met the returning emigrants, whose estates they had confiscated and whose kindred they had dragged to the guillotine in the Imperial antechambers; and when, after another turn of the wheel of fortune, Louis XVIII was restored to his throne, he took the regicide Fouché, who had voted for his brother's death, to his cabinet and confidence.

The people of loyal America will never take to their confidence or admit again to a share in their Government the hard-hearted men, whose cruel lust of power has brought this desolating war upon the land, but there is no personal bitterness felt even against them. They may live, if they can bear to live after wantonly causing the death of so many thousand fellow-men; they may live in safe obscurity beneath the shelter of the Government they have sought to overthrow, or they may fly to the protection of the Governments of Europe—some of them are already there, seeking, happily in vain, to obtain the aid of foreign Powers in furtherance of their own treason. There let them stay. The humblest dead soldier that lies cold and stiff in his grave before us, is an object of envy beneath the clods that cover him, in comparison with the living man, who is willing to grovel at the foot of a foreign throne, for assistance in compassing the ruin of his country.

But the hour is coming, and now is, when the power of the leaders of the rebellion to delude and inflame must cease. There is no bitterness on the part of the masses. The people of the South are not going to wage an eternal war for the wretched pretexts by which this rebellion is sought to be justified. The bonds that unite us as one People, a substantial community of origin, language, belief, and law (the four great ties that hold the societies of men together); common national and political interests; a common history; a common pride in a glorious ancestry; a common interest in this great heritage of blessings; the very geographical features of the country; the mighty rivers that cross the lines of climate, and thus facilitate the interchange of natural and industrial products; while the wonder-working arm of the engineer has levelled the mountain walls which separate the East and West, compelling your own Alleghanies, my Maryland and Pennsylvania friends, to open wide their everlasting doors to the chariot wheels of traffic and travel—these bonds of union are of perennial force and energy, while the causes of alienation are imaginary, factitious, and transient. The heart of the people North and South is for the Union. Indications, too plain to be mistaken, announce the fact, both in the East and the West of the States in rebellion. In North Carolina and Arkansas the fatal charm at length is broken. At Raleigh and Little Rock the lips of honest and brave men are unsealed, and an independent press is unlimbering its artillery. The weary masses of the people are yearning to see the dear old flag floating again upon the capitols, and they sigh for the return of the peace, prosperity, and happiness, which they enjoyed under a Government whose power was felt only in its blessings.

And now, friends, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg and Pennsylvania, and you from remoter States, let me again invoke your benediction, as we part, on these honored graves. You feel, though the occasion is mournful, that it is good to be here. You feel that it was greatly auspicious for the cause of the country that the men of the East and the men of the West, the men of nineteen sister States stood side by side, on the perilous ridges of the battle. You now feel it a new bond of union, that they shall lie side by side, till a clarion louder than that which marshalled them to the combat shall awake their slumbers. God bless the Union; it is dearer to us for the blood of those brave men shed in its defence. The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant heights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the ridge, where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and while he gave up his own life, assured by his forethought and self sacrifice the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills, on whose banks in after times the wondering ploughman will turn up, with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery; the Seminary ridge, the peach-orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous; no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten. "The whole earth," said Pericles, as he stood over the remains of his fellow-citizens, who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, "the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men." All time, he might have added, is the millenium of their glory. Surely I would do no injustice to the other noble achievements of the war, which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the armies and the navy of the United States, their officers and men, to the warmest thanks and the richest rewards which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join us in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of these martyr-heroes, that wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country, there will be no brighter page than that which relates THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

SPEECHES OF THE PRESIDENT, THE SECRETARY OF STATE, AND MR. JOHN W. FORNEY.

GETTYSBURG, Nov. 19.—The Presidential train arrived here on Wednesday evening, but the Governors' train was delayed, by a slight accident to the engine, till nearly midnight, and the various Governors were not able to participate in the proceedings of the night, which were of a lively character.

The President, Secretary Seward, and Colonel Forney were serenaded, and each severally replied to the compliment.

The President said he was happy to see so many of his friends present to participate in the ceremonies, but he would make no speech, as he had nothing particular to say. [Laughter and applause.]

MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH.

The following is the speech of Mr. Seward in reply to the serenade:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I am now sixty years old, and I have been in public life for forty years of that time. This night is the first time that ever anybody in the State of Maryland was ever willing to listen to my voice—[A voice. This is Pennsylvania!]—or in Pennsylvania so near to the border of Maryland, and the reason was, that I saw forty years ago, opening before this people the grave-yard that was to be filled with brothers who fell in mortal political conflict, and I knew that the cause that was hurrying them on to that dreadful strife was slavery, and when I did lift my voice it was to warn them to remove that cause if they could by peaceful and constitutional means, and so avert the catastrophe of civil war, which has now fallen upon the nation. [Applause.]

I am thankful that you are willing to hear me at last. I thank my God that I believe this strife is going to end in the removal of that evil which ought to have been removed by peaceful means and deliberate counsels. [Applause.] I thank my God for the hope that this is the last fratricidal war which will fall upon the country that has been vouchsafed to us by Heaven—the richest, the brightest, the most beautiful, the most magnificent, the most capable of a glorious destiny of any country that God has ever given to any portion of the human race, and that when that cause is removed, simply by the operation of perishing as the cause, and the agent of a treason that is without justification, and without parallel, thenceforth we shall be indeed a Union—one country, having only one hope, one ambition, one destiny. [Applause] Then to-morrow, if we have not known it before, we shall know that we are not enemies, but that we are friends and brothers; that this Union is a reality, for it is one common country, and we shall mourn, I am sure, with equal sincerity over the grave of the misguided insurgent, whom we have consigned to his last resting place, and pity him with the same sincerity and the same heart-felt grief that we mourn over the brother by whose hand, raised in the defence of the Government to which we all owe allegiance, that misjudged brother fell; and when we part to-morrow night, let us remember that we owe it to our country, that we owe it to mankind, that this war shall have a triumphant conclusion in the establishment of a democratic Government upon the simple principle that whatever party or portion of the nation shall prevail in an election, that party shall be respected and maintained in power, until it shall give place upon another trial, and after another verdict, to a different party of a different portion of the people. [Applause.] Without that, let me tell you that you are drifting at once and irresistibly to the very verge of the destruction of all Governments. With that principle, this Government of ours will be the best, the first, and happiest in the world, and may be, and so far as we are concerned will be, immortal. Good night. [Cheers and applause.]

Colonel Forney made a brief speech, referring to the political aspect of the campaign, and particularly to the services of Douglas to the Union. He paid a eulogy to the President, and spoke of him as one that would live in history as the saviour of his country.

CEREMONIES OF THE DEDICATION.

THE PROCESSION—THE MILITARY ESCORT—ELOQUENT PRAYER BY THE REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON—DEDICATORY ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT—THE ORATION OF MR. EVERETT.

GETTYSBURG, Nov. 19.—The ceremonies attending the dedication of the National Cemetery commenced this morning by a grand military and civic display, under the command of Major Gen. Couch. The line of parade was taken up at ten o'clock, and proceeded through the principal streets to the cemetery, where the military formed in line and saluted the President.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock the head of the procession arrived at the main stand. The President and members of the Cabinet, together with the chief military and civic delegations, took their positions on the stand, the President being seated between Messrs. Seward and Everett, after a reception marked with respect and perfect silence, due to the solemnity of the occasion, every man among the immense gathering uncovering upon his appearance.

The military then formed in line extending around the area between the stand and the military being occupied by civilians, comprising about 15,000 people, and including men, women, and children. The attendance of ladies was quite large.

The military escort comprised one squadron of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, and a regiment of infantry, being the regular funeral escort of honor paid to the highest officers in the service.

After the performance of the funeral military dirge by Birgfeld's band, an eloquent prayer was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Stockton, as follows:

THE PRAYER.

Oh God! Our Father, for the sake of Thy Son, our Saviour, inspire us with Thy spirit, and sanctify us to the right fulfilment of the duties of this occasion. We come to dedicate this new historic centre as a National Cemetery. If all departments of the one Government which Thou hast ordained over our Union, and of the many Governments which Thou hast subordinated to the Union represented; if all classes, relations, and interests of our blended brotherhood of people stand severally and thoroughly apparent in Thy presence, we trust it is because Thou hast called us, that Thy blessing awaits us, and that Thy designs may be embodied in practical results of the incalculable and imperishable good. And so with Thy holy Apostle, and with the Church of all lands and ages, we unite in the ascription: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." In emulation of all angels—in fellowship with all saints and in sympathy with all sufferers—in remembrance of Thy works, in reverence of Thy ways, and in accordance with Thy word, we laud and magnify Thine Infinite perfections, Thy creative glory, Thy redeeming grace, Thy providential goodness, and the progressive richer and fairer development of Thy supreme, universal and everlasting administration. In behalf of all humanity whose ideal is divine, whose first memory is Thy image lost, but whose last hope is Thy image restored, and especially in behalf of our own nation, whose history has been so favored, whose position is so peerless, whose mission is so sublime, and whose future is so attractive, we thank Thee for the unspeakable patience of Thy compassion and for the exceeding greatness of Thy loving kindness. In contemplation of Eden, Calvary, and Heaven, of Christ in the garden, on the cross and on the throne—nay more, of Christ as coming again in all-subduing power and glory—we gratefully prolong our homage by this altar of sacrifice, on this field of deliverance, on this mount of salvation, within the fiery and bloody line of these munitions, of rocks looking back to the dark days of fear and trembling, and to the rapture of relief that came after. We multiply our thanksgivings, and confess our obligations to renew and perfect our personal and social consecration to Thy service and glory. Oh, had it not been for God! for lo! our enemies they came unrestrained, multitudinous, mighty, flushed with victory and sure of success. They exulted on our mountains; they revelled in our valleys; they feasted; they rested; they slept; they awaked; they grew stronger, prouder, and bolder, every day; they spread abroad; they concentrated here; they looked beyond this horizon to the stores of wealth, to the haunts of pleasure, and to the seats of power in our Capital and chief cities; they prepared to cast the chain of slavery around the form of Freedom, and to bind life and death together forever. Their premature triumph was the mockery of God and man. One more victory, and all was theirs; but behind these hills was heard the feebler march of a smaller but still pursuing host; onward they hurried day and night for their country and their God; footsore, wayworn, hungry, thirsty, faint—but not in heart—they came to dare all, to bear all, and to do all that is possible to heroes. At first they met the blast on the plain, and bent before it like the trees; but then led by Thy hand to these hills, they took their stand on these rocks, and remained as firm and immovable as they. In vain were they assaulted; all art, all violence, all desperation failed to dislodge them. Baffled, bruised and broken, their enemies retired and disappeared. Glory to God for this rescue! But Oh, the slain, in the freshness and fullness of their young and manly life, with such sweet memories of father and mother, brother and sister, wife and children, maiden and friends, from the coasts beneath the eastern star, from the shores of the Northern lakes and rivers. From the homes of the midway and the border, they came here to die for us and for mankind. Alas! how little we can do for them. We come with humility of prayer, with the pathetic eloquence of venerable wisdom, with the tender beauty of poetry, with the plaintive harmony of music, with the honest tribute of our Chief Magistrate, and with all this honorable attendance, but our best hope is in Thy blessing. Oh! Lord our God, bless us. Oh! Our Father, bless the bereaved, whether absent or present. Bless our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. Bless all our rulers and people. Bless our army and navy. Bless the efforts to suppress this rebellion, and bless all the associations of this day, and the place and scene forever. As the trees are not dead, though their foliage is gone, so our heroes are not dead, though their forms have fallen; in their proper personality they are all with Thee, and the spirit of their example is here. It fills the air, it fills our hearts, and as long as time shall last it will hover on these skies, and rest on this landscape; and the pilgrims of our own land, and of all lands, will thrill with its inspiration, and confirm their devotion to liberty, religion, and God.

MR. EVERETT'S ADDRESS.

[This address is published elsewhere.]

Mr. Everett then commenced the delivery of his oration, which was listened to with marked attention throughout. The vast assemblage, gathered within a circle of great extent around the stand, were so quiet and attentive that every word uttered by the orator of the day must have been heard by them all. Numerous flags and banners, suitably draped, were exhibited on the stand and among the audience. The entire scene was one of a grandeur due to the importance of the occasion.

DISTINGUISHED PERSONS ON THE PLATFORM.

Among the distinguished persons on the platform were the following: Governor Bradford, of Maryland; Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Governor Morton, of Indiana; Governor Seymour, of New York; Governor Parker, of New Jersey; Governor Tod, of Ohio; ex-Governor Dennison, of Ohio; Jno. Brough, Governor elect of Ohio; Major Generals Schenck, Stahl, Doubleday, Couch; Brigadier General Gibbon, and Provost Marshal General Fry.

DEDICATORY SPEECH OF THE PRESIDENT.

The President then delivered the following dedicatory speech:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. [Applause.] Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war; we are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this, but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. [Applause.] The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. [Applause.] It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. [Applause.] It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion. That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain. [Applause.] That the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. [Long applause. Three cheers given for the President of the United States and Governors of the States.]

After the delivering of this address, the dirge and benediction closed the exercises, and the immense assembly separated about two o'clock.

DIRGE.

Sung at the Consecration of the Soldiers' Cemetery, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The words by James G. Percival. Music by A. Delany. Arranged for band and voices, by A. Birgfeld.

I.

O! it is great for our country to die, whose ranks are contending.
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye!
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with a light never ending—
Glory, that never shall fade, never, O! never away!

II.

O! it is sweet for our country to die; how softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

III.

Not in Elysian fields, by the still oblivious river;
Not in the isles of the blest, over the blue rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted forever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant and free.

IV.

O! then how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish.
Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear;
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

SCENES AFTER THE DEDICATION.

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR SEYMOUR.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the 5th New York Regiment of heavy artillery, Colonel Murray, was marched to the temporary residence of Gov. Seymour, where they passed in review before the Governor, presenting a handsome spectacle. Upon the conclusion of this ceremony, which attracted quite a crowd of sight-seers, Governor Seymour presented a handsome silk regimental standard to the regiment accompanying the gift with the following speech:

Soldiers of New York, we love our whole country without reservation; but while we do so it is not inconsistent with that perfect and generous loyalty, to love and to be proud of our own State. This day, when I took part in the celebration that was to consecrate yonder battle-field, while I felt as an American citizen, proud of my own country, and proud of the gallant services of her citizens in every State, nevertheless, my eye did involuntarily wander to that field where lie the glorious dead of our own good and great State; and when I returned to see marching before me your manly and sturdy column, not knowing you belonged to New York, my heart did quicken, and my pulses tingled to know that you were acting under commissions issued by myself, and I am most proud and most happy that I have this opportunity, on behalf of the merchants of the great commercial city of New York, to present to you this glorious banner, which has been sent as a token of their confidence in your loyalty and in your courage and your fidelity in the hour of danger. Sergeant, I place these colors in your hands in the firm confidence that they will be borne through every field of triumph, of toil and of danger, in a way that will do honor to yourselves, to the great State which you represent, and the still greater country to which we all belong.

May God bless you as you serve your country on the distant field of danger. We find in those glorious fields you left behind you are not indifferent to this conflict, are not indifferent to the welfare of the whole Union. I do not doubt, therefore, that when you shall return from your dangerous fields of duty, you shall bring back this standard to be placed among the archives of our State, with honorable mention of the services her sons have performed. I do not doubt that though it may perhaps be returned torn and stained, yet it will be still more glorious, and with glorious recollections clustering around it.

In concluding these remarks, I ask in return of the men of New York to give three cheers for the Union of our country, and three cheers for the flag of our land.

General Schenck followed in a short speech.

DEPARTURE OF THE PRESIDENT.

The President's party started for Washington shortly after the dedication ceremonies, followed by the Governors' train. Thousands of persons were gathered at the dépôt, anxiously awaiting transportation to their homes.

[For The Press.]

THE CONSECRATION.

CHARLES HENRY BROCK.

PEACE! to-day, a Nation's fiat
Mellows into Sabbath quiet
Village hum and city riot.

On the mountains, wan November
Lights her sad and golden ember
Of the glory we remember:

Like the grand, unburied glory,
Heroes of *our* summer story,
Writ and left on valleys gory!

Now—a Nation's hearts are doating
On the tale—and eyes are noting
All her banners half-mast floating!

Long funeral lines are meeting,
And funeral drums are beating,
Where the foemen locked their greeting.

And the Nation's mourners scan her,
Raising now the starry banner,
O'er her grand funeral manor!

O'er the manor, where th' invader,
Far in reeking furrows, laid her
Children, who so well obeyed her.

Scattered mourners! dry your weeping,
For a NATION'S heart is keeping
Vigil, where your loves are sleeping.

Sage and Poet! spare your praises:
On each mound, a *loftier* lay is
Wafted by the trampled daisies:

For their choral hymn hath wafted
'Til the soil, by FREEDOM fated,
By her blood was consecrated!

Shout, oh! shout—the graves that stain ye,
Shrine your Country's dear *arcana*—
GETTYSBURG and PENNSYLVANIA!

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19, 1863.

[Special Report to The Press.]

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

GETTYSBURG, Nov. 19.

The rain has ceased, but the November sky is cold and gloomy, and we cannot see in the mists any evidence of the second Indian summer. We had ridden from the town, in the direction of a large but unpretending building, called the seminary, and along a road that was said to lead to Chambersburg. Beyond this seminary extended an elevation of ground, gently sloping, and wooded, not high enough to be called a hill, and therefore modestly known as a ridge. We pass over a field in which wheat had grown, and towards a sprightly stream of water, which we regret history cannot immortalize by some other name than Willoughby run. In this field, and near the stream, our companion and guide paused. "As I was saying, gentlemen," he continued; "the rebels were in the woods yonder, and as we were pressing them very hard, they made a terrible fight. Our boys had come around the town, and marched right over the ridge in line of battle. They did their best, but they were not strong enough, and the line seemed to waver and tremble. The General, who was always moving around, and who did not mind the bullets any more than if they had been leaves from the trees, rode right across the field urging his men, and trying to get them ready to charge the woods. One of the regiments came up too slowly, and he turned around to beckon it on when a ball struck him, and he fell into that little hollow. He did not speak, but was carried away to a building yonder, where he died." The field whereon we stood was the spot where John F. Reynolds gave up his life to his country, and around us was the battle-field of Gettysburg.

The death of General Reynolds has made this field a sacred scene, but the interest of the battle lies beyond the town. After the death of that officer, our men passed through the town and took up their position on the heights that overlook it. Perhaps the meaning will be plainer if we say, that the height called the Seminary Ridge looks towards another height known as Cemetery Hill. In the intervening valley, the town of Gettysburg, nestles retiring and unobtrusive, and its highest steeple below the range of vision. On this ridge the rebels arranged their line of battle on the 1st of July, swinging around towards a stream called Rock creek, descending the slope towards the streets and houses, crossing the railroad and the stream, and pausing in the centre of the houses, where they rested on their arms as the night fell. The street whereon they rested was almost at the foot of the height called Cemetery Hill, and as we stand where many anxious rebels stood that day, we may look up a neat and pretty street, that rises as gently as one of the Fairmount streets in Philadelphia, until the view is arrested by a low stone wall, and a flag-staff high and bare, from which the flag is floating. From where we stand to the spot occupied by the flag-staff is a brief space indeed, we cannot say how many roods or perches, but it would be but the beginning of a morning walk. We can see the colors, and almost count the stars, and it is hard to imagine that where we stand, and where we gaze, should be the limits of those surging tides of war; that tens of thousands of men should have here met, and rested, and slept, and passed anxious hours, and dreamed pleasant dreams of home, and in the morning awoke to battle amid the war of the guns that began with the break of day. We men of peace, who read of war in books, and know how sweet this thing called life is, find it difficult to realize that men should come so near each other, angry men, hearts burning with hatred, and their hands filled with cunning weapons, eager to take each other's lives. And thus arrayed they rested and slept, and dreamed of home.

Near the end of the town is a house in which a rebel sharpshooter was lodged. He was a sharp, keen, ready marksman, and behind his brick wall he managed to wound and kill many of our brave friends who were erecting works and arranging for the contest. The keen-eyed marksman became reckless, however, and we were told exultingly that a Union sharpshooter slew him. Other men were slain, for the evidences of death are still remaining. Gettysburg seems to be fond of its scars. The walls of the houses are dotted with the holes made by musket balls (in one space of ten feet we counted thirty), and they are still fresh and bright, so that we may still pick away the splinters. All along the edge of the town, in this outer rim of houses, the rebel riflemen were hidden, and we see how sharply and constantly they kept up the fire with the Union riflemen who kept watch behind the low stone wall. Thus it was for the night and morning of the 1st and 2d of July. Thus they watched and watched, holding each other in check, awaiting the moment when the column of infantry would come from their retreat, and open the battle. These marks, and gaps and holes, the splintered boards and broken bricks, were but the sprinkling drops of rain that presaged the tempest.

The graves on Cemetery Hill show how fiercely the tempest raged. To the left, standing where General Howard stood and arrayed his army in anticipation of the onset, we may see a hill covered with thick timber, and known as Culp's Hill. We pass along the still-remaining line of defences, and, after ten minutes' slow walk, we are among the trees and looking into the valley. The view is beautiful even on this November day, with the sombre sky above, the trees bare and shivering, and the ground covered with saffron-colored leaves. What must the sight have been on that beautiful July morning, with Nature in the fulness of her glory, the branches heavy with rustling foliage, the earth fruitful and luxuriant, and far below the murmuring meadow stream! Winter has shown us how earnestly brave men fought among these trees. We see along this hill, and extending down its side across the declivity, and up the side of another hill, a line of breastworks built of logs, and stones, and gravel. Behind these breastworks were many thousands of men. It seemed to General Lee that their line might be broken, and if a heavy column could only succeed in passing up the ravine, driving the Union soldiers back, and holding the hill, he might thus divide our army in two, and whip it in detail. We know that the attempt was made, and it is with a harsh and perhaps unchristian joy that we look down the hillside and lean upon our works, and, seeing the long and narrow ravine along which the rebels crept, listen to the story of the fierce encounter, the conflict, and their final rout. The bravery of the men who sustained that attack was shown in the number of the maimed and slain. The trees are marred and riddled by musket shots, the bark being ragged and peeled, and large trunks are shattered by round-shot and shell. Many of the rebels who fell are buried in a trench at a foot of the hill. All of our friends were removed and are now in the graveyard of Cemetery Hill One grave remains. In the thicket of the grove, under a tree with widely-spreading branches, a Union soldier rests. A plain board tells us that he was a son of Pennsylvania, and that he lies on his death bed. His grave is covered with leaves brown and dead, as though Nature had thrown her pall above him. He sleeps alone on that wild and beautiful and sacred hill-side. He sleeps as a soldier should sleep, in the field of his sacrifice and his fame.

We return to Cemetery Hill, and pass down our main line of battle, for after the failure of the attempt upon our right on the hill and the ravine, Gen. Lee devoted himself to our left. There is a succession of ridges running southwesterly from the Cemetery for the space, perhaps, of two miles, terminating with a high and beautiful peak, that towers high above the surrounding country, and is as green to-day as it was in June. It is called the Round Top, and is the extreme point held by our forces. The Emmittsburg road runs parallel at the distance of about half a mile. Beyond that road, in a grove of trees, or, rather, in a succession of groves, the rebels were posted. Between the two forces there is a broad strip of open farm land, of wheat, and corn, and tall grasses. On this space a part of the battle was fought. The rebels at one part advanced, and were driven back; at another part our own line advanced, and was driven back. The carnage was fearful. As we ride along the road which on that day must have been the seething centre of the bloody whirlpool, we see on the fields to the right and the left the vestiges of battle: newly-made graves—graves whose occupants have been taken to the Cemetery—skeletons of horses, and remnants of clothing, cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, shell and shot. We come to the Peach Orchard. Here, we are told, was the fierce encounter in which Sickles was wounded. It looks very peaceful to-day, and no sign of war or death—but a long trench, covered with dark clay, in which vanquished and victor rest forever. Curious men and women are walking about under the trees. We might suppose that here, at least, the world would be forgotten. But the world is here—the busy, bustling, talking, money-making world—which buys and sells and gives in marriage. The laugh is heard—the jest is passed; men talk of politics, and stocks and trade; thrifty men sell trinkets, and relics, and refreshment; and here—even here, on this scene of death and glory—lovers are seen strolling and talking and listening, finding time and opportunity for sympathy and love.

We have mentioned the peak known as the Round Top. Here the Pennsylvanian will come with awe and pride for every generation, for here the sons of Pennsylvania held their guns and colors for forty-five hours. Against this position Longstreet made his last assault, the assault in which Barksdale was slain. At the foot of the Round Top is another acclivity called little Round Top. The formation is very peculiar. It is covered with large masses of rocks, and in climbing up the side it is difficult to advance without creeping, as it were, from stone to stone. A writer calls it the Gibraltar of the field, and we can see great propriety in the name. From the summit, the whole battle-field may be seen; in the distance, the Seminary and the field where Reynolds was slain; the long line of the rebel army, Gettysburg hidden by the hill, and the hills and plain where for so many weary hours the armies met and fought. Apart from the sad and the glorious associations of the spot, there are few views more magnificent than the view from this hill. The whole field lies before the spectator like a map, and he may see every phase of the contest, the scene of every advance and retreat, of every skirmish and attack, as plainly as the lines of his hand. To us the rocky hill had a strange interest, for here Pennsylvania's sons received the final rebel charge, and ended the battle. Nothing could be more fitting, so we proudly thought, —that the final blow against the invaders of our soil should be struck by our sons. And we thought of this, and of all the glory it typified, as we stood on the summit and finally picked our way down its difficult and tedious side. As we came to the foot, we saw a human skull lying upon a stone. We picked it up and turned it over—but it was silent. Whether rebel or Union—friend or foeman—father, son, or lover—it told no tale. There it was—white, and mute, and ghastly—grinning, so we thought, at the curious men and women who flocked past it. To us, it seemed that War had become a real, substantial thing, and we had placed our hands upon it.

THE TOUR OF THE PRESIDENT.

The President and suite left Washington in a special train at 12 o'clock, noon, Wednesday. The train consisted of three cars, but neither was more than half filled. No one rode upon this trip except such as were specially invited by the President himself. Officers of the Invalid Corps, with Major General Schenck and other military officers, occupied a full car. The locomotive was handsomely decorated with flags and streamers, and presented quite a gorgeous appearance. The passengers were under the special charge of Provost Marshal General Fry, whose arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the Presidential party were complete and satisfactory. There were no incidents of moment along the route to Gettysburg, as the train made no stoppages and gave no opportunities for the people to make any demonstrations.

At the Calvert-street dépôt, Baltimore, a large crowd had assembled to do honor to the party. The assemblage was quite orderly, but enthusiastic. It was in vain that they called upon the President for a speech. As the car moved away, he presented himself on the back platform, and was greeted with repeated cheering, the honor of which he acknowledged simply with a bow. The scene forcibly suggested the contrast between the present and past of Baltimore, how that now there is such loyalty and patriotism among its people, where two years ago there existed an almost universal enmity to the Government; how the President is now assured of safety, hospitality, and a warmth of reception, from a people who, a few months ago, allowed party spirit to usurp the place of that regard now entertained for the Chief Magistrate. The train entered Gettysburg about dusk, and occasioned no little furore among the crowds that had already gathered in the vicinity. The speeches and serenades that followed in Gettysburg have already been mentioned.

THE TOUR OF THE GOVERNORS.

Gettysburg, as a celebration, should be in part described by Harrisburg—the social assemblage of the Governors and generals at the State capital, the interest of the citizens, the animated and distinguished character of the tour—and we might go much further, for Gettysburg has moral root and branch far back in the trials and glories of the past, and forward in the freedom and prosperity of the future. In that battle the State bought another charter. Pennsylvania celebrated itself on Thursday, and the nation came again to its aid, as once before, upon the same holy ground. Better still; Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, was the shrine of the nation's solemnity. On Thursday was dedicated a new State, a new history, a new nation.

At one o'clock, on Wednesday afternoon, the Governors of the loyal States, accompanied by their respective suites, and delegations of more or less importance from the various Commonwealths, took their departure from Harrisburg in a special train provided by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in the courteous charge of Colonel John A. Wright, special aid of Governor Curtin. In all there were about four hundred persons in the train, including the lady of Governor Curtin, and many others. Governor Curtin was accompanied by the following aids: Lieutenant Colonel Samuel B. Thomas, in charge of the military executive department at Harrisburg; Lieutenant Colonel R. Biddle Roberts, military agent at Washington; Lieutenant Colonel Joseph D. Potts, Lieutenant Colonel J. Boyd Parker, Lieutenant Colonel Craig Biddle. The following prominent gentlemen were also embarked in the party: John Brough, Governor elect, Governor Tod, and ex-Governor Dennison, of Ohio; Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York; Governor Boreman, of West Virginia; General Cameron; Major General George Stoneman; Major General Stahl; Major General Abner Doubleday; General Irwin, Commissary General of Pennsylvania; Deputy Secretary Colonel Armstrong; Adjutant General Russell; Colonel Quay, and many others, representing the various military establishments of Vermont, Ohio, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire.

The pleasure of the trip was very general among this large and eminent party, and the best feelings of patriotism and sociality prepared them for the proud and memorable solemnity of the morrow.

All country travel is interesting, and especially our Pennsylvania hills, meadows, woods, and fallow lands; more especially still, the region of the romantic, beautiful, and historic Susquehanna, and the sacred neighborhood of the great battle-ground of Gettysburg. Places were pointed out where the rebels had stopped to plunder a lunch from the farmers, and then galloped away. The Susquehanna, which rose when the rebels invaded its shore, seemed loth to abandon, in its course, one acre of the free soil, now thrice-precious for having again been fought and won—but the train left its last meandering gleam wandering into the dark.

At one of the stations Jenkins' ragamuffins had driven in and decoyed a horse or two. Here and there peculiar gems in the waste scenery around were delightful bits of landscape, veiled by ghosts of trees, faintly colored with the year's last leaves, contrasting with the shapes and hues of cottages. The sunset died away, night came on, the lamps were lit in the cars, and the great assemblage of loyal Governors took lunch. The soldiers fought Gettysburg over again, and a hundred incidents of the war revived in conversation. A captain, shot in the lungs, and twice in the arms, was returning to the field where he received his wounds. The noble devotion of the women of Pennsylvania, and the courage of our soldiers were frequent themes. One passage in the day's story was full of scene and amusement.

Arriving at Goldsboro station, which was reached about sunset, a pleasant, not to say grotesque, scene was presented. Goldsboro, so far as one could perceive through the car-windows, is an unassuming railroad station, very much like other railroad stations, with a restaurant, a wood-pile, a platform, and half a dozen waiting, listless people, lounging purposely around. It was somewhere in this vicinity, if not at this point, that the rebel cavalry, in their daring raid, had watered their horses in the Susquehanna; and Goldsboro can, therefore, claim to be invested with some appreciable degree of historic interest. But the scene that transpired here on Wednesday afternoon must entitle it to tenfold greater share of the immortal in history, and we shall, therefore, endeavor to reproduce it as we witnessed it.

In the expectation that an excellent dinner would be provided at York, most of the excursionists had neglected to dine before leaving Harrisburg, simply contenting themselves with a lunch. But as the day wore on, and York was almost as far away as ever (for the train was subject to periodic and vexatious interruptions, occurring every half hour or so), very many of the party began to have a realizing sense of the gnawings of hunger. No sooner had the train halted at Goldsboro, therefore, than the cars were cleared as though in the twinkling of an eye, and a simultaneous rush, in which generals, colonels, ministers of the Gospel, members of the press, and a few other famished individuals, participated, was made for the only sign of a restaurant anywhere discernible. It was not much of a restaurant. Evidently it was not built for extraordinary occasions, and the entire stock in trade would barely have sufficed to "set up" a sutler of moderate business ideas. The demand exceeded the supply, and everything at all edible, upon the most liberal construction of the word, was speedily disposed of.

The lessons of experience are apt to appeal to the common sense of the most unreasonable people; and, therefore, the sanguine people who, from blind trust in York, had come dinnerless from Harrisburg, seeing that the prospect of a hearty meal grew small by degrees, and beautifully less, determined to embrace the present opportunity to appease their appetite. Very soon the platform was thronged by a motley and curious assemblage of gentlemen, regaling themselves for the most part upon petrified gingerbread, apples, figs and candy. Governor Dennison exhibited his gallantry by carrying an armful of stale ginger-cakes to the ladies' car. Governor Seymour ventured upon some persimmons, which must have been ripe, as his expressive features retained their wonted immobility. John Brough, the newly-chosen Governor of Ohio, extemporized a lunch of crackers and cheese. Governor Curtin, leaning against the restaurant window, so that his head completely obliterated all view of a jar of tobacco, also indulged in persimmons; and the Hon. Simon Cameron chewed unsatisfactorily at a greenish apple. There were other personages in the gathering not less distinguished, but as there was a continuous and frantic scramble, the groups were constantly changing, and it was next to impossible to view the individual oddities of the confused tableaux. It was a shifting kaleidoscope of Governors, ginger-cake, and generals, and nothing more could be said of it by way of description.

The Governors, generally conspicuous by their individual character, were more or less congregated as loyal Governors, like loyal States should be, and formed at one time a very interesting group. Governor Curtin, straight, tall, clear-faced, was probably the handsomest gentleman of the party; Seymour, with his quick eyes, gentlemanly bearing, and bland and polished manners, might claim to divide the honor. John Brough is truly represented in his name—a corpulent, farmer-like, homespun, Western man, with a full and rosy countenance. It deserves mention, as perhaps the most edifying and remarkable incident of the scene, that the courtly Governor Seymour and the rough Ohio Governor greeted each other very cordially. "Where is Vallandigham?" asked Governor Seymour, with dry pleasantry. "In Canada," said Brough, laconically. These two representative Governors were afterwards seen walking down the line of the road engaged in friendly dialogue. What they said is left to speculation, and cannot be reported; but Mr. Brough did not quarrel, and Governor Seymour was apparently satisfied.

Birgfeld's brigade band formed a material portion of the excursion, its excellent music being an attraction that served in a great degree to while away the hours of what would otherwise have been a very tedious journey. The brigade band having satisfied the cravings of hunger, proceeded to discourse music of the most entertaining description, which roused Goldsboro to a sense of the importance of the occasion, as was evinced by the number of tidy women who came tripping down the by-paths to the focus of attraction. In conclusion, the national anthems were played in the usual spirited style, and then a gentleman proposed "three cheers for Andrew G. Curtin!" which were given with rousing vehemence. Governor Curtin blushed slightly, and bowed in recognition of the compliment. The crowd was a very considerate one, and did not extort a speech from his Excellency.

A half-dozen miles or so beyond Goldsboro station some person proposed to telegraph to York to have a supper prepared for the party. The suggestion was pronounced a capital one, and General I——, upon reaching the next station, sent a despatch, directed to the postmaster at York, giving a gentle hint to that effect. To this message the reply was received, "All right!" In the happy frame of mind induced by this encouraging response, not the least merit of which was its Spartan brevity, the intervening miles were ground out with tolerable speed by the locomotive pistons, and when the magic word "York" was heard a feeling of proud triumph swelled many a hungry bosom. Gen. I—— having taken the affair in charge, was among the first to alight from the train, being accompanied by a score of other gentlemen. Diligent search was made for the promised supper, but it seemed that no supper could be found. Around the doors of a hotel near the passenger station, however were found gathered a group of boys and girls, provided with baskets, &c., containing pies and cakes, which they did not seem to have any idea of donating for the benefit of the gubernatorial party. The General, therefore, found it necessary to enter into negotiations. He had entered upon this task, and was proceeding with the most gratifying success; but, as fortune would have it, the engineer knew nothing of the matter, and in spite of the General's benevolent intentions, the train started off, suddenly, leaving himself and a few chosen comrades alone, to their dire dismay. The merriment produced among the passengers, when the incident became generally known, was of a most edifying character, and was accepted as a recompense in full for the loss of the supper. In fact, it was the theme of conversation, and the occasion of many a merry jest until the party reached Gettysburg, which was finally effected after the most heroic efforts on the part of the locomotive, about eleven o'clock at night, without further incident of note.

THE BATIMORE DELEGATION.

The City Councils of Baltimore, at a recent meeting, resolved to attend the celebration in a body Accordingly, the Northern Central Railroad placed at their disposal a special car, which left the dépôt at 3 o'clock Wednesday. The company comprised about fifty persons, including a number of invited guests. The car was handsomely set off with a large American flag, which stretched lengthwise the ceiling. An ample commissariat was provided, which it was intended would supply the party until their return home, it being very prudently supposed that the good people of Gettysburg would be unable to meet the demands made upon them for subsistence. The Union Glee Club of Baltimore were among the special guests, and their presence was highly enlivening and soul-stirring. At every station along the road they sang some national air with a spirit and ardor seldom surpassed. "We are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More," "The Battle-cry of Freedom," and other songs of like character, were interspersed with those of more humorous strain, and there was every variety of patriotic emotion occasioned by the gleeful band. A song of about fifty verses, each one a repetition of the preceding, so that there was in reality but one, was sung with fine effect:

"We were there all the while,
At the siege of Carlisle."

The company, although of a social and genial character, was characterized by a decorum befitting the errand on which they were bent.

On reaching Hanover Junction, the train was attached to the Governor's special train from Harrisburg, and both proceeded onward to Gettysburg, arriving there about 11 o'clock P. M. The Council Committee, having learned that the Governors of the States and others, were on the same train, appointed a sub-committee to wait upon each separately. Each of the Governors was introduced in turn, and received with cheering.

When Governor Curtin entered, the enthusiasm was unbounded. At a way station it became known that Governor Curtin was aboard, and then there were repeated cries for "speech." The train moving off, he was prevented from expressing his respects. Generals Stahl, Doubleday, Stoneman, and others, were introduced to the Councils, and all were handsomely entertained. General Cameron expressed his delight at the loyalty and liberality of Baltimore as manifested on this occasion by its municipal authorities. Baltimore had nobly redeemed herself from the stigma of disgrace, which the worst classes of its population had partially brought upon her at the opening of the war. The late election had shown that the people of Maryland were loyal and Union-loving, and would long continue so, despite all efforts of Secession sympathizers in their midst. The interchange of civilities between the Governors and the representatives of Maryland, was of the most cordial and enthusiastic kind. The committee were designated by strips of red, white, and blue on their coat lappels, displaying likewise a handsome silver model of the celebrated Baltimore monument. The party reached Gettysburg about eleven o'clock P. M. Wednesday, and not being able to secure commodious quarters in the town, remained in the cars during the night. The Glee Club of Baltimore conspicuously participated in the ceremonies of the dedication, their musical talent and patriotism contributing not a little to give *eclat* to the occasion. Philadelphians who were present could not but reflect that our Councils were not represented with the Monumental City.

GETTYSBURG.

The presence of so large a number of distinguished persons, and the brilliant and crowded flowing in of the military and the people, made this wide-spread farmers' town, and its country road-for streets, famous for the second time. Gettysburg has two very marked periods in its history, and here its record may close—the battle of Gettysburg and its solemn celebration—but this is glory enough for all time.

The hotels were, of course, densely crowded. Hundreds slept upon the floors of the inns and private residences, and hundreds more took a rigid repose in the cars or carriages. In the evening a serenading party from Baltimore sang in front of the lodgings of the President and Secretary of State. Very short, but very pointed speeches were made. The President had a verbal "shake-hands" with the people, and a wink at the reporters. He would not now make a speech, he said, for fear of being reported. Other patriotic serenades were made, answered by cheerful speeches from John Forney, Judge Shannon, Mr. Wayne McVeagh, and others.

At a late hour all was quiet in Gettysburg, save the strangers of every locality and class, who camped out upon the floors, wrapped the drapery of their blankets about them, and, we have no doubt, laid down to such pleasant dreams as are afforded to the weary, even upon the couch of discomfort. At early daylight everybody was wide awake, and the town was soon again in commotion with the business of the parade.

In the interval before the procession, thousands travelled off to the battle-field, visiting the Cemetery Hill, Culp's Hill, the Round Top mountain, and the fields around the Taneytown road. The ground in these vicinities is yet strewn with remains and relics of the fearful struggle—ragged and muddy knapsacks, canteens, cups, haversacks, threadbare stockings trodden in the mud, old shoes, pistol holsters, bayonet sheathes, and here and there fragments of gray and blue jackets—mournful and appealing mementoes of the civil strife, whose victory would be shreds and tatters like these rags, were it not so nobly purchased for so glorious a cause. Hides and skeletons of horses still remain upon the ground. Grave-marks of unrecognized heroes were in every quarter of the field, and rows of graves ranged along the line of the stone or wooden fences, which had afforded shelter to the sharpshooters. A ravine, up which the rebels had charged toward a stone fence flanking Culp's Hill, was yet full of these forlorn remnants of the battle, so indicative, and so eloquent, that imagination had little task to call back the daring charge of the graybacks up the hill, and the still fiercer defence and onslaught of the determined and inexorable men whose resistless bravery was victory ordained, and who proved that if the rebels fought well in the South, the loyal soldiers fought even better in the North. Melancholy but glorious vestiges! Here fell our braves, sometimes stricken down like grass-swathes, still with their feet to the foe, or irregularly strewn about where death was sown in every field and furrow. Here they dropped down dead or dying, to the infinite of our physical universe, not more than so many sparrows falling; but to the moral progress of the world representatives, causes, and martyrs. These men, it is said, die without name, and make no sign; but here they gave their sign masonic, their death-grasp, and the whole world is in the secret. They are distinguished in the greater appellations of Victory and Freedom, and their name is Legion. They died saints and martyrs in a certain sense, but left us no rich relics—only battered canteens, ragged blouses, torn haversacks, and wretched shoes. Think of how they marched under burden of eight days' supplies, overloaded with knapsack, haversack, and blanket, a hundred of miles in hot pursuit of the enemy; think of how they fought, and fell, and won—and who should feel less tender than the good women who bandaged their piteous wounds, and less inspired than the orators and poets who shall pronounce their glory:

"The hot shell shattering in its fall,
The bayonet's rending wedge;
Here scattered death—but search the spot,
No trace thine eye can see;
No altar, and they used it not
Who leave their children free!"

Thus wrote of another battle-field one of our own poets; we may accept his feeling if not his words. Traces of this great battle must indelibly remain. An altar will rise worthy of the grandeur of the struggle, worthy of the future of the nation. The dead will rest in sanctuary, and Gettysburg be forever a shrine of pilgrimage.

THE CELEBRATION.

At about seven o'clock in the morning, the cavalry call was sounded upon Cemetery Hill. Oh! if the dead could have awakened from their graves at the sound of that trump, the matin note of their consecration to fame! Tantara! it broke out with chanticleer vigor in crystal flourishes of martial music. Far away, the misty hills heard the echo and gave it faintly back from where the rebels retreated. Nearer, it woke up with reveille intervening valley and hill where Geary's Pennsylvanians and Wadsworth's division drove back the rebels into the hollow of Culp's Hill where Crawford's Quakers made their furious charge, and where Barksdale fell—where the rebels lie in many ditches, fifteen hundred in a field, the ground covered over with the bones of the horses, the rags and cast-away accoutrements of the retreating graybacks—vast dormitories of the crowded company of the dead, huddled together in wretched bedfellowship. But no echo awoke the unreturning dead, the anguished fallen, who, after the tragedy of triumph, now sleep so soundly. But their mute disappearance is eloquent and sacred—or have they a shape in the mists and woods, a voice on the boundary of silence, in the mystic airs that sweep over the battle field, like a secret whispered by the dying into the ears of the living!

The cavalry rode up the hill, and stood in sight of the risen sun. Guards were sent out picketing the roads near the cemetery, with a view to regulate the passage of carriages, preparatory to the arrival of the procession. This small military incident was suggestive of the great battle. For a moment, it was the illusion of Kilpatrick's or Buford's troopers resting up on the hill, a distant prelude and flourish to the terrible shock of armies. Standing here, the whole battle-field was mapped out to the view—a fine plan of war territory bounded by hills in a radius of ten miles round, and abundant in occasions of battle; a field of which Cemetery Hill, commanding the town, was the focus where radiated the three roads of our advance and possible retreat, wherefrom our lines and positions zigzagged and undulated about the half-oval interior of the hills in its rear, and where the rebels impressed all their desperation into one frightful onslaught, and were repulsed; a battle-ground largely adapted for the Waterloo strife of a continent, and pre-ordained, as it were, for the battle and the victory.

Now from the hill salvos of artillery rolled through the air, thundering away over the battle field, a stern and mighty requiem for the brave!

About the diamond-shaped and wide open space in the centre of the town, a vast crowd of townsmen and strangers were awaiting the muster of the procession, and the appearance of the President and members of the Cabinet, the orator of the day, and a host of distinguished celebrants. A fine delegation of the military from the army in the field attracted all eyes, and various civic societies, of which the public are already informed, made part of the interest of the display. At about noon the President stepped out of the house to tremendous cheering, half blushing amid the intense ardor of the acclamation on all sides as he steadily mounted his horse, and sat up the tallest and the grandest rider in the procession, bowing and nearly laughing his acknowledgments to the oft-repeated cheers—"Hurrah for Old Abe;" "We're coming, Father Abraham," and one solitary greeting of its kind, "God save the President." On the procession, with its train of Governors, brigadiers, and major generals; Couch at the head of the military, Secretary Seward riding to "catch up" to the President; Doubleday, Gibbons, and other heroes of the battle, on horseback, and Generals Stoneman and Stahl, Governors Curtin, Dennison, Secretary Usher, and other officials, following on foot. The bands struck up in fine confusion, answering each other at distant points of the parade. The procession filing around the roads, the bands playing down in the valley, were glorious in sight and sound. An immense crowd were gathered upon the hill, as the procession took order before the platform on the cemetery ground and around the graves of the gathered dead. The exercises of the occasion have been fully reported, but we cannot report the grand surrounding of this region of nature and history, which celebrated the occasion with the scene—the glory of the day, upon whose close, and while the dirge was mourning the brave, the compassionate sunset shed its benediction. One banner dressed in crape moved mournfully but proudly over the throng:

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
July 2d and 3d, 1863.

"The whole earth," said Everett, "was the sepulchre of the brave, and all time the millennium of their glory!" The President said as well, in his brief, but immortal speech: "We cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the refinished work that they have thus so far nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that governments of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Crowds, unable to hear the prayers and speeches, wandered in every direction over the battle-ground. A party under General Gibbons rode over to the Broad Top hill, where the rebels made one of the fiercest of their fierce assaults. One visitor to the battle-ground rode a horse which General Lee himself had confiscated, in the vicinity, and used during the battle. Hundreds gathered up, to bear with them the spirit of Gettysburg to every quarter of the State, relics more eloquent than orations. The memory of the day, and especially the profound impressiveness of the hallowed battle-ground, will never leave them.

Toward the close of the afternoon, an incident occurred which must ever be inseparable from this occasion, and which deserves a place in the story of the war as a noble representative fact. At request of the President, a committee waited upon the brave old man, John Burns, who fought in three of our wars, it is said, and who, at the battle of Gettysburg, dressed himself in his Sunday clothes and went right into the fight, which he did not leave till he had received three wounds. It need hardly be told how that patriot of the people, the honest *pater patriæ*, Father Abraham, received this brave and venerable man. The greeting was extremely cordial—the "God bless you, old man," of the nation in the person of the President. Arm-in-arm with the President and the Secretary of State, John Burns went to church in the evening. Cheering to the President, in his great office, must be this simple event—most cheering to the declining years of "brave John Burns." In this touching incident, perhaps, more than any other, Gettysburg was truly dedicated.

According to announcement, at five o'clock P. M. Colonel Anderson, Lieutenant Governor elect of Ohio, delivered an able address in the Presbyterian church. The building was filled to repletion by an intelligent and highly-respectable audience. The President of the United States and suite, with several of the Governors of the States, occupied seats in front of the pulpit. The orator was introduced by ex-Governor Dennison, of Ohio, and commenced his oration by a general reference to the occasion which had called together such a vast assemblage. The address was a bold and able exposition of the causes which led to the present war, the issues involved in the contest, and the importance of its determination. It was that original first human conflict between freedom and despotism which was to end in the triumph of one or the other.

The remarks of the speaker were attentively listened to throughout, and occasionally applauded. At half past six o'clock the President and party retired, and soon after the exercises in the church terminated.

Throughout the afternoon crowds congregated at the railroad dépôt; crowds poured down on crowds from the streets of the town; crowds filled the half dozen trains to overflowing—all in growing anxiety to return home in time, according to expectation. But the railroad was as wicked as Pharaoh, who hardened his heart against the children of Abraham. Not till some time after the President had left, amid the shrill halloo and wild hurrah of the multitude, were other trains permitted to leave. Even the tops of the cars were covered with the frantic and crying evil of homeless and disappointed men. Torturing delays occurred on the road—heads used to pillows were unable to sleep from vexation, and in many cases it was more than twenty-four hours before Philadelphians reached their home. Gettysburg was thus again sacred to suffering.

THE PATRIOTIC REMAINS.

The following is a list of the remains already interred in the cemetery, with the States they represent:

Maine	17
New Hampshire	4
Vermont	19
Rhode Island	4
Massachusetts	139
Connecticut	12
New York	158
New Jersey	22
Pennsylvania	160
Delaware	14
Maryland	16
Ohio	21
Indiana	31
Illinois	3
Michigan	48
Wisconsin	21
Minnesota	24
Virginia	2
United States Infantry (Regulars)	19
	466
Unknown	[illegible]
	1,188

IDENTITY ASCERTAINED.

The identity of the dead soldier who was found on the bloody field of Gettysburg, with the picture of his three pretty little children tightly clasped in his hands, has been ascertained within a day or two. The wide publicity given to the touching circumstance through the medium of the press produced the desired result. The name of the deceased was Hummerton, and his widow and three children reside at Portville, Cattaraugus county, New York. Large numbers of photographic copies of the picture upon which the dying eyes of the warrior-father closed have been sold, and the profits realized from their sale will be appropriated to the benefit of the children. It is hoped that a sufficient sum may be realized in this way, and by future sales, to add materially in the education of the little ones who were made orphans at Gettysburg.

The following letters were read at the beginning of the ceremonies:

LETTER FROM GENERAL MEADE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Nov. 13.

David Wills, Esq., Agent for the Governor of Pennsylvania, &c.:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the invitation which, on behalf of the Governor of Pennsylvania and other States interested, you extend to me and the officers and men of my command to be present on the 19th inst., at the consecration of the burial-place of those who fell on the field of Gettysburg.

It seems almost unnecessary for me to say that none can have a deeper interest in your good work than comrades in arms, bound in close ties of long association and mutual confidence and support with those to whom you are paying the last tribute of respect; nor could the presence of any be more appropriate than that of those who stood side by side in the struggle, shared the peril, and the vacant places in whose ranks bear sad testimony to the loss they have sustained. But this army has duties to perform which will not admit of its being represented on the occasion, and it only remains for me, in its name, with deep and grateful feelings, to thank you and those you represent for your tender care of its heroic dead, for your patriotic zeal, which, in honoring the martyrs, gives a fresh incentive to all who do battle for the maintenance of the integrity of the Government. I am, &c., GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major General Commanding.

LETTER FROM SECRETARY CHASE.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Nov. 16, 1863.

DEAR SIR: It disappoints me greatly to find that imperative public duties make it impossible for me to be present at the consecration of the grounds selected as the last resting-place of the soldiers who fell in battle for their country at Gettysburg. It consoles me to think what tears of mingled grief and triumph will fall upon their graves, and what benedictions of the country, saved by their heroism, will make their memories sacred among men.

Very respectfully, yours, S. P. CHASE.
DAVID WILLS, Esq.

Forney's War Press.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MIRIAM, C.—The sketch with which you have favored us is very well written, and evinces genuine talent. So great is the pressure upon our columns, however, that we cannot definitely say when it will appear. Our list of regular contributors is already too large to warrant us in adding to the list. Should a vacancy occur we shall be pleased to enlist your services.

J. E. C.—Next week, if possible.

J. D., POTTSTOWN.—Subscriptions may commence with any number. Our terms will be found elsewhere.

IT IS OVER NOW—that grand and solemn consecration of the battle-field of Pennsylvania, the eternal hills and plains of Gettysburg—first consecrated by the anguish and death of thousands of our bravest, by their victory so dearly won, and now dedicated to perpetual peace. Now the ground is doubly sacred by the blood of the slain and the blessing of the people. The many thousands who on the 19th inst. moved among those immemorial fields of glory have departed; the President, who there met the loyal men of all States, has returned to his high duties happier and stronger for the revelation of their trust in his wisdom. Eloquence and music are silent now, and the dead are left alone in their silent graves. It is enough. To them the last funereal honors are paid, and now it is for us to so live that they will not have died in vain.

The dedication of the National Cemetery must be a new dedication of the nation to the holy cause for which, for two years, it has battled. From the sepulchre of heroes must spring the soul of heroism, and the living must live with all their life for the truth for which the dead have died. For Government, for Freedom, for Union, the lives of thousands, whose bones lie scattered from the Potomac to the Gulf, were offered. There are few of us, who in our happy homes read of war, who need sacrifice life or fortune for our country. But can we not sacrifice prejudices, past political ties, and party precedents? Men of all parties marched under the national flag as American soldiers, fought and died, not as Democrats or Republicans, but as patriots, and cannot we emulate their loyalty, even though we may not equal their sacrifices?

In the presence of the sublime thoughts to which this great and solemn occasion gives birth, we dare not speak as partisans, we dare not argue as friends of any man or any administration. These will pass away, even as the thunders of the battle have ceased to echo, and the agonies of the wounded are ended. The administration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN will end, and of those who now direct the path of the nation few will live when twenty years have passed. But Freedom will not die, and it is our duty to leave to our children the Union we received from our fathers. This we cannot do by opposing the Government which embodies the Union, by quarrelling with its measures, and dividing into parties upon questions of subordinate importance. This we can only do by unanimous and loyal action—by forgetting party—by giving our souls to the work, as the heroes of Gettysburg gave their lives. We are Americans; our Government is threatened with destruction; and if this truth cannot unite us upon a national platform, then we need no National Cemetery at Gettysburg. Then the war is in vain, and those who have fallen are happily dead, being spared the spectacle of their country's shame. But why should we repeat this argument? twenty States have enforced it, and last week it was triumphantly sustained by Delaware. All the patriotism of the nation is not interred at Gettysburg.

IS IT AGAIN "ON TO RICHMOND?"

The condition of the Union soldiers in the Richmond prisons is terrible. These men are starving. They are starving while the whole North is longing to supply them with every comfort, while the Government is ready to convey provisions and stores of all kinds to the very doors of their cells. They are starving simply because of the barbarity of the rebel authorities, who will neither feed them nor permit them to be fed, and who have thus given new proof that slavery brutalizes the slaveholder far more than it degrades the slave. Last week a steamer sent from Fortress Monroe with clothing and food for the Union prisoners at Richmond was cruelly turned back, upon what military pretence no military man can imagine. The wretchedness of these men cannot be exaggerated. The released prisoners who have reached Annapolis tell the pitiful story. Mr. ROBERT R. CORSON, State military agent, writes to us that in the hospitals there 50 men out of 189 *died of the effects of starvation*. Our citizens will see that this suffering which they can reach is relieved; but what of that suffering, more extreme, existing in the horrible prisons and slave-pens of Richmond? Is that beyond our reach, and can nothing be done?

A correspondent of THE PRESS patriotically suggests that "an army of liberators be raised for the special and only object of going to Richmond. Let the President call for one hundred thousand volunteers for this purpose—the speciality of their duty to be clearly set forth and their term of service noted." The New York *Herald* a few days since declared that the refusal of the rebels to supply their prisoners with food, or permit the Government to save them from the agonies of slow death from starvation, "must be made the signal for a new crusade, the object of which is the immediate capture of the rebel capital." It advises that the President "at once call upon the loyal States for a special volunteer force of two hundred thousand men for this express purpose."

The enthusiasm and earnestness with which the people have taken up this idea is remarkable. It is urged by voice and pen. The feeling is akin to that which thrilled the nation when the flag was fired on at Sumpter, and needs only encouragement to become an irresistible and universal purpose. This unheard-of cruelty and wickedness of the rebel leaders, so sternly opposed to the just and Christian treatment of rebel prisoners by the Government, is working up the North to a passion of righteous indignation which will sweep the iniquity away. Were it otherwise, who would not blush for the heartlessness of the North? Last week, while the nation was solemnly consecrating the burial place of its slain heroes, their comrades in valor and victory were suffering a living death. From Gettysburg to Richmond the path is straight. It will yet be trodden.

LETTER FROM THE HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS—NOBLE AVOWAL OF UNION SENTIMENTS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—John Minor Botts' letter to the Richmond *Examiner*, under date of October 18, has been received from the correspondent of the Associated Press with the Army of the Potomac.

Mr. Botts denies the charge that he, in an interview with an Indiana major, proclaimed himself a Union man without any ifs or buts. He had no such interview, and used no such language. He denies having said that he wished the Federal generals knew half that he knew of the rebels, and their resources and intentions. He is not in the confidence of the Government or the commanders of its forces, and, therefore, of their intentions, and is profoundly ignorant of their resources.

In reply to the charge of the *Examiner*, that he abhorred the Government, but loved its money, he says:

"Whatever I may think of the Government, yet I never felt myself entirely at liberty in this land of freedom to say half as much against its Administration as I have read in your own editorial columns. But if I have never made professions of devotion to the Government, I have never ceased to feel a warm interest in the welfare of the people of Virginia, with whose prosperity and freedom my own are entirely identified; and I will take occasion to say here what I said to Gen. Meade, and have said to all, that my earnest prayer is that this revolution may result in whatever may contribute most to the permanent peace, happiness, prosperity, and freedom of the people of Virginia. These are the blessings of a good Government; this is what I suppose is desired and aimed at by all, unless the selfish politicians, and the corrupt speculators in and out of the army, may constitute an exception; they care not what sort of a Government they live under, provided they fill the high places and have their pockets well lined. We may differ possibly, and perhaps honestly, as to the best means of attaining these desirable ends If it is by the success of the revolution, then I pray God that the revolution may succeed; but if by a restoration of the Union, then I hope the Union may be restored. What I want is a Government that has the will and power to protect my person and my property against all abuses, and that I would prefer living as I did before the war, to living as I have done since the war is beyond all question; I would be a madman or a fool if I did not, and a knave and hypocrite if I were to pretend otherwise."

Mr. Botts denies having done anything to which the Confederate Government can complain, unless it be that he has not become Democratized, and made no concessions to Democracy. On the other hand, he complains, first, that the power of the legislative branch of the Government has been especially directed against him. Second, that the power of the executive branch of the Government has been execrated against him when under this detestable, unwritten, and unknown code called martial law. Upon no charge preferred which they dared to present before the Court of Inquiry, they had him arrested in his bed, and hurried to a filthy negro jail, where he was kept in solitary confinement for eight weeks, when, with all the vigilance, and care, and research of their numerous detectives, they could find nothing upon which to hinge a charge, and now comes a second arrest without a charge, whilst the army itself has been turned loose upon him to destroy his property by design and by the orders of officers in high command, and, but for a guard from the headquarters of General Lee, none can tell to what condition he would have been reduced. Mr. Botts says: "Have I, then, Mr. Editor, had much attachment or devotion to a Government by which I have been thus treated? You complain of the treatment Mr. Vallandigham has received at the hands of his Government. He made many violent speeches, in which he took active and strong grounds against his Government, and for this he was sent amongst his friends, as they supposed. But I have done nothing, taken no part, but maintained firmly and consistently, as I shall continue to do, my own private opinions, and the conviction of my best judgment, which has not been controlled by any considerations of selfishness, ambition, or fear.

"I want no better vindication for having withheld my approval of this war than is to be found in the fact that there is not one of those who aided in bringing it on that would do it, if with their present experience it had to be gone over again, or if they could have foreseen what has followed, all of which I did foresee and foretell."

Mr. Botts denies that Gen. Meade took dinner at his table, yet makes known that he invited him to do so, and regretted that his constant engagements prevented his acceptance, and should he return to the vicinity the offence would be repeated. The truth is, he has entertained freely and hospitably the officers and gentlemen of both armies whose acquaintance he has enjoyed, and shall continue to do so as long as he is master of his own lands.

"Hitherto I have been silent," says Mr. Botts, "as to the wrongs, injuries, and indignities that have been heaped upon me, but I am not a spaniel to lie down and crouch at the bidding of any master, nor to lick the hand that smites me, and if I am thus to be selected as a particular object of persecution, and can find no protection from the law, then will I protect myself.

"This I cannot do against the Government or against the army, but I can and will do it when the law, military and civil, both fail me, against any one man that this Confederacy can boast.

"I cannot be induced to swerve one hairsbreadth from the line of conduct that my own judgment and conscience may dictate, which is to take no lot, part, or share in the responsibility that rests upon those who have brought this whirlpool of desolation and ruin upon my unfortunate country. But if to adhere firmly and consistently to the opinions and principles that I have maintained for thirty years, and if to prefer living as I did before the war, to living as I have done since the war, makes me a traitor, then a traitor's life let me live, or a traitor's death let me die."

UNION TRIUMPH IN DELAWARE

The country will be satisfied with Delaware. Hon. N. B. SMITHERS, Unconditional Union candidate for Congress, is elected without opposition. We commend the good taste of the disloyal party in concealing its insignificance, and withdrawing from a useless contest. We know, however, that Mr. BROWN's name was withdrawn, the day before the election, to give color to the charge that the Government intended to forcibly interfere with the election, and that prominent politicians in other States advised the Copperhead leaders in Delaware to adopt this course. It is the last resort of a defeated and disloyal party.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THE plans of General Grant in the Southwest are approaching full reality, and the war in that quarter rapidly attaining its greatest concentration. A movement, long foreshadowed and for some time noiselessly taking place, has at last accomplished and announced itself. General Sherman's corps has joined to the right of Grant's forces, in the region of Chattanooga, Sherman himself having reported at the headquarters of Gen. Thomas. This event is of the highest value to the military situation, and almost determines at once the fate of the rebel cause in the West. The leaders of the enemy designed to prevent this junction, or delay it for a very long time. Their utter failure to this particular, and the inability of Bragg, in the intervening period, to make any headway at Chattanooga, must prove disheartening. Sherman skilfully threw out forces sufficient to amuse the enemy along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, by Tuscumbia, &c., while he sent the great body of his troops forward by another route. He has left his department under excellent guard, while he has given formidable reinforcement to the Army of the Cumberland. If there is truth in the rumor that the rebel Government is again sending forces to Bragg by Southwestern Virginia or from Charleston, this fact may explain it. But, in any case, the enemy appears to be placed at final disadvantage. Longstreet, who was reported to be marching upon Burnside, has need of greater vigor, or must return at once to the main army under Bragg, in peril of being intercepted and destroyed. Grant's army, it would seem, has now force enough to operate with equal vigor upon the right and left of the enemy, whose retirement upon Rome and Atlanta may be reckoned a foregone conclusion. Recent events abundantly prove that our military authorities are neither so deficient in means or sagacity as to be outnumbered and outgeneralled in the West. Within a few months General Meade has twice thwarted and defeated the enemy, and in the same time the army at Chattanooga has insured its safety and gained important advantages. To crown all, we do not doubt that the Army of the Tennessee is in junction with the forces of Hooker and the Army of the Cumberland.

BROWNSVILLE, Texas, has been occupied as the headquarters of General Banks. An attempt to revolutionize the district of Tamaulipas, which includes Matamoros and the mouth of the Rio Grande, by the Mexican chief Miramon handing it over to the French, was frustrated by the timely appearance of General Banks. The presence of the Union troops drove General Cobas, the ally of Miramon, to the other side of the river, where he fell into the hands of Cortinas, who defeated him, and shot him as a traitor. Three revolutions occurred in one week on the Mexican frontier of the Rio Grande. The position which General Banks now occupies secures to the United States the port of Matamoros without danger of a foreign war. Later despatches from New Orleans bring the highly important intelligence that the 13th Army Corps has also embarked for some point in Texas.

THE letter of the Hon. John Minor Botts, published in a Richmond paper, has at length made its appearance North. It is a startling protest against the iniquity and tyranny of the rebellion. Mr. Botts defends his course of neutrality; declares his earnest feelings for the old Government, and is proud to avow that he invited General Meade to dine with him, just as he had also invited officers of the rebel army. He compares his imprisonment for eight weeks in a loathsome negro jail with the better treatment received by Vallandigham, who had put himself in violent opposition to the North, instead of remaining quiet and neutral.

THE rebels say they have almost nothing wherewith to feed the Union prisoners at Richmond, yet the Common Council of that city has just voted $50,000 to buy a house for Gen. Lee. The Richmond papers also give the following statistics of Union prisoners in and about the capital: Prisoners of war, 12,747; citizen prisoners, 3; Yankee deserters, 3; negroes, 22—total, 12,775. Among these are 953 commissioned officers of different grades, from brigadier general down to third lieutenant. There are also eighty-four surgeons in the lot. Seven hundred of these prisoners were, on the 14th, sent to Danville, and seven hundred will be sent daily to that point until four thousand are thus disposed of. It is understood that several thousand will also be sent to Lynchburg.

THE battle of Bayou Couteau, Louisiana, took place on the 3d, Gen. Washburn in command of our troops, which were attacked by a superior force, commanded by Walker and Morton. The rebels were routed with a loss of 1,300, and driven to Opelousas. Washburn and staff were surrounded, but hewed their way through. Two national regiments were captured. Since the battle, our forces were in retreat to Vermillionville.

THE city of Vicksburg has been greatly improved under Federal rule. It has been cleaned of its accumulated garbage and filth, the barricades of earth have been removed from the streets, numerous stores have recently been reopened, and, though little business is yet transacted, it is hoped the embargo upon trade may soon be removed, and then there will be great activity. Many churches and schools are again open, and the peaceful pursuits of trade and traffic are gradually gaining ground.

IN East Tennessee the loyal 1st North Carolina Regiment have already had an opportunity to show what stuff they are made of. At Warren Spring, on the French Branch, they were attacked on Tuesday by a force specially sent against them, under Col. "Bob" Vance, brother of the Governor. They fought in front of the houses in the village, and behaved with great coolness and bravery. They drove the rebels in disorder from the field, killing, among others, three of the most noted and malignant rebels in that region, viz.: Col. Allen, Major John Woodfine, and Lieut. Hyatt.

THE condition of the roads have delayed for a while the advance of General Meade's army. Gen. Lee is said to be busily fortifying, and disposing his troops in hourly expectation of attack. There is nothing to confirm the report of the advance of General Meade.

THE resignation of Chief Justice Taney and Secretary Chase are stated by a Copperhead newspaper to be in the hands of the President, the present Secretary of the Treasury to become Chief Justice after the assemblage of Congress. This report barely merits discredit.

A DESPATCH reports that General Butler, on being told that the rebel General Fitzhugh Lee enjoyed the liberty of Old Point, sharply expressed his disapproval of such a reprehensible courtesy. The next day Lee made a voyage to Fort Lafayette.

NEVADA TERRITORY is said to be the richest silver-bearing country in the world. It is estimated that the product this year will be $15,000,000.

THE fuel question has been solved in Minnesota by the discovery of immense beds of peat near St. Paul. It is said to burn as well in a grate as coal, and can be furnished at from two to three dollars a cord.

THE reputed organ of General Bragg, the Atlanta *Register*, utters the following significant opinion:

"Necessity will compel Bragg to abandon his [illegible]sent tenable line along Missionary Ridge for [illegible] further to the rear, and where the flankin[g] ma-nœuvres of the enemy will find him with less advantage. The hopes of an advance into [Ten]nes-see are gradually dissipating. The best informed military authority cannot conceive a way by which the enemy may be successfully flanked, while it is admitted on all sides that a direct assault is out of the question. We begin now to fear the army will not advance, but the reverse."

ANOTHER wall of Fort Sumpter has fallen, and the rebels are now reported cons[truct]ing a bom-proof on the ruins. Professor M[illegible], of West Point, a personal friend of General [illegible]more, replies to some complaints of newspap[ers] in New York, stating that General Gilmore [ha]s accomplished all that he proposed to do—viz:

1. To effect a lodg[m]ent on the south end of Morris Island, which it [was] known the enemy was then strongly fortify[ing]. 2. To reduce Forts Wagner and Gregg. 3. F[rom] these last positions to reduce or demolish F[ort] Sumpter. 4. Having thus silenced the princ[ipal] fire of the exterior defences, a way would [be] opened for the monitors and iron-clads to remo[ve] the obstacles; run by the batteries of Sullivan's and James Island, and reach the city.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

GEN. GEARY'S DIVISION.

HEADQUARTERS 2D DIVISION, 12TH ARMY CORPS,
CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 16, 1863.
[Correspondence of The Press.]

DESERTERS' CONFESSIONS.

"What are your people fighting for?" I inquired of one of twelve rebel deserters who came into our lines to-day. "I could never get to know exactly," said he, "but some of our officers tell us we are fighting for liberty." Beautiful sentiment, thought I; but what a fatal delusion! Pretty theory, and attractive; yea,

"Ingenious, new,
Sublime, stupendous, everything but true."

"Pray, tell me," said I, "how much of this *liberty* you have secured for yourself, personally, and what is the nature of it?" "Liberty," said he, "to enter the army or be shot in my own house; liberty to leave my family to starve for the necessaries of life; liberty to fight against my own countrymen, and peril my life to gratify a few slaveholders, who are leading us to destruction. I am sick of it," said he, "and have deserted, and thousands more would do so if opportunity offered." And the eleven who were with him said "Amen."

Deserters are coming within our lines by scores daily, and all tell much the same story of suffering in the army, and suffering out of it; of disaffection generally, and an increasing clamor for peace, which is becoming irresistible. "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow"—a shadow born of the setting sun—so do these people earnestly desire to see the end of a war which has brought them nothing but misery and misfortune.

THE LOYAL WOMEN—THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

The Army of the Cumberland is now in fine condition; full-fed, and healthy, and buoyant. I desire to say a few words for the Sanitary Commission, which has come to be one of the permanent appurtenances of the Union army, and has been the efficient instrument for relieving much suffering and prolonging the lives of thousands of our brave soldiers. To the loyal women of the land who have, through this medium, so largely contributed to the welfare and comfort of sick and wounded soldiers, all honor should be ascribed. From many a sick couch in camp, from many a wounded soldier in hospital, silent thank-offerings have gone back to unknown donors of home-comforts and delicacies which have gladdened the hearts of the suffering heroes. These are truly the days

"When spinsters, trembling for the nation's fate,
Neglect their stockings to preserve the State."

And they have, indeed, contributed to the preservation of the State by preserving those who defend it. A nobler work is not recorded in history. I have watched the progress of this benevolent scheme for two years past. In the early period of the war its humane efforts were misdirected, as might have been expected, and some of the contributions were about as necessary and appropriate as those of a certain benevolent association of ladies who solicited subscriptions for the purpose of supplying the unfortunate heathen of the Fejee Islands with tooth-brushes and warming-pans!

"When water runs in *new* channels, it will run *muddy* for a while," says the old proverb. But now the boxes and barrels of the Sanitary Commission have almost superseded the medicine chest, and humanity is the gainer thereby.

OUR DEAD AT CHICKAMAUGA.

It is said that our soldiers who fell at the battle of Chickamauga are still unburied. Their bodies lie where they so gloriously fell, and the fowls of the air are feasting upon the putrid flesh. The thought of it is horribly sickening. O, God! can such things be! and in a Christian land, in the nineteenth century. The damning fact should be published to the uttermost parts of the earth. The skeletons of those brave men, from which the flesh is being picked, piece by piece, should haunt the presence of General Bragg, so long as God permits his detestable body to come between the earth and the sun.

It is the most brutal example of "man's inhumanity to man" that has characterized this sanguinary war. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Madness, repulsive and disgusting to the educated sense, has come upon rebeldom, and destruction will soon follow. The manner of burying the dead upon a battle-field, under the most favorable circumstances, is sufficiently revolting. Scores are frequently interred in one common grave, and no cypress or yew tree marks their resting-place, no slab or head-board speaks to the living wanderer of a sepulchre beneath his feet. Upon no battle-field left in our possession, where it has been my fortune to be present, has there been the dead body of a rebel soldier left above the ground. May God comfort the mourners, whose friends are thus denied the last sad rites of sepulture.

SHELLS.

Prisoners tell us that Bragg is preparing to fall back to Rome or Atlanta, to keep his men from deserting in such large numbers, and to procure subsistence.

Rebel cannon speak to us occasionally from Lookout Mountain, and our guns reply with alacrity. Sometimes, on a calm, still morning, the fiery orators declaim for an hour or two with great fury, and from our resting-place in the valley we watch the course of the missiles as they come and go on their destructive errand. The thundering echoes resound from height to height, thrown back and forth across the valley by the opposing walls of rock, until their power is spent, and one after another they whisper themselves to silence.

A few days since two shells passed just over the log edifice which we have dignified as our headquarters, and buried themselves in the corn-field beyond. They sang merrily as they flew past our chimney! and went on their way, leaving us no occasion to regret their short stay in our immediate vicinity. The day after the battle of Wauhatchie, over 300 of these musical ambassadors were sent from Lookout Mountain into our camp on the battle-field. Our casualties were few—the men protecting themselves behind a friendly tree, or in the entrenchments they were constructing.

CONGRESS.

Congress is soon to meet, and the event is one which naturally awakens interest in the army, as well as out of it. We await its doings with the hope that something will "turn up." Welcome! ye Senators and Representatives, who come fresh from the hearts and homes of the people. We greet you as you emerge from rural obscurity. We await your appearance in the forum.

"Statesmen, ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom; ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances."

Come forth! and let your light so shine that it may irradiate the murky darkness which now envelopes the land, obscuring the sunlight of peace. We want no talk of compromise or conciliation with traitors in arms. Say anything else but that. Open wide the doors of the Capitol for the envoy who brings tidings of a readiness on the part of the rebels to throw down their arms, and submit to the government and laws of our country. After he comes offer free pardon and amnesty to all, except the leaders in the plot to overthrow the Government, and arrange matters of minor importance as circumstances shall dictate. On this platform we can stand, sustained alike by honor and justice. W.

THE ISSUE OF TREASURY NOTES.

By the act of March 3d, 1863, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue four hundred millions of dollars in Treasury notes, running not longer than three years, and bearing interest at a rate not higher than six per cent., which he can make a legal tender for the face value. Under this authority fifty millions of two-years notes, at five per cent. interest, payable every six months, were negotiated with the associated banks of the three cities on the 8th of September last. These notes are to be a legal tender for their face, and, if paid out by the banks, will to a great extent operate as an equivalent increase of the currency. Plates have been prepared for the issue of one-year notes at the same rate of interest, payable at maturity with the principal, which notes are also a legal tender, but no decision has yet been arrived at as to their issue. The aggregate amount of United States legal-tender notes which the Secretary has been authorized by various acts of Congress to give issue absolutely, is four hundred millions. All of this amount has been issued. He has, besides, conditional authority to issue fifty millions more for the redemption of the temporary loans, should it become necessary to do so. The above facts were obtained, on inquiry, from an authentic source.

RELIEF OF THE RICHMOND PRISONERS.

The supplies sent by the Government have been permitted to reach their destination by the rebel authorities. The rumor that the rebels have permitted clothing to be distributed and not food is an error. Forty-eight thousand rations sent by the Secretary of War last week have been received, and a letter to the Government from General NEAL DOW states that they have been distributed. The error was caused by the fact that the rebel authorities would not permit the officer in charge to accompany the rations further than City Point.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

A MOVEMENT OF THE ENEMY FOILED.

General Russell's Achievement.

PENNSYLVANIANS IN THE LATE ENGAGEMENT.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Nov. 20, 1863.—The guerillas around Warrenton having fired upon our pickets quite frequently of late, the citizens have been notified that on the first recurrence of picket shooting Warrenton will be shelled.

Two cavalrymen, who were outside of the lines, were pursued by mounted guerillas yesterday nearly to Catlett's Station. The cavalrymen escaped, but two privates, of the 142d Pennsylvania Infantry, were captured.

Last evening, between twenty and thirty guerillas came up to our lines near Manassas and fired their pieces at our pickets. They were immediately pursued and fired upon, but none of them were captured. Four of them subsequently made their appearance at Nokesville, but fled from the railroad guard, who pursued them.

Several rebel soldiers and citizens, some of the former being deserters, and the latter prisoners, were sent to Washington last night. Some of the citizens tried to bribe the guard to allow them to escape.

General Russell, the hero of Rappahannock Station, went to Washington to-day.

A squadron or two of the 6th New York and 3d Virginia Cavalry, of Buford's command, under Capt. Conger, of the latter regiment, made a reconnoissance yesterday in the direction of Sperryville, and captured a rebel herd of two hundred and thirty-two cattle, fourteen horses, and fifteen herders. The cattle were turned over to the division commissary, Capt. Hale.

[Correspondence New York Times.]

ARMY POTOMAC, Nov. 20.—The movement of the enemy on Wednesday morning seems to have been a concerted movement along our whole front for the purpose of ascertaining our position. Just about the time the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry was attacked near Germania Ford, a force of infantry crossed a short distance below Raccoon Ford, and attempted to cut off the 1st Michigan Cavalry, Major Brewer, on picket near that point.

The enemy crossed to the ravine, and kept a little rise of ground between the picket and themselves, but, fortunately, Major Brewer was on the alert, and discovered what was going on before an attack could be made, and he was therefore prepared for them. The enemy crossed the river during the night, and exposed themselves just at dawn. After skirmishing for one or two hours, and finding that their plan had been discovered, they returned to the opposite bank. Similar movements were made all along our front, with equal success.

AN INCIDENT.

On Friday, before the battle at Rappahannock Station, Gen. Lee and Gov. Letcher reviewed the rebel army near Brandy Station, and while the latter was giving assurance that the campaign was ended for the present season, the former received information from a "scout" or "spy" to the effect that the Union army was moving upon Fredericksburg. That night Lee moved his army in that direction, and was too far away on the following night to aid the force left to guard the Upper Rappahannock, and army and citizens feel dispirited because their favorite general has been defeated in strategy.

BRANDING FOR DESERTION.

Two men of the 6th Corps were publicly branded with the letter "D" yesterday, having been convicted of the crime of desertion. One was branded upon the hip and the other upon the arm. The division to which the men belonged witnessed the operation.

ANOTHER RAID OF MOSEBY'S MEN.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Yesterday afternoon about ninety of Moseby's men approached within three miles of Bealeton, with a view of making a raid on the railroad. Being dressed in Federal uniforms, the detachments of the 1st Pennsylvania and 6th Ohio Cavalry, who were in the immediate neighborhood at the time, mistook them for friends, but they soon discovered their error, the rebels firing a volley into them, and wounding several of our men.

Pursuit was given, and the rebels were driven into Snicker's Gap. Six of the gang were captured, but, at the latest accounts, our cavalry had not returned.

GENERAL MEADE'S ADVANCE DELAYED—LEE'S PREPARATIONS FOR ATTACK.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—It was published here to-day, and telegraphed North, that the Army of the Potomac at daybreak commenced an advance upon the enemy, but gentlemen who arrived from the front to-night are entirely ignorant of the alleged movement. The announcement was premature.

Advices received from the Army of the Potomac to-night say that the heavy storm of Saturday, while doing no damage to the railroad, had the effect of swelling the leading streams to an almost impassable height, and the low grounds and hollows, owing to the peculiarly soft and spongy character of the soil, are full of sloths and cradle holes, which re dangerous to wagon transportation.

Deserters come into our lines almost hourly. The most intelligent and probably well-informed gentlemen estimate Lee's effective strength at from 60,000 to 70,000. One gentleman, a man of high connections in a rebel State, says that Lee is in hourly expectation of an attack by General Meade, and is prepared at every point to give him a terrible reception. The permanent and temporary rebel works on the Rapidan are being strengthened and extended to a vast extent.

THE RECENT AFFAIR UNDER GENERAL RUSSELL.

There seems to be no correct statement of the regiments composing the brigades which made the glorious charge on the enemy at Rappahannock Station; some writers assert that the four regiments which stormed the rebel works belonged to General Russell's brigade, while others assume that they were under the command of Colonel Upton.

The truth is that there were two regiments of the 2d brigade and two regiments of the 3d brigade engaged in that glorious action, supported by the remaining regiments of those brigades.

COLONEL UPTON'S BRIGADE.

The 2d Brigade, then under the command of Col. Upton, of the 121st New York, embraces the following regiments:

The 121st New York.
The 5th Maine.
The 95th Pennsylvania.
The 96th Pennsylvania.

GENERAL RUSSELL'S BRIGADE.

The 3d Brigade, commanded by General Russell, embraced these regiments:

The 6th Maine.
The 5th Wisconsin.
The 49th Pennsylvania.
The 119th Pennsylvania.

The Parrott guns captured on that occasion by the 3d Brigade were taken from us, as appears by a pencil writing on the limber, at Chancellorville, May 2, 1863.

KILLED AND WOUNDED.

In the attack of the 18th on our cavalry outposts, three miles from Germania Ford, the following casualties are reported:

The enemy killed one officer, wounded another, wounded one sergeant and one private; captured between twenty and thirty men, one army wagon, one ambulance (with contents) and a cavalry forge. The resisting force consisted of one hundred and thirty men, all told. They were in three separate detachments, and not within supporting distance. The enemy left one dead man on this side of the river, and, it is known, carried off several men who were wounded.

Second Lieutenant R. Sillers, Company A, 18th Pennsylvania, was shot through the head while with Lieutenant Whittaker. Dr. Kingston, of the 2d New York Cavalry, took him into an ambulance, but he died before reaching camp. He was insensible all the time till he died.

Captain Kingsland, 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry, received a sabre wound on the left side of his head, wounding his ear, and received another sabre cut on his back. Sergeant Charles P. Sheafe, Company E, 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry, received a pistol ball in his right arm. The ball was extracted by Surgeon Hackley, of General Kilpatrick's staff. Private Daniel Carbaugh received a sabre cut on the head.

The enemy's force engaged in this foray had no colors or artillery, and it is supposed that, beyond the capture of a picket, the main object of the expedition was to ascertain the whereabouts of this army. The expedition was an utter failure. Anticipating difficulty, a supporting force of the enemy was drawn up on the opposite bank of the river, to cover their return, if necessary.

Among the missing is Assistant Surgeon G. W. Withers, 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry. It is supposed he was taken prisoner. It is expected that more of the missing men will yet come in.

MILITARY ORDER.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 16.—Headquarters, Department Virginia and North Carolina:

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 12.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 31.—Representations having been made to the commanding general that certain disloyally-disposed persons within this department do occasionally, by force, interfere with, and by opprobrious and threatening language insult and annoy loyal persons employed in the quiet discharge of their lawful occupations, it is hereby announced that all such conduct and language is hereafter strictly forbidden, and will be punished with military severity.

All officers in this department are directed to order the arrest of, and to bring such persons as are found offending against this order before the tribunal established for the purpose of punishing offences within this department. By command of

Major Gen. BUTLER.

DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BURNSIDE STILL HOLDING KNOXVILLE.

THE BATTLES IN EAST TENNESSEE.

Gallantry of Burnside and His Forces.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 21.—The *Commercial* has the following:

KNOXVILLE, Nov. 18, 1 P. M.—The crisis in East Tennessee has come, and found our army and generals ready. Saturday, the rebels, under Longstreet, crossed the river at Loudon. Our forces fell back, slowly and in good order, before them. During Sunday brisk skirmishing was going on all the while, and on Monday we held them in check all day, at Campbell Station, twelve miles below here, on the Lenoire road. Our forces were under the personal command of General Burnside, and acted splendidly.

Our loss during the day is estimated at 250. The rebel loss is unknown, but cannot, from the nature of the fighting, have been less.

During Monday our army fell back on Knoxville. Early Tuesday morning the line of battle was formed around the city. The rebels appeared about noon on the Lenoire road at Armstrong's house, two miles from town, and heavy skirmishing immediately commenced. General Sanders held our line of skirmishers in most gallant style and stubbornly until nightfall. Late in the evening, our troops charged the rebels, and drove them from their ground and beyond Armstrong's house, but fell back again to the original line.

This morning was very foggy, and the ball did not open until nine o'clock, and when it did it was on precisely the same ground as last night. The skirmishing has been very heavy, and accompanied with considerable shelling, both by the rebels and ourselves. Our loss yesterday and to-day, in killed and wounded, is about one hundred and fifty.

Our boys are in excellent spirits, and are confident in themselves and their generals. In fact, I have never seen an army on the eve of battle in better spirits.

General Burnside is confident of the result, and is winning golden opinions from every one by his gallant bearing and masterly dispositions.

About three o'clock this afternoon we suffered a loss in the wounding of that most gallant officer, General Sanders.

SHERMAN'S COMMAND—AN ORDER FROM GEN. DODGE.

"HEADQUARTERS LEFT WING, 16th ARMY CORPS,
"PULASKI, Tenn., Nov. 12, 1863.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 67.—The Federal army being now in possession of that portion of Tennessee and Alabama from Columbia to Decatur, and no Confederate force occupying any portion of Middle Tennessee the following policy will be pursued by my command:

"I. Citizens who have a surplus of corn, wheat, fodder, cattle, and hogs, by bringing it to the different posts along the railroad, from Columbia to Decatur, in sufficient quantities to supply the command, will receive vouchers upon which they can obtain the money. Unless this is done, foraging trains will necessarily be sent out, and what we need be taken and certificates only given.

"II. As long as the people maintain quiet in the country, put down guerillas and robbers, they will be protected, their produce paid for, and treated in all respects as loyal citizens. Otherwise they will be levied upon to support the army, and treated as enemies.

"III. The citizens living along the railroad and telegraph lines will be held responsible for any damage done either by any but regular Confederate troops. When damaged in any way, the citizens living nearest that point will be assessed to the full amount of damage done.

"IV. Citizens in the adjoining counties are invited to take such measures as they see proper to comply with this order, and every assistance and encouragement will be given them by the commanders of the different posts.

"By order of Brig. Gen. G. M. DODGE.
"J. W. BARNES, Lieut. and A. A. A. G."

CINCINNATI, Nov. 23.—Major General Foster has arrived and will leave for Knoxville to-day.

Official advices from East Tennessee, up to eleven o'clock yesterday morning, are encouraging. At that time the firing at Knoxville was heard by our extreme outposts from Cumberland Gap.

Adjutant Stanley, of the 13th Kentucky Cavalry, arrived at Cumberland Gap yesterday, and brings hopeful news of the situation of General Burnside. He is still holding out, and has notified the citizens that he would certainly hold Knoxville.

The rebel force opposing him is estimated at 36,000 strong.

Knoxville is not closely invested. The enemy have withdrawn from the south side of the river, and our troops now forage there.

The artillery fighting on the 19th and 20th was very severe, and the enemy sustained heavy losses.

Brigadier General Sanders, who was wounded at Campbell's Station a few days ago, has since died. Colonel Wolford is slightly wounded.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 23.—The telegraph wire between Knoxville and Cumberland Gap has not been cut. The communication between those points has never been well established, and a heavy rain storm has put it entirely out of order.

There is no information that any considerable force of the enemy has entered Tennessee from Southwestern Virginia, so that if Burnside is forced to retreat from Knoxville he will be able to get out if the enemy have withdrawn from the south side of Knoxville.

This fact is said to be significant of a decisive repulse of the enemy, as the town is best defended on that side.

General Burnside is still holding Knoxville, under instructions and pursuant to an understanding with Gen. Grant.

It is not supposed, therefore, that the forces under Generals Thomas, Hooker, and Sherman, are merely waiting during these momentous days. We are in hourly expectation of receiving intelligence of the most important character. It will be determined this week, if it is not already settled, whether the rebel movement into East Tennessee will be a great success for them, and imperil our whole position on the Tennessee river, or prove a disaster that will compel them to retreat to Central Georgia. If Burnside holds out at Knoxville, we do not see how the rebel army can escape a ruinous overthrow.

GENERAL THOMAS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—The *Star*, of this evening, intimates that General Thomas is about taking advantage of General Longstreet's movements against Burnside.

A REBEL ROUT.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 23.—Last Thursday night a part of the 2d Illinois Cavalry, under command of Captain Moore, pursued Faulkner's command forty miles from Union City, Tenn. The rebels tried to cross a river. The Federals fired on them while in the water, killing 11 and capturing 53. They also took a wagon load of small arms, 33 horses, and 4 mules. Among the prisoners are two captains.

The Federals lost one man wounded and five horses shot.

GUERILLAS—MR. ANDERSON'S RELEASE.

CAIRO, Nov. 23.—The steamer Anderson arrived here from Memphis with 600 bales of cotton for Cincinnati.

Roving bands of guerillas infest the river below, 100 of whom, under the notorious Sol. Street, entered Hickman, Ky., last Thursday, and plundered stores, houses, and captured four or five unarmed soldiers.

The Hon. Lucien Anderson, who was recently captured at Mayfield by the rebels, passed through here *en route* for home. He was released on the condition that he would procure his release from Trusten Polk.

COMPLIMENTARY ORDER TO TURCHIN'S AND HAZEN'S BRIGADE.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 265.
HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE CUMBERLAND,
CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 7, 1863.

The recent movements, resulting in the establishment of a new and short line of communication with Bridgeport and the possession of the Tennessee river, were of so brilliant a character as to deserve special notice.

The skill and cool gallantry of the officers and men composing the expedition under Brig. General William F. Smith, chief engineer, consisting of the brigades of Brig. Generals Turchin and Hazen; the boat parties under Col. Stanley, 18th Ohio Volunteers, and the pontoniers under Capt. Fox, Michigan Engineers and Mechanics, in effecting a permanent lodgement on the south side of the river, at Brown's Ferry, deserve the highest praise.

The column under Major Gen. Hooker, which took possession of the line from Bridgeport to the foot of Lookout Mountain, deserve great credit for their brilliant success in driving the enemy from every position which they attacked. The bayonet charge made by the troops of Gen. Howard up a steep and difficult hill, over two hundred feet high, completely routing the enemy and driving him from his barricades on its top, and the repulse by Gen. Geary's command of greatly superior numbers, who attempted to surprise him, will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of this war.

By command of
Major General GEO. H. THOMAS.
C. GODDARD, Assistant Adjutant General.

THE expedition to the Rio Grande has been a complete success. The Texans seem to have been completely taken by surprise. Two efficient batteries at the head of Brazos Pass would doubtless have caused great annoyance, but the invasion is unresisted. It is not doubted that General Banks will realize his hopes. General Bee was in command at Brownsville, but no discovery of troops have been made.

DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

THE BATTLE OF BAYOU COUTEAU.

The Rebels Routed with Great Slaughter.

Respective Losses Seven and Thirteen Hundred.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 23.—A letter dated Carrion Crow bayou, La., Nov. 4th, says Burbridge's division was attacked yesterday by a superior force of rebels under Walker and Morton, ten miles south of Opelousas, and was badly worsted. The division nobly held its ground until relieved by the division under Gen. Cameron, (Hovey's old division,) when the rebels were routed with great slaughter, and driven to Opelousas.

General Washburn was in command. Our loss was 700. The rebel loss was 1,300. The 67th Indiana and 23d Wisconsin were captured; also, one piece of the 17th Ohio Battery.

A BRILLIANT EXPLOIT.

At this fight was performed one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. General Washburn and staff being surrounded by the rebel cavalry, actually clove their way with their sabres through a column of the rebels, scattering them like a swarm of flies. Lieutenant Vanvliet was wounded severely. Our forces have commenced retreating to Vermilionville.

EUROPE.

A EUROPEAN CONGRESS—WARLIKE PREPARATIONS IN RUSSIA.

The Emperor Napoleon has issued letters inviting the sovereigns to a European Congress. His speech to the French Legislature is universally discussed. The interpretations differ so widely that while some journals regard it as eminently pacific, others look on it as indicative of war. Some of the English journals oppose the Congress in relation to Poland, and ask if the Emperor really means that war is inevitable without one. The Paris and London journals are alike at variance in their views of the speech. The Vienna journals agree that the speech is calculated to create uneasiness. The Paris Bourse was dull, and Rentes are quoted at 66f. 90c. *La France* says that diplomatic overtures will follow the speech, and a European Congress may be considered as convoked.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S SPEECH.

The Emperor Napoleon's speech, after analyzing the condition of the Empire, says:

Certainly, the prosperity of our country would take a more rapid course if political pre-occupations did not trouble it; but in the life of nations events unforeseen and inevitable arise, which must be met without fear and supported without faltering. Of this number are the war in America, the compulsory occupation of Mexico and Cochin China, and the insurrection in Poland. Those distant expeditions, the objects of so much criticism, are not the results of premeditated plans. The force of things has brought them about. Nevertheless, they are not to be regretted. How, in fact, could we develop our foreign commerce, if, on the one side, we were to renounce all influence in America, and if, on the other, in the presence of the immense territories occupied by the Spanish and Dutch, France alone was without possessions in the Asiatic seas? We have conquered in Cochin China a position which, without subjecting us to the difficulties of a local government, will permit us to make use of the immense resources of those countries, and civilize them by commerce. In Mexico, after the unexpected resistance, which the courage of our soldiers and sailors surmounted, we have seen the populations welcome us as liberators. Our efforts will not be in vain, and we shall be largely recompensed for our sacrifices when the destinies of that country, which owes to us its regeneration, shall have been confided to a Prince, whose enlightenment and high qualities render him worthy of so noble a mission.

Let us, then, have faith in our enterprises beyond the sea commenced to avenge our honor. They will terminate in the triumph of our interests, and if prejudiced minds do not divine the fruitfulness enclosed in the germs deposited for the future, let us not tarnish the glory thus acquired at the extremities of the globe, at Pekin, and as at Pekin, so at Mexico.

The Polish insurrection exacts more of explanation. When the insurrection broke out, the Governments of Russia and France were on the best of relations. Since the peace, the great European questions have found them in accord, and I do not hesitate to declare it. During the Italian war, as at the time of the annexation of the provinces of Nice and Savoy, the Emperor lent a most sincere and cordial support.

That good understanding demanded scrupulous care, and I must have believed the Polish cause very popular in France, not to hesitate to compromise one of the first alliances on the continent, and to raise my voice in favor of a nation rebellious in the eyes of Russia, but in our eyes the heir of a right inscribed in history and in treaties. Nevertheless, that question touched the gravest interests. It could not be treated in isolation by France. An offence to our honor or a menace against our frontier would alone impose on us the duty of action without preliminary concert. It becomes, therefore, necessary, as at the epoch of the events in the East and in Syria, to come to an understanding with the Powers which had reasons and rights on which to pronounce similar opinions to our own. The Polish insurrection, on which its endurance imprinted a national character, awakened sympathies everywhere, and the object of diplomacy was to attract to that cause the greatest possible number of adhesions.

Unhappily our disinterested counsels have been interpreted as an intimation of the steps of England, Austria, and France. In place of checking the struggle, it has done nothing but embitter it. On both sides are committed excesses which, in the name of humanity, we must equally deplore. What, then, remains to be done? Are we reduced to the sole alternatives of war or silence? No! Without rushing to arms, and without remaining silent, means are left to us; that is, to submit the Polish cause to an European tribunal. Russia has already declared that conferences in which all other questions now agitating Europe should be debated, would in nowise wound her dignity. Let us note the fact. Upon this declaration let it serve as to extinguish at once, for all, the fermentings of discord which are ready to burst out on all sides and out of the very maladies of Europe, agitated everywhere by the elements of dissolution. Let a new era of order and peace be born. Has not the moment come for a reconstruction on a new basis of the edifice shaken by time and destroyed by bitter revolutions? Is it not urgent to recognize by our conventions that which the peace of the world demands? As for treaties, the force of things has overthrown them, or tends to overthrow them almost everywhere. They have been violated in Greece, Belgium, France, and Italy. Germany, on the Danube, is endeavoring to change them. England has generally modified them by cessions of the Ionian Islands, and Russia tramples them under foot in Warsaw.

In the midst of these excessive violations of the fundamental European pact, ardent passions have been excited, and in the South as in the North powerful interests demand a solution. What, then, more legitimate or more sensible than to invite the Powers of Europe to a Congress in which self-interests and resistance would disappear before a supreme arbitration? What more conformable to the ideas of the epoch, to the will of the greater number—than to speak in the consciences and reason of statesmen of every country, and say to them: "Have not the prejudices and rancor which divide us lasted long enough? Shall a jealous rivalry of the Great Powers unceasingly impede the progress of civilization? Are we still to maintain mutual distrust by exaggerated armaments? Must our most precious resources be indefinitely exhausted in vain display of forces? Must we eternally maintain a condition of things which is neither peace, with its security, nor war, with its chances of success? Let us no longer attach a fictitious importance to the subversive spirit of extreme parties by opposing ourselves, on narrow calculations, to the legitimate aspirations of the people. Let us have the courage to substitute for a sickly and precarious condition of things a situation solid and regular, even should it cost us sacrifices. Let us assemble without preconceived systems, without exclusive ambition, animated alone by the thought of establishing an order of things founded for the future on the well-understood interests of sovereigns and of the people." This appeal, I am happy to believe, will be listened to by all. A refusal would suggest the existence of secret projects which shunned the light. But even should the proposal be unanimously agreed to, it would produce the immense advantage of having pointed out to Europe where the danger lies and where safety. Two paths are open—one conducts to progress by conciliation and peace; the other sooner or later leads fatally to war, from obstinacy in maintaining a course which is sinking beneath the feet. You know now, gentlemen, the language which I propose to hold towards Europe. Approved by you and sanctioned by the public consent, it cannot fail to be listened to, since I speak in the name of France.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS IN RUSSIA.

The following highly important facts concerning the military preparations and warlike spirit of Russia, the New York *Times* has privately received from a perfectly authentic source. The letter from which they are taken is under date of

ST. PETERSBURG, Russia, Oct. 30, 1863.

The war preparations continue here upon a scale unprecedented in the history of Russia.

An immense recruitment has been ordered throughout the empire.

Very large earthworks and stone forts have been constructed at this place, Cronstadt, Helsingfors, Viborg, and other places. The old granite forts at Cronstadt are to be covered with 12-inch rolled-iron plates.

Ten or twelve monitors, and two or three ironclads of a different construction, have been ordered, and will be ready for sea in May or June next.

Large quantities of cannon, and shot, and shell, have been ordered from England, and will come overland during the winter.

All the Government shops are being enlarged, and every effort is making to render Russia independent of other countries in war material, as she is already in food and clothing for her armies.

On the first appearance of the war cloud, the Russians dreaded it very much, although they were determined to do their utmost to sustain the Emperor, if it came to that. Now, however, the feeling has entirely changed, and they do not dread it at all. In fact, I think they rather court it than otherwise.

Alexander's popularity is immense, and increasing every day. He is now visiting the southern portion of his empire, but is expected to return to St. Petersburg in a few days.

P. S.—The war news from home makes us very gloomy, yet we hope it is colored by passing through English channels. We always find things represented as bad as they are, and generally a great deal worse. The defeat of Vallandigham and Woodward is glorious. God grant us success in the remaining elections.

A SPEECH FROM MR. VALLANDIGHAM

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, ON LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

On the 14th a large number of the students of the University of Michigan paid a formal visit to Mr. Vallandigham, at Windsor, C. W. We quote the following piece of self-condemnation:

But, young gentlemen, while I have thus addressed you as students preparing yourselves for the ordinary business and professions of life, I well know that at any time many of you would be, and in times of such tremendous import as just now are upon us in our own country, all of you are profoundly interested in POLITICS. Probably you give to them more of your thoughts than to any of your collegiate or professional studies. I know, too, that many of you even now look eagerly forward to the time when you will pass from your professions into political life. That is the goal of your ambitious longings. Your hearts are fixed upon it. It is an honorable, a holy ambition; an ambition not to be extinguished, but to be regulated. He is a false teacher who would tell the ingenuous, virtuous, and public-spirited youth of the country that the political service of the country is fit only for the vulgar, the impure, and the corrupt. As there are hypocrites in the pulpit, empirics in medicine, pettifoggers at the bar, and pretenders everywhere, so there are demagogues in political life. But there is as well a morality as a philosophy, a science in politics, far above the circle of these reptiles. Unhappily, the low standard of capacity and morals set up and denounced by those who decline public life, and practically but too often acknowledged by politicians, is another of the evil portents which threaten our country. Of the corrupting influences of avarice at all times I need not speak. But, more debasing and dangerous still, in seasons of great public commotion, is the execrable vice of fear. All these combined, make up that most loathsome of all the objects of reproach and scorn, a "scurvy politician." He has borne the same odious character in every country and age. Among the Greeks he once courted popularity; or place by pointing out the smugglers of figs, and was cursed as both spy and informer, and thence gave a name to the whole class of demagogues. In Rome he headed every petty popular tumult, and *clamored fiercely for a division of land and goods*. Curran described him in his day in felicitous phrase as "one who, buoyant by putrefaction rises as he rots." He is the vermin, the insect, of politics, and amid the heats of civil war and convulsion teems into life as thick as gnats in the summer evening air. If any one among you—and I speak to those who would aspire to be leaders among their countrymen—have neither the capacity nor the ambition to be a statesman, let him at least not stoop to become a demagogue. Preach, heal, try causes, work, but scorn to be one of that number who know nothing of politics, except the passions and personalities which they excite. If not able to argue upon principles, measures, politics, debate not at all. If you cannot soar, do not creep. Whoever discusses only men in politics is always largely a slanderer.

Principles not men, is not, indeed, altogether a sound maxim, though little liable to be abused since personalities always make up so large and controlling an element in mere partisan politics. Better say, principles and men. It is easy to be a politician or demagogue—sail with the wind, float with the current, look not to the compass, neither lift up your eyes to the heavens where the constellations and the pole star, bright, glorious emblems of God, and Truth, and the Right, still shine steadfast, immovable; just as they shone in the beginning of time, *poeta nascitur*. So it is with the demagogue. But the statesman must be made as well as born. His voyage is through mid-ocean, and in storm. He sails under orders. His port is ascertained and prescribed before he sets out, and it is his duty to reach it; and so, like the majestic ocean steamer, he sails on, and

"Against the wind, against the tide,
Still steadier with an upright keel."

Demosthenes, more than two thousand years ago, in his great oration on the crown, well distinguished between these two characters, declaring that while they were alike in nothing, they differed chiefly in this—that the statesman boldly and honestly proclaimed his opinions before the event, and thus made himself responsible to fortune, to the times, to his countrymen, to the world; while the sycophant or demagogue was silent till the event had happened, and then governed his speech and his conduct accordingly. And now, allow me to add, that though you may be patriots, and yet not statesmen, the great statesman is always a patriot. His love of country is as well a principle as an emotion. Duty enters largely into it, hence it is stable, enduring. It is not sensational—certainly not mere feeling of gratitude; least of all in the meaning of that word, as defined by Dr. Johnson, "a lively sense of favors yet to be received." He loves his country both wisely and well. He never sacrifices her real, though remote, interests to a popular clamor, and still less at the demand of those who hold the power. Neither will he corrupt the *virtue nor tarnish the honor of his country to save her mere sordid interests*. Rather will he imitate the example of Aristides, who, reporting to the Athenians that a certain proposition was indeed for their immediate advantage, *but would bring dishonor upon the State, counselled that they would reject it*.

I have said nothing about "loyalty." It is a word which belongs justly but only to kingly Governments. I can comprehend loyalty to a King, and especially to a Queen; but as an American I choose to adhere to the good and honest old republican word "patriotism," and to cherish the virtue which it has been used to express. Aspire, then, young gentlemen, you who would pursue a public course, to be patriot statesmen. Have faith—absolute, unquestioning, unswervable—that faith which speaks to itself in the silence and calm of the heart's own beating, saying, if not to-day or this time, then to-morrow, or next, or some other day, at some other time, in some other way, all will be well. Without this no man ever achieved greatness. Be incorruptible in your integrity, be inexorable in your deliberate, well-considered purposes, be appalled by no difficulties. Amplify your minds, but still more, be great in soul. It is this which shall lift you up high above the earth, and assimilate you to that which is divine. Without it you will but creep with dusty, and drooping, and wearied wing. Without it, think not to endure that cruel and crushing weight of daring and suffering which we must bear who faithfully, and with heroism, at any time, but most of all, in periods of great public convulsion, would act the part of the patriot statesman.

A SLAVEHOLDER'S INVENTORY.

[From the Boston Journal.]

Robert Toombs once said that he would "call the roll" of his slaves on Bunker Hill, but he has not yet done it, and if he has all his bondmen safe in Georgia doubtless considers himself fortunate. The tables are now turned on the slaveholders, and some of them fail to retain possession even of their "rolls," while the chattels are rejoicing in newly-found freedom. We have before us the roll of a Louisiana plantation, in which the names, ages, value, and qualifications of ninety-eight negroes, who were once the property and pride of some lordly planter, are set forth with mercantile exactness. It is an interesting relic of the days of barbarism in Louisiana. The highest-rated slave was "Lyons," thirty-five years old, and valued at $2,000—"driver, faithful, trustworthy, good planter." The next was "Henry," 33 years of age, and "chief ploughman," who was valued at $1,800, and for whom $2,000 had been refused. Good ploughmen appear to have commanded first-rate prices, as several who are rated as excellent workmen are appraised at $1,200 to $1,500 each. One poor fellow, "Anthony," 50 years old, and consumptive, has his value expressed thus—000—while, "Lindor," a patriarch of 60 years, is set down as "worthless." Some of the negroes were evidently versatile, and could "turn their hand to more than one thing." Thus, "Adrien," worth $1,600, was "a good ploughman, ox-cart driver, field hand;" "Arlequin," a "field hand, sugar maker;" "Dick," a "cooper, ploughman, field hand;" "Groff," a "bricklayer and field hand." "Jacob" stands on the inventory, "valuable negro, good engineer and carpenter," and worth $1,000, although fifty-five years old; "Lewis" was a "field-hand and horse doctor;" "Mercure" was a "good gardener, very industrious," but valued at only $100, for he was seventy-five years old, and the time had nearly come for him to "lay down de shovel and de hoe;" "Moses" was a "harness maker;" "Reuben" was "blacksmith, engineer, ploughman—valuable." and set down at $1,500. All there were very suitable occupations for men; but on coming to the classification of the women, we find that Adele, Agathe, Charlotte, Caroline, Dayas, Eleonore, Frances, Jane, and a dozen others are set down as "field-hands," and, of course, required to labor in the field, while Esther "minds sheep and hogs." Marianne is described as a "valuable hospital nurse, a good physician," and worth $1,100. Rachel is a "good field hand, has several children," which latter fact no doubt was a great recommendation to her master. Of thirty-one women on the plantation, only five were serviceable in any working capacity except as "field hands," according to the record. The black "woman's sphere" at the South is narrow and hard. The whole ninety-eight negroes were valued at $75,100. Added to this list of the "live stock" of the estate is a memorandum of "fifty-five mules and horses, sixty oxen," which shows in what category the slaves were classed. They were accounted with "the brutes that perish."

A VERY large number of freedmen are employed by the navy on the Mississippi river. They are said to make excellent seamen, and are especially capable as gunners. A letter says: "The body-servant of the rebel Secretary Benjamin is now engaged on board one of the steamers plying between Memphis and New Orleans, and many other once valuable slaves are now in happy freedom making men of themselves. At many of the contraband camps zealous chaplains and noble men and women sent forth by the Christian Commissions of the several States are now laboring to elevate the character of the freedmen and trying to make them industrious and useful, both to themselves and the community."

THE high prices ruling in the United States contrast strongly with those which content the London dealers. Good stout Brussels carpets are sold in London at 62½ cents per yard, and velvet carpets at 75 cents per yard. A "Prince of Wales" couch costs $17 50; a Prince's easy chair, $7.50; and full-sized iron bedsteads at $1.62½.

ORIGIN OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

UNITED STATES AND CUBA—AMERICAN GOOD FAITH.

The Providence *Journal* prints a letter, never before made public, from John Quincy Adams to Rev. Dr. Channing, in which is contained a curious bit of secret history showing the origin of what is called the "Monroe Doctrine." It will be seen by this letter, that under the most trying circumstances and the severest temptations the American Government acted with the most sincere good faith towards a friendly Power—Spain—and with the most open and frank courtesy towards two other Powers, who were at the time our rivals for the possession of Cuba. It will be seen, too, that the agreement against European intervention in American affairs, which afterwards took shape and was formally announced as a policy by Mr. Monroe, in one of his annual messages—whence the name of "Monroe Doctrine"—had its origin in a suggestion or proposition made by the British Government to our own; so that Englishmen may claim the credit of originating the celebrated "Monroe Doctrine."

"QUINCY, August 11, 1837.

"*Rev. William E. Channing, D. D., Newport, R. I.:*

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * It was in September, 1822, that the events to which I alluded in my speech in the House of Representatives of the 25th of May, 1836, took place. It was the time when the Spanish Government of the Cortes was overthrown by the French invasion under the Duke D'Angouleme. Great Britain became alarmed, lest under the shelter of that revolution, the Island of Cuba should pass into the possession of France. The French Government fabricated or was imposed upon by a report that the British Cabinet had determined to send a squadron and take possession of the Island. The people of the Havana, divided into two parties between the Cortes and the King, were terrified by premonitory symptoms of negro insurrection and looking round for a protector. There was a party for resorting to Great Britain, a party for adhering to Spain, and a party for seeking admission to the North American Union—the last of which was the strongest. A proposition was then made by a secret agent from them to Mr. Monroe to this effect—that they, by a popular movement, of the success of which they had no doubt, would declare the island independent of Spain if the Government of the United States would promise them protection, and admit them into their Union under a State constitution on the model of those of our Southern States, and with the understanding that, as the population of the island should increase, they should be at liberty to divide themselves into two States, and have that proportion of representation in the Congress of the United States. As the inducement to the American Government to pledge their protection, they were assured that *the alternative would probably be the prevalence of the party in the Island for the colonial connection with Great Britain, and a resort to her for protection.* While this proposition was under consideration of Mr. Monroe and his Cabinet, the French Minister at Washington, by a verbal, irresponsible communication, not to the Secretary of State, the only medium of official intercourse between foreign ministers and the Government of the United States, but to Mr. Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury, asseverated that the French Government had secret but *positive information that the British Government had deliberately determined to take possession of Cuba.*

"The answer of Mr. Monroe to the proposition from the Havana was that the friendly relations existing between the United States and Spain did not permit them to promise countenance or protection to an insurrectional movement against her authority. Their advice to the people of Cuba was to adhere, as long as possible, to their allegiance to Spain; that an attempt of either Great Britain or France to occupy the island would present the proposal from the Havana under a different point of view, concerning which the President was not authorized to pledge prospectively the action of the United States, but that the people of the Havana might be assured of the deep interest which, under all the circumstances which might occur, the American Government would take in their welfare and their wishes.

"It was the opinion of at least one member of Mr. Monroe's Administration that the occupation of the Island of Cuba by Great Britain should be resisted even at the cost of a war. Their unanimous opinion was that a very explicit though confidential communication should be made to Mr. Canning, that the United States could not see with indifference the occupation of Cuba by any European Power other than Spain, and that rumors had reached the American Government that such an intention was entertained by the British Cabinet, which made it necessary to ask an explanation of their views.

"Mr. Rush was instructed accordingly; Mr. Canning disavowed emphatically all intention on the part of Great Britain to take possession of the island; but avowed her determination not to see with indifference its occupation, either by France or by the United States, and he told Mr. Rush of the squadron despatched by Louis XVIII. to the West Indies without notifying him of the expedition, and of the schooling he had ordered the British ambassador at Paris to give the French Cabinet for that sin of omission. *Mr. Canning then proposed that, by a mutual understanding between the British, French, and American Governments, without any formal treaty or convention, Cuba should be left in the quiet possession of Spain without interference in the government of the island. This was precisely the policy which Mr. Monroe believed to be best adapted to the interest and the duties of the United States*, and he cheerfully assented to it. There was no further communication between him and the French Government on the subject. So far as France was concerned the arrangement was left to be concerted between her and Great Britain. The people of the Island of Cuba submitted to the Government of Ferdinand, restored by the Duke d'Angouleme, and received a viceroy and captain general in the person of General Vivés, who had been minister from Spain to the United States; one of the most upright and honorable men with whom it has ever been my fortune to hold political relations. He was precisely the man to tranquilize and conciliate the submission of the people of the island to their old Government, and he so effectually accomplished that purpose that the Government of the United States heard nothing further of intended insurrection in Cuba during the remainder of Mr. Monroe's administration and the whole of mine.

"All these transactions were at the time profoundly secret. * * * * *

"I am, of course, your unalterable friend,
"J. Q. ADAMS."

AN INCIDENT OF INTEREST.—The first, and, I believe, the only action of any official body taken in regard to the burial of the Gettysburg dead, was that of the City Council of Boston, which, on the 23d of July, upon the recommendation of his Honor Mayor Lincoln, appointed a committee of eight "to proceed to Gettysburg to procure a suitable lot in the cemetery at that place, to cause the remains of those soldiers from this city, not otherwise disposed of by their friends, to be deposited therein, and a suitable monument to be erected over the same." As soon as practicable, Alderman Hiram A. Stevens, chairman, and Councilman Wm. Cumston, of this committee, proceeded to Gettysburg. Upon arriving there they found that the military authorities had interdicted the removal of bodies during the hot weather. While this prevented any immediate action in regard to the exhumation and reburial of the bodies in one place, it did not delay these gentlemen in most zealously examining the ground and identifying bodies, and otherwise forwarding the object of their mission. Under the guidance of Mr. Solomon Powers, a citizen of Gettysburg, who has since acted as an agent of the committee, and been of great service to them, they traversed the battle-field and visited the hospitals, giving for several days their personal attention to the identification and designation of graves, and the procurement from all sources, especially from wounded men in the hospitals, of information which would lead to the discovery of any of our dead. In many cases they found the head-stakes marked in such a manner that one or two rain storms would have obliterated the writing, and for these they substituted distinct and lasting painted boards, besides taking a careful memorandum of every grave and its relative location. Many persons who were there in search of their friends were also greatly assisted by the committee in their difficult task. In one instance a beautiful young lady of Harrisburg, who had been but lately married to a member of the 13th Massachusetts Regiment, came to them for help to find her husband, from whom she had not heard since the first day's fight. She had visited Baltimore to ascertain if he had been taken prisoner, and had gone through all the hospitals in vain seeking some comrade who could tell her his fate. There were twenty "unknown" graves in a cluster near the spot where the 13th fought, and these she sought permission to open. By the intercession of the committee she obtained it, and every one of the twenty graves were opened without discovering her husband. She was about to turn away in despair, from the last of the twenty graves, when her eye caught sight of a button upon the overcoat of the buried soldier. She instantly knew that her husband lay before her; for in a previous engagement this button was struck by a ball and indented in a peculiar way. He had promised to leave it with her as a memento, but in the hurry of departure forgot it, and now it gave evidence of the untimely end of him to whom her young life's hopes had so lately been united.

A NEW COMET.—A new comet was discovered at Leipsic on the morning of the 9th of October. Dr. Engleman, of the Royal Observatory of that city, has calculated the following elements of its orbit:

Perihelion Passage	December 29.
Longitude of Perihelion	123° 28'
Longitude of ascending node	105° 03'
Inclination of orbit	83° 26'
Perihelion distance	1305

These elements show that the comet will be nearest to the sun on the 29th of December, and will then be distant from that luminary about one hundred and twenty three millions of miles. We have not yet seen any ephemeris of this comet, and therefore cannot give any information respecting its future career.

RELIEF FOR OUR SUFFERING MEN IN SOUTHERN PRISONS.—Every assurance that the case admits of has been given to the United States Christian Commission, that stores sent to our Union sufferers, in Richmond prisons, reach them.

General Meredith, United States Commissioner of exchange, at Fortress Monroe, engages to receive all that is sent to his care, by express, prepaid, and send them under flag of truce to City Point.

Commissioner Ould gives written assurance that they will be received at City Point, and delivered to the prisoners to whom they are directed.

General Neal Dow and other reliable men in the prison will receive and distribute whatever is sent to them among their fellow-prisoners. The prisoners write that they receive them.

The Christian Commission is arranging, and hopes soon to have its own delegates there to receive and distribute all it sends, and to do whatever they can to relieve and benefit the suffering.

Forney's War Press.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

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WHAT IS YET TO BE DONE.

We are in the last weeks of the year 1863. The winter is upon us, and we count the days that will bring us to Christmas. It is perhaps too much to ask from our military men any decisive deeds during this inclement season. The rebels in the east seem to be going into winter quarters, and in the west there is nothing that would gratify General Bragg more than an opportunity of doing the same thing. Our military operations during the latter part of the year 1863 may be summed up in Vicksburg, Gettysburg and Chattanooga. The fruits of Vicksburg have been gathered, and General Banks is finishing the harvest. Gettysburg has forever ended the dream of a rebel invasion of the North. At Chattanooga we fought for a position, or rather we fought to save ourselves from disaster. We consider Chattanooga a drawn battle. So far as the mere contest of arms is concerned the rebels may claim an advantage, and yet the rebel newspapers are denouncing Bragg with vindictive earnestness because he has gained nothing by his campaign. Since the battle, there has been the long pause that in this war has always succeeded battles—a pause necessary to allow the wounded to be healed—the wasted regiments to be recruited—the ordnance, the commissary, and quartermasters' stores to be replenished. The attack of Longstreet upon Burnside was evidently prompted by a desire to rectify one of the misfortunes of Bragg's campaign—the Federal occupation of East Tennessee. There is a military as well as a political meaning in this attempt. The strategic importance of East Tennessee has always been appreciated by the rebels—and they have spared no effort to hold it. The tyranny and terror of their occupation will never be forgotten, and will be remembered, in connection with Libby Prison and the treatment of our colored soldiers in South Carolina, as the infamies of rebel infamy. The remembrance of this conduct on the part of the rebels makes it a matter of national honor and duty to protect the persecuted friends of the Union at every hazard. East Tennessee, too, is a barrier against any rebel invasion of the North, and will prevent any rebel occupation of Kentucky.

There is every indication that at Chattanooga the greatest battle of the war will be fought. General Grant has under him the largest army of the Union; General Bragg has under him the largest army of the rebellion. The rebels know the importance of maintaining their position in Northern Georgia, and we cannot but feel that a victory there would crush the rebel military power. The rebels have been draining every township and district in the South of their able-bodied men, and sending them to swell the army under Bragg. The Richmond journals say that it is now "fully as large as any general can handle." We might say the same of the army under Grant. He has as many men as can well be managed, and we see from the Western papers that other forces are being sent to his aid. We are glad of this, for it shows that our Government does not share with the people in the feeling of contented apathy that is everywhere manifest. The Administration does not overrate the work we have done, nor underrate the work we have to do. There has been such an absence of interest in the war among our people since the great successes of the summer, that we have dreaded it as a positive danger. We had a similar feeling and incurred a similar danger after the battle of Fort Donelson. When Gen. Grant captured Buckner and his army the nation was so rejoiced over the success that it spent the next two months in shouting and burning fireworks. The rebels quietly retreated into Mississippi, with amazing energy organized a new army, and hurled it upon our forces with such power that we narrowly escaped defeat. The country was so well satisfied with one victory—a victory that came like a star in the darkness and gloom of night—that it believed the rebellion was over, and lay down to sleep. Shiloh ended the repose. When Vicksburg and Gettysburg were conquered, the country was again satisfied that the rebellion was closed, and again was disposed to go to sleep. Chattanooga was a shock; but hardly rude enough, for the country was so well pleased with its former triumphs that it did not seem disposed to take the lesson a past experience had taught. Nor are we sure that it rightly understands the danger of the situation now.

"Let us," said the President, standing over the honored graves of Gettysburg, "be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from this honored day we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth." There is a meaning in these words of Abraham Lincoln that every citizen should study. We have still much to do. There is a great work before us. We have done nobly. As a nation we have accomplished more than any nation in history. It is not merely the fighting of many battles, nor maintaining a vast blockade, nor bidding defiance to the aristocrats of Europe, whose sympathy with slavery made them the enemies of freedom, nor the devotion we have shown to the Administration, but the education of public sentiment to a higher appreciation of our rights and duties as citizens. We must, however, not be too confident. The trials and successes of the past can only become successes in the future by devotion and self-sacrifice now. The President has asked for new armies, and directs the conscription to furnish them. Without waiting for the conscription, let us fill the quota, and so strengthen the military arm that it will grind the enemy to pieces. Let every man that can be obtained be sent to the front. Strengthen Grant and Meade, so that when they advance it will be a mere march to victory. This is "the great task remaining before us," and this we must make up our minds to perform. We can end the war this winter, if we do our duty at once.

THE ADDRESS OF MR. EVERETT.

It is not strange that the oration of Mr. Everett should have commanded the immediate criticism of our best scholars and some of our ablest journals; and it is natural that opinions hastily formed of an address so long and elaborate should need criticism themselves. We cannot say if Mr. Everett is as great an orator as was Demosthenes, or as earnest and impressive as Webster, but chiefly wish to express our admiration of so noble a work. It is well for Mr. Everett's fame that, in the fulness of his powers, and towards the close of a career so rich in intellectual triumph, such an opportunity has been offered him. Not only his friends, but the friends of our literature, may be proud of the use he has made of it. Few men living could have used it so well. This we say, while freely admitting that the subject is greater in suggestion than Mr. Everett's expression, and that, in some ways, we are disappointed with his speech, though, in others, we are astonished and delighted. We anticipated a sublime and solemn funeral oration; we have been given the history of a battle, and an essay on national affairs. It is less of the dead than the living, and far more of the greatness of principles than the achievements of heroes. It is not a eulogy, but an argument, and if few tears fell during its delivery, many minds were interested and instructed. It seems to have been written for the future, rather than the present, and no doubt Mr. Everett, standing before the vast throng on Cemetery Hill, looked beyond it to the years when men will read more calmly than now the record of this war. If this indeed be so, we think it a mistaken view, and yet we shall not condemn the error. Perhaps, in telling so beautifully the story of the battle, in picturing the results of defeat, had that been ours, and in unfolding the principles of our freedom, Mr. Everett more nobly acknowledged the manly courage and devotion of the heroes slain at Gettysburg than if all his words had been praise and all his eloquence obituary.

THE PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

The Richmond *Enquirer* justifies the treatment of the thirteen thousand Union prisoners in the rebel prisons, denying, indeed, the Northern accusation of rebel cruelty. It is said that the people of Richmond are denied provisions for themselves and children, that the "Yankees" may be supplied. No denial can satisfy us that the prisoners are not treated barbarously, for the proof is multiplied day by day, in the living skeletons that come from Richmond with their stories of misery and famine. Nor will the assertion that the rebels need the wretched food they give their prisoners exonerate them; for our Government and people have repeatedly offered to send provisions, and have been inhumanly denied the privilege. Our readers will find in the narrative of Rev. John Hussey, a released prisoner, evidence that the want of food is not the only cause of suffering in the Richmond prisons. Want of clothing, want of air, light, water, exercise, are all effective causes of disease, and despondency, and death. Without pausing to point out particulars, it is enough that the rebel Government does not treat our soldiers as prisoners of war. In its prison legislation, we find a spirit of meanness and revenge which descends so low that the men are actually denied water for ablution. General Tyler, in like manner, wishes he could hang "every d—d Yankee chaplain," and we find that the Kansas soldiers captured are hung up like dogs, sixteen at a time. The Richmond journals may attempt to extenuate the starvation of the Union prisoners, by declaring that they are fed as well as the people, but these facts will not be hidden. And, chief of all, we must not forget that all ground for extenuation of this crime is removed by the offer of the United States Government to bear the whole expense of feeding these thirteen thousand starving soldiers.

POLAND.

The present situation of Europe illustrates the Shakspearian truth that "the whirligig of time brings about its revenges." Poland, crushed to end a continental war, now threatens to begin such a war in reasserting her nationality. The crime committed in the partition of that unhappy land must yet bear bloody fruit, and it does not seem improbable that Europe is soon to gather it. The Polish question is farther than ever from settlement, and diplomacy has only added to the original difficulties of its solution. The declaration of Lord Russell, that Russia had forfeited the right she had acquired to Poland by the Vienna treaty, called forth the reply that if this declaration should be officially made, Russia would consider it a *casus belli*, and that Prussia would join with the empire of the Czar. It is probable that the British Government will refuse to incur the responsibility of beginning war by officially affirming Lord Russell's opinion, but the complication into which the great Powers are drifting is indicated by this evasive diplomatic correspondence.

If international war is indeed to be the result of the Polish rebellion, it is not England that will begin. Since Louis Napoleon grasped the sceptre of empire, France has led the way into all European wars. France began the war with Russia in the Crimea, and unless France will lead the war for Poland, it will not be fought. The attitude of France towards Russia is now hostile, and the opposition of the two nations is radical, unlike the opposition of England and Russia. The latest intelligence from Paris is to the effect that one of the French marshals is charged with an important mission to St. Petersburg, and there is hardly a doubt that the Emperor desires to make a last attempt to obtain from the Czar the concessions which hitherto he has refused to make. Immediately before the war in the Crimea such a direct application was made, and before the war with Austria, Marshal Niel, who it is said will now go to St. Petersburg, went on a similar mission to Turin. If the Polish rebellion is maintained until spring, the probabilities of war will be almost certainties.

SOUTHERN PRINCIPLE.

Let the South talk until doomsday about the high *principle* involved in the Civil War that it has involved us in, one fact suffices to overthrow that bragging assertion—that is, the fact that the South has a strong antipathy to paying honest wages for honest labor. The planters repudiated hired laborers, and merely gave their bondsmen hard work, scanty clothing, miserable huts, and an insufficiency of coarse food. When tired of them, or when wanting money, they sold the miserable slaves, just as we sell cattle in the North. As to paying them wages, out of which they could maintain themselves, the South never did any thing of the sort.

In the eye of the Constitution, one man is declared the equal of every other man, with rights well defined—rights which the law defends. But if the man's color be not of the standard white, he had no rights in the South. *Here*, a man exchanges his labor, of hand or head, for an equivalent, the amount of which is defined by custom, by competition, and by the price of the necessaries of life which such amounts will purchase. *There*, the employer always fixed the rates and mode of payment, making both as easy to himself as possible: in plain words, he kept his slaves on the cheapest food, in miserable hovels, with coarse clothing, subjecting them to great labor, and flogging them at will, in order to get as much work out of them as their heavily-tasked strength could give. All this, because these poor, overtasked, under-fed, capriciously punished human creatures had a dark-colored cuticle. What a mercy to some folks, that the having sandy-colored hair was not established as a special reason for making them slaves, and perpetuating slavery among them, while the waters run to the sea, and the waves dash against the shore! If a black *skin* makes a man a slave, why not a dark *eye*?

If the South had originally been honest, paying fair wages for fair work, it might have had fewer acres under cultivation—it might have raised less cotton, rice, or tobacco, but it would have had a class of prosperous laborers, whatever their color. They went in *not* to pay wages, or any fair equivalent. They battle now for only one principle—to continue the system of Work without Wages. *This* is the principle for which they commenced and are continuing this cruel war.

PASSENGER RAILWAY ENGINES.

The residents of the northern suburbs of the city, including Holmesburg, Bustleton, Frankford, and Fox Chase, impressed with the necessity of having better facilities of communication with the city proper by rail, applied to the Legislature last winter for the privilege of constructing a city passenger railway, connecting with the three first-mentioned points. The charter was granted, and we now have before us the "Prospectus of the Frankford and Holmesburg Railroad," which has lately been projected, and which promises to be no insignificant competitor of the Philadelphia and Trenton road. In their prospectus, the friends of the new enterprise, which of course means all the residents of the section referred to, observe truthfully that the advantages to be derived from the construction of the road will be twofold, firstly to the property holders in the increased value of real estate, and secondly to the whole population, in the greater facility of access to the business centre of the city. Nor will the benefit end here; for a further result, quite as certain to follow, will be to reduce rents in the built-up portions of Philadelphia to a more moderate figure; and at the same time extend the area of population, stimulate building improvements, and in general tend to increase the prosperity, wealth, and business importance of the city. The introduction of the passenger-railway system marked the inauguration of an era of improvement in Philadelphia, whose result has been to benefit all classes of the community. But the system is yet far from being perfect. There is still plenty of room for vast reform. The projectors of the Frankford and Holmesburg road have appreciated this fact, and have given us an evidence of their intention to turn their appreciation to good account. It is gratifying to know that they propose to employ steam "dummy engines" of sufficient power, with a car attached for passengers, and an apartment for light freight, to be run as frequently as the wants of the community may suggest. The prospectus tells us that "the time consumed in running from Holmesburg to Frankford will be about fifteen minutes, and thence by steam to the city dépôt of the Frankford Road about twenty minutes, or thirty-five minutes in all." Such an enterprise as this, if its success should be at all proportionate to the expectations of its originators—and all doubt on this point is dispelled by actual experiment—cannot fail to be a popular and profitable one. Henceforth the residents of Holmesburg can attend a lecture or a theatre in the city with as little inconvenience as our people who live on Chestnut or Walnut streets. Therefore, we are glad to learn that there is a flattering prospect that the new line will speedily be completed. It is a step in the right direction. After awhile—very soon, we hope—we shall have "dummy" cars on all our passenger railways. The result is inevitable. Like the fall of the Southern Confederacy, it is merely a question of time. Horse-cars may answer very well for New York, where any wider departure from the old-fashioned "Knickerbocker" stage-coaches would be too unorthodox to be popular; but Philadelphia must be more progressive, as she was in the matter of municipal telegraphs, steam fire engines, the Gray's Ferry entrenchments, and a hundred other popular enterprises. We are willing to admit, in common with all who ever wrote a composition in their school days, that the horse is a noble quadruped. The sphere of his usefulness, however, is rapidly contracting, and, unless, to use an expressive Micawberism, something should "turn up," the genus equus will in a very few years become extinct, as is now the case, we believe, with the mastodon and the icthyosaurus. Still, let us hope that the fear of such a dire result will not deter our railway presidents from turning their attention to steam as a motor for city passenger cars; for steam has been weighed in the balance, and never found wanting.

A NEW PENNSYLVANIA PRODUCT.

It has long been our belief that, thanks to the bounty of God and the industry and skill of man, these United States can produce every necessary and almost every luxury of life, without having recourse to other countries. Two articles in ordinary use—coffee and tea—have hitherto not been cultivated here, but the former, largely grown in Brazil, can certainly be grown, in the open air, in some parts of our vast empire, and as for the latter, even Pennsylvania lies within the particular belt which is best adapted for its production. That belt is pretty wide, for it extends from the equator to the 45th degree of latitude. Ere many years, China will cease to have a monopoly of the tea trade. The cultivation of the plant has been successfully introduced into Java and Brazil, and, still more largely, into Assam, an East Indian province, lying between the Ganges and the Brahmapootra. The cultivation of the tea-tree, with the manufacture of its leaves into an article of domestic consumption, is now in progress in Pennsylvania, and the State Legislature has granted a charter of incorporation to the American Tea Company, which undertakes to develop this new productive resource in Pennsylvania. The Hon. J. W. Quiggle, late consul to Antwerp, is at the head of this body, and the gentleman who may be considered its working head is Dr. Spencer Bonsall, who reported to the Patent Office, some years ago, in favor of cultivating and manufacturing tea in the United States, and acquired his practical knowledge on the subject as superintendent and chief manager on the lands in India of the Assam Tea Company.

The tea plant is indigenous in Pennsylvania. By the use of machinery in preparing the leaves, a superior article can be produced here, and sold at the rate of from eleven to thirteen cents delivered in markets; or about one-third of its cost, when manual labor is employed in the East Indies. At present, the produce of tea per acre is about 400 pounds, which may be largely augmented. It grows wild in some (not all) of the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania, and is found there in great abundance. Set machinery against the Asiatic process of personal manipulation, and the cost of manufacture here becomes much lower than in China, Assam, or Java. It may come to pass, in the time even of living men, that Europe will import her tea from the United States, and not from China. The green tea raised near Philadelphia has the look, odor, and flavor of Asiatic tea, with a slight herbaceous taste, the consequence of its not having been kept long enough before brought to the test. This, alone, makes it differ from ordinary Hyson of good quality.

SCHOOL REFORMS.

The number of letters we have received condemning and approving our argument that one school-session is better than two shows how general is the interest felt in the subject. It is a well-known fact that most of the teachers in the public schools are in favor of one session, from nine A. M. to two P. M., not because they desire less labor, but because they have continually before them evidence that the two-session system possesses no advantages that counterbalance its injurious effects. It is said that the one session will be found very inconvenient to families who are in the habit of dining at one o'clock. Every philanthropist will grieve over this misfortune, it is true, and those who are specially devoted to the comfort of cooks will, doubtless, do all in their power to avert it. Yet, disclaiming any wish to interfere with early dinner hours or the convenience of the kitchen, we respectfully submit that the object of our school system is the education of our children. It is also seriously urged that a session in the afternoon as well as the morning prevents the children from playing in the street. Again we respectfully submit that the schools are not intended to protect small children from injury by carts and horses, and that we do not pay taxes to save parents the performance of their natural duties. We know, though, that, for years, the primary schools of this city have been little more than nurseries, to which children, years too young to study, are sent that they may give less trouble at their homes. To these facts we allude because we wish to show that, while the one-session reform is important, there are other reforms which should be made, perhaps, more by the influence of public sentiment than legislation.

Many a child is now sent daily to our schools who should be studying the alphabet at its mother's knee. No child should be sent from home to study before the age of seven or eight years, and few are fit to undergo the daily torture of the multiplication which is vexation, and the division which driveth mad, before the age of ten. Few persons are ignorant of the evils of this habit of forcing children to study when they are unable to learn. A case occurred in New York a few days ago, which is in point. A child, named Louisa Schneider, only four years of age, was a scholar in one of the public schools. This is bad enough—that a baby should be dosed with orthography, and very possibly puzzled with arithmetic—but the worse remains to be told. It is the custom in the New York schools, as in our own, to detain after school hours those children who have failed to recite their lessons. This miserable little baby was kept in to study her spelling lessons, having forgotten probably that b-a, ba, k-e-r, ker, spelt baker. Heinous crime! Wicked little infant! Was it strange that while poring over her book she was seized with syncope and died in a few minutes? We shall not ask if babies are thus punished in the Philadelphia schools, for we are not anxious to publish the answer. Immediate death is not often the consequence of such barbarity, but not unfrequently it causes mental and physical suffering; and we have no doubt that, indirectly, hundreds of children die from the bad management of the public schools of Philadelphia.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[Special Correspondence of The Press.]

CULPEPER, November 21, 1863.

IN CULPEPER.

It seems like a dream, that I should be in Culpeper. Only one month has elapsed since the hegira of our army. We left the town by night, in the red glow of fire light. Denizens on the doorsteps bade us farewell in vivacious tones. Last Monday our cavalry trotted through the town, complacently eyeing the deserted-looking mansions, not wondering at the chagrin of their occupants, who refrained from showing us the least countenance. I think a large number of families must have gone with the rebel army, as there is a greater number of vacant houses than usual. Our cavalry are encamped about three miles from town, the 6th Penna. doing provost duty here. Many of the stores have been broken into, I understand, and some two thousand dollars' worth of tobacco taken by the soldiers. A reconnoissance has been made to James City, on the right, and Mitchell's Station on the left.

THE FORDS OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Fifteen prisoners were taken at the latter place, and the main body of the enemy found to be on the south side of the Rapidan, where preparations seem to be making to give us fight. Their position is a desirable one, but their strength is not very great. From United States ford to Barnet's ford, a distance of from twenty to thirty miles, the Rappahannock is full of sinuosities. Rapidan, Morton, Raccoon, Sommerville, and Germania fords, are nearly all located in places where the river bends, and are connected the one with the other by a succession of parallel roads, which gives to the enemy a very great advantage. They are enabled to reinforce any one point at a moment's notice. Unless we could cross simultaneously at a number of these fords, or with lightning-like rapidity at one, it would be a desperate undertaking to go over under range of their guns. A pause at any one of these places would be fatal, as they can easily reinforce from the right and left. Lee's army has less effective men now than ever. Whether we shall march on or not will soon be made manifest.

GEN. LEE'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Not a single movement of the past four weeks can General Lee reflect on with pride or satisfaction. His race for the heights of Centreville was futile, and he must thank the leniency of the people that he was not severely censured, as was poor Hill, who seems to have fallen under the particular displeasure of every one because of his slowness. It provokes them to think of the train and chances lost—they sigh for General Jackson, and exclaim: "'Twas not thus he was wont to march his men in such an exigency." Bristow gained for their arms no victory, no laurels for their leader; while their flight from that station to the Rappahannock was only exceeded in disgracefulness by their recent retreat from there to the Rapidan. Some time ago I noticed in a leading article of a Richmond newspaper that Meade would have given his eye tooth to have had an opportunity of attacking Lee then and there. I opine General Lee would have given every tooth in his head freely had General Meade not assaulted his position at Rappahannock Station. Oh, the mortification of such surprise! The disgrace of that hasty midnight retreat his army made through the town on Sunday! Oh, for the warm winter quarters, almost if not altogether prepared, and alas! for the comfortable assurance given the good town people that the Yankees should no more come nigh to molest or make them afraid.

FLIGHT FROM GUERILLAS—MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

In my "maunderings" through the country, as the Scotch say—for correspondents will wander in body as well as mind—I accidentally got on the outside of our lines. It was somewhere near Hazel river that I stopped. While conversing with the inmates of the house, I saw three guerillas ride up and capture two of our men. They said the remainder of the band, some forty in number, was concealed in the woods near by. I crept cautiously up stairs, and lay quietly concealed until they withdrew. My dreams were unpleasant that night, and I do not wonder, when I think on the experience of the ensuing day. The residence where I stopped was in full sight of the Sierra-shaped tops of the Blue Ridge. It was called Mountain View. From the front door of the house the misty-looking heights could be seen extending far into the illimitable expanse of ether. Here there shot up almost perpendicularly into the sky a mountain so steep, rugged, and bare, as to be inaccessible to mortal tread. Hill swelled boldly above hill; undulations shapely and unseemly were there; heights, smooth, graceful, and grotesque, were ranged carelessly side by side as if thrown together in playful sport by the hand of some powerful Anteus. Lower down, and leaning fondly on its base, seated a huge green mound, tapering off delicately and gently, almost imperceptibly emerging into the level ground beneath. To the right was a spacious tract of country with every species of little house and hillock, plain, and tree, and brush, to enliven its picturesque surface. Then came the long vista of the opening valley dotted with the crumbling farm-houses, souvenirs of a cruel war.

Leading from the direction of the mountains, the Rixeyville road, like a piece of crumpled yellow ribbon, ran irregularly on till it joined the dark line which must be the railroad, near Brandy station. The whole scene was lighted and warmed by a broad, bright, honest sun into whose glowing countenance the boldest could not gaze unwinkingly. Sir Walter Scott thought that additional effect would be given to his scenic descriptions, by the introduction of one or two human beings. Lesser lights have taken the hint, and we never read of a narrow defile through the mountains, but we soon stumble upon a "solitary horseman." When I looked out upon the quiet scene so feebly portrayed, I saw about twenty horsemen ride slowly into view. What little prescience I had was of danger. Steadily they pursued their way along the winding road. At last I saw them and fled up stairs. Their *outré* appearance, the mysterious manner of their coming, all confirmed my belief that they were not good men, loyal and true to their country.

STAND, AND SURRENDER.

Brief was their halt, yet sufficiently long to inform the people of the house that they were "Yanks," and to lead my horse from the stable. If they are Union men I can soon get my horse, I thought. After this medley crowd I rushed, and, in a voice as mild as Virginia home-made coffee, said, "Gentlemen, I would like you to restore my horse;" and, without waiting for a response, I inquired of a young man dressed in blue, whom they called Hogan, if he belonged to the 6th New York. "No," he gruffly replied, "we're rebels." "Oh!" I mentally exclaimed, "if you are guerillas, I don't expect my horse," and was turning to go away, but they soon arrested me. At this moment a fierce-looking sergeant rode up, and demanded that "pistol I had concealed some place." Without any qualms of conscience, I staunchly denied all knowledge of such weapons. I soon learned that my subterfuge would be dangerous, for he quickly drew a revolver from his belt, and placed the cold muzzle against my tingling ears. Oh, the dirge-like click of that lock, the icy touch of the iron, the dangerous appearance of the long, shining barrel!

Every time the horse capered I listened intently for a premature explosion. I quietly refused to give any information, and endeavored to prepare myself, by a brief prayer, for martyrdom. Here was an occasion when courage was needed more than bravery. The first is of the mind, the latter pertains entirely to the blood. The impetuous, unthinking man is always brave when the blood is hot; but he seldom has courage to face the danger which menaces him in his calmer moods. Amid the excitement of the battle, when the hurtling lead falls thick and fast, and God's noblest work is mangled by the shrieking shells; when the brazen strains of the bugle mingle strangely with the wild notes of fife and drum, and the sepulchral groans of the dying—then, carried away by excitement and enthusiasm, he would dash up to the blazing-throated cannon, and terrify death by his temerity. But in the still small hours of the night he fears to wander among the slain, and would fain shut his ears against the incoherent cries of the wounded. At the witching hour of midnight he whistles a stimulus to his sinking courage, if called upon to pass near a grave-yard. He can scarce refrain from looking askance and trembling at the wierd look of his own shadow.

A ROBBER'S DEN—DENOUEMENT.

My courage, which had thus far been up to the "sticking point," began to fail. I thought gloomily of my prospects in Libby Prison, sighed in anticipation of the forced marches it would require to reach that obnoxious place, and groaned in bitterness of spirit upon the unsavory morsels of mule meat, and the indigestable pea bread upon which I might soon expect to be regaled. It seems almost incredible, but true it is, I was sorry that I was a correspondent, and wanted to "be an angel." After being "double-quicked" through a thicket where were some very sharp thorns, I reached the main body of the band concealed in the thick woods. Such a sight—what a set! During the heat of religious persecution in Scotland, one might expect to see such creatures concealed in the ferns and caves of their native Scotia, that they might avoid the pitiless swords of Clavehouse and his moss troopers. Were these creatures men or "brownies," Union soldiers, or guerillas? One glance at their scanty homespun, a quick look at the blind halters and improvised saddles, the restless look of the men, their long hair and shaggy beards, all combined to force from my lips the exclamation: "Surely these men are bandits." I hastily threw my note-book in the brush, my watch and pocket-book was following hard after, when Captain Kline, of Gen. Patrick's headquarters, rode up, and we exchanged boisterous greetings. Here my trouble ended. These nondescripts were our own brave fellows. They had just returned from a little brush with Moseby, and were just in time to serve me as an escort. They captured a notorious rebel scout, Dr. James Jones, who had important papers concealed about his person. The guerillas are carrying off all cattle, and it is said they have orders to lead all colts away who have reached the age of two years and upwards. This, I understand, is a precautionary measure to preserve them for their owners and keep them from falling into "Yankee hands." Some people are sufficiently heterodox to believe they would never more see their colts and cattle if they got over the Rapidan. I think this myself. Moseby still hangs upon our right. He works in between the cavalry and infantry, picking up stragglers and unarmed men. The lucrative portion of his trade is in capturing mules and contrabands. Some weeks he sent into Culpeper as high as fifteen negroes, for which he is paid munificently. This is the first time he has been known to operate in this portion of Virginia. We have men in our army who would take the contract of capturing this bandit. I have met such men, and know they would bring him in dead or alive. Rebel scouts came into town twice since I have been here. Night before last they terrified two officers' servants, by compelling them to answer various questions, the answers to which they carefully noted down. Lieut. English, with ten men of the 17th Pennsylvania, endeavored to capture them, but were too late. There is no doubt General Buford would make terrible examples of such men if captured.

B.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS ON SOUTHERN GRIEVANCES.

The following speech of Mr. Stephens, the present Vice President of the rebel Confederacy, was delivered in the Georgia State Convention in January, 1861. It will be remembered that Mr. Stephens, just before that time, made a Union speech to the people. The language of this address to the Convention is even stronger than that of his more famous speech. It is a crushing reply to those Northern sympathizers with the rebels, who are constantly proclaiming that "the South" was injured, and came short of its rights in the Union. Mr. Stephens said:

"This step (of secession), once taken, can never be recalled; and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow will rest on the Convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, *which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth*; when our green fields of waving harvest shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolations of war upon us; *who but this Convention will be held responsible for it?* and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure, as I honestly think and believe, *shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time*, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate!

THE NORTH BLAMELESS.

"Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments—what reason can you give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us. *What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it?* They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case; and what cause or one overt act can you name or point to, on which to rest the plea of justification? *What right has the North assailed?* What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim, founded in justice and right, has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the Government of Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer. While on the other hand, let me show the facts (and believe me, gentlemen, I am not here the advocate of the North; but I am here the friend, the firm friend and lover of the South and her institutions, and for this reason I speak thus plainly and faithfully for yours, mine, and every other man's interest, the words of truth and soberness) of which I wish you to judge, and I will only state facts, which are clear and undeniable, and which now stand as records authentic in the history of our country.

"When we of the South demanded the slave-trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the Constitution, and again ratified and strengthened by the fugitive slave law of 1850? But do you reply that in many instances they have violated this compact, and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individual and local communities they may have done so, but not by the sanction of Government, for that has always been true to Southern interests.

"Again, gentlemen, look at another fact: when we have asked that more territory should be added, that we might spread the institution of slavery, have they not yielded to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, out which four States have been carved, and ample territory for four more to be added in due time, if you, by this unwise and impolitic act, do not destroy this hope, and, perhaps, by it lose all, and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, as South America and Mexico were; or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation, which may reasonably be expected to follow?

WHAT THE SOUTH HAD IN THE UNION.

"But, again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the General Government? We have always had the control, and can yet, if we remain in it, and are as united as we have been. We have had a *majority of the Presidents* chosen from the South, as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern Presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the executive department. So of the *judges of the Supreme Court*, we have had eighteen from the South, and but eleven from the North; although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the free States, yet a majority of the court has always been from the South. This we have required, so as to guard against any interpretation of the Constitution unfavorable to us. In like manner, we have been equally watchful to guard our interests in the legislative branch of Government. In choosing the presiding presidents (*pro. tem.*) of the Senate, we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House, we have had twenty-three, and they twelve. While the majority of the Representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have so generally secured the Speaker, because he, to a greater extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country.

"Nor have we had less control in every other department of the General Government. Attorney Generals we have had fourteen, while the North have had but five. Foreign ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty-four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the free States, from their greater commercial interests, yet we have had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world markets for cotton, tobacco, and sugar, on the best possible terms. We have had a vast majority of the higher offices of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks, auditors, and comptrollers filling the executive department, the records show for the last fifty years that of three thousand thus employed we have had more than two-thirds of the same, while we have but one-third of the white population of the republic.

"Again, look at another item, and one, be assured, in which we have a great and vital interest; it is that of revenue, or means of supporting Government. From official documents we learn that *a fraction over three-fourths of the revenue collected for the support of Government has uniformly been raised from the North.*

"Pause now while you can, gentlemen, and contemplate carefully and candidly these important items. Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North; with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition—and for what? we ask again. Is it for the overthrow of the American Government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principle of right, justice, and humanity? And as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest *and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest Government—the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most aspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon.* Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a Government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquility, accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of *madness*, *folly*, and *wickedness*, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote."

THE UNION PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

A NARRATIVE OF THEIR PRIVATIONS AND SUFFERINGS—STATEMENT OF REV. JOHN HUSSEY, LL. D., A RELEASED PRISONER.

Rev. John Hussey, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Lockland, Howell county, Ohio, and a member of the Christian Commission, was captured by the rebels on the field of Chickamauga, on the day succeeding the battle, and conveyed through a tedious route to Richmond, where he remained in durance until the 9th of the present month, less than a fortnight since, when he was fortunate enough to be released. The reverend gentleman has very kindly furnished us with a statement of what he was compelled to witness, and to endure, while in captivity, and although it does not materially differ from the experience of others, who were equally unfortunate, it yet embraces many particulars of interest. At the present time, indeed, when the whole North is raised to sympathy and indignation, at the recital of the sufferings of the Union prisoners in the Richmond jails, any intelligence throwing light upon their actual condition must awaken a feeling of painful interest in the community. The following is Rev. Dr. Hussey's story, as furnished to one of our reporters:

Accompanied by a detail of about a dozen men, I proceeded to the field of Chickamauga, on the 21st of September last, for the purpose of assisting the wounded, interring the dead, and discharging such other duties as the occasion might suggest. I had prepared a number of head-boards for the graves, and was marking others, when I found myself accosted by a rebel officer, who I subsequently learned was medical director on General Wheeler's staff. His name I have forgotten. I said to him: "Doctor, I am a minister of the Gospel and a delegate of the Christian Commission, and have remained here to do what I can for the wounded;" adding that I would care for the rebel wounded as well as our own. He immediately responded:

"You are a d——d Abolitionist! Come, sir, I will ask Judge Terry what I shall do with you."

We entered the hospital together where Judge Terry was discovered suffering from a wound in the left arm which he wore in a sling.

"Judge Terry, here is a d——d Abolitionist preacher!" That was all the ceremony of introduction considered necessary. Judge, or rather General Terry—for he was both, and expects soon to be made a major general—asked me whether I was a chaplain, to which a negative response was of course given. The General walked up and down the room for many minutes in a perfect fury of passion, which found but partial vent in the most fearful oaths and most terrible invective aimed at myself.

"If you were a chaplain," he said, "I should know what to do with you, and if I could have my own way, I know exactly what I should do with you—I would *hang every d—n one of you!* Look at the condition of the country! Look at our widows and our orphans, and our desolated homes! Just think of the blood we have shed, and the treasure we have spent, and the bitter sorrows we have been compelled to suffer—and all for such infamous scoundrels as you! It is such men as you who are waging this war upon our liberties. It is you who have done all this, and are responsible for it. Now, what ought to be done with you? What ought I to do with such a villain as you?"

From his pointed manner, he seemed to be of opinion that, having put an unanswerable question to me, I would not, as a reasoning creature, endeavor to evade it; but, villain as I was, would frankly admit that I *had* brought on the war, and was willing to suffer martyrdom for such an indiscretion. But, as I was contemplating with surprise and bewilderment an exhibition of rage that seemed so totally uncalled-for, I did not reply immediately to his question; and when I would have spoken, he gave way to such another outburst of noisy vindictiveness that my words would have passed unheeded, and, therefore, I was silent. When the storm of his fury had exhausted itself in denunciation and profanity, not often heard from the lips of judge or general, he calmed down to a more rational frame of mind. At length, in the tone of one who is willing to sacrifice the opportunity of avenging private wrongs for the nobler opportunity of treating his enemy with magnanimity, he remarked, loftily, with a wave of his right arm:

"I am a military man, and have nothing to do with you. I will hand you over to the civil authorities for endeavoring to incite negro insurrections, contrary to the laws of the State!"

I remarked in a tone of self-deprecation that I had not done any such thing, nor thought of it.

"Well," said General Terry, "You were caught in our lines; that is enough," and left the room.

A gaunt and filthy Texan ranger then seized me insolently by the shoulders, and pulled me out of the hospital building. A horse without saddle or bridle, and with only a halter, was furnished me with the information that I must mount and follow closely in the path of the general, who was already in the saddle. In compliance with the injunction, I rode that day sixteen miles on my sharp-trotting Confederate horse. In this way we proceeded to Tunnel Hill, and thence to Atlanta, where, along with some other prisoners I was thrown into the barracks and kept two nights and two days. Here we were officially, systematically, and completely robbed, of every thing of value we possessed; only two of us being passed out through the door at a time, so that those within, ignorant of what was going on, could not conceal or destroy any valuables upon their persons. Thence we were removed to Augusta, Georgia, and Raleigh, North Carolina. In the barracks at the former place we saw Judge Gant, one of the most prominent and widely esteemed citizens of East Tennessee, a prisoner, handcuffed, in tattered garments, and in the most abject and miserable condition. One of his fellow-prisoners, a major of an East Tennessee regiment, with whom I stole an opportunity to converse, informed me that the rebels invariably hanged every Kansas soldier who fell into their hands; and that he himself had seen *sixteen Kansas soldiers hung up like dogs before his own quarters.*

At the village of Thompson, Georgia, we met General Duff Green, who had been detained in consequence of the train running off the track. Carpet-bag in hand, and accompanied by two young ladies, his nieces, perhaps, he mingled freely among our men, to ascertain our views upon the war question.

"Why did you come here to fight us?" he asked. "Why don't you go to your own country, and let us alone?"

One of our party, a Kentuckian, said; "*This is* our country—that's why we come here."

"But," said General Green, "we do not try to invade the North."

"Well," answered the Kentuckian, "what about Gettysburg?"

The General felt this to be rather a poser, and did not attempt to reply, but parried it as best he could with other questions. After a little while he grew excited, and exclaimed, with vehemence:

"The time will come when we will cut the throat of every one of you we take."

"*We* will not do it, will we?" said one of the young ladies, in a tone of horror.

"Yes, we will," answered Gen. Green, sharply. "We will cut the throat of every Yankee prisoner." Just then our train moved off, but we could see the General gesticulating violently, and growing redder in the face.

In the southern part of North Carolina, the cars stopped before a handsome private residence. Upon the porch stood two young girls, fashionably dressed, and, so far as outward appearance went, apparently ladies of refinement. No sooner, however, had they ascertained our character than they betrayed, in their demeanor, that they were unworthy of this title. One of them took out her handkerchief, made a loop of it, passed it around her neck—indicating, in a pantomimic way, that we were either worthy of hanging or deserved to be hanged; perhaps both ideas were intended to be conveyed. The other young lady contented herself with simply clutching her throat in both hands, and mimicking the contortions of a strangling person. When the train moved on, both of them shook their little fists at us with terrible energy, and we felt much safer when they had passed from view.

At length we reached Richmond, and were placed in Castle Thunder, where all civilian prisoners, whether Northern or Southern loyalists, are placed. There were about six hundred of the former and eight hundred of the latter incarcerated when we arrived. The Southern Unionists are mostly from East Tennessee, North Carolina, and Western and Northern Virginia. Included, however, among them, are citizens from all parts of the South. Very many of them were formerly possessed of vast wealth and influence, and one of the prisoners was but a short time since one of the largest planters of Texas. Another, who had practised law in Jackson, Miss., thirty [illegible] years, was brought to Castle Thunder, with linen pants, worn out at the knees, and with no other covering but an old striped shawl thrown over his shoulders.

The statement that the prisoners on Belle Island had received no meat for [illegible] days, and are compelled to kill dogs and eat them to avoid starvation, is possibly true; but in the Richmond prisons affairs, though bad enough, have not yet reached this desperate pass. The prisoners receive one meal a day, consisting of half a loaf of bread and two ounces of meat. In all the prisons of the city the same quantity of provisions is furnished to the unfortunate inmates. In every other respect they are treated almost like dogs. They are unprovided with any clothing except what they may have had upon them when captured, nor with blankets or bedding of any kind, but are compelled to lie upon the bare and filthy floors. The inmates of Castle Thunder, of whom there are 240 on the upper floor, are crowded into apartments so small that they are compelled to sleep in parallel rows, to economize space. Once every three weeks the floor is scrubbed, when they are allowed to proceed to the prison yard for a breath of fresh air and exercise. At no other time are they allowed to leave their rooms, upon any pretence whatever.

The prisoners never have a chance to wash themselves, as neither soap nor water is provided for them. Partly from this circumstance, partly from the insufficient supply of food, and partly from the fœtid atmosphere they are compelled to breathe, diseases of the bowels and liver are very prevalent, especially among the more advanced in life; and very few, either young or old, manage to maintain any semblance of health. Another cause contributing to this distressing result is the lack of clothing, already mentioned. Among the prisoners is a man from New York, whose only covering is about a yard of rag carpet, and in the eyes of his fellow-sufferers his wardrobe is by no means considered despicable; and another, a Baptist minister, is almost naked. Since his imprisonment, he has heard of the death of four of his children; but, notwithstanding his terrible sufferings, he refuses to purchase his liberty by taking the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government. These are by no means exceptional cases of hardship, but I mention them because they came immediately under my own observation, and because they are as striking and suggestive as any I could name.

There is nothing the Government can do for the relief of these men, that will be more acceptable than to furnish them with stores and fuel, for, independent of their sufferings from the cold, perhaps not one of them has even tasted a warm meal, or even as much as a hot cup of coffee since his incarceration. What they especially need, also, is a good supply of vegetables, such as onions, potatoes, &c., to guard against the scurvy. Clothing also should be sent to them as soon as possible. Their condition may be greatly ameliorated, and very many lives saved, if they are promptly supplied with the articles named. The Christian and Sanitary Commissions will, no doubt, exert themselves to the utmost to see that this is done; but their exertions, to be fully successful, must be encouraged and substantially aided by the public. Let the people of Philadelphia come forward with a generous response to this fresh demand, and in the darkest cells of the Richmond prisons, there will be a merrier Christmas and a happier New, for their beneficence.

THE LATE MAJOR CHARLES F. TAGGART.

Last month, the grave closed over Charles F. Taggart, first Major in the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry. A native of Virginia, he fell, as a brave man would wish to fall, in defence of the Union, battling on his native soil against her Secessionists. At the time of his death, he was only thirty-one years old.

Major Taggart was educated in the University of Pennsylvania, whence he went into mercantile pursuits. His taste for and knowledge of chemistry would probably have helped to make him an able medical man, had he so determined. When the Rebellion broke out, Charles F. Taggart went on the three months' service, as Quartermaster in the First City Troop, in which he had been sergeant for a considerable time. He returned to Philadelphia, in August, 1861, prostrated by typhoid fever, from which he slowly recovered. In the following November he joined the newly-formed 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry, as senior major, and helped very much in speedily bringing that regiment into a state of perfect discipline and drill. His brother, Dr. William H. Taggart, became surgeon of the same regiment. Soon after proceeding, with his corps, on active duty in the field, Major Taggart was appointed Inspector General of Cavalry on Major General Stahl's staff, and subsequently was Assistant Adjutant General on General Kilpatrick's staff. After a long employment in these responsible capacities, Major Taggart returned to his regiment at General Meade's headquarters, at Germantown, Va., and when gallantly leading his men against the foe, at Bealeton Station, on the 22d October, received a shot in his knee. He remained an hour in the saddle after this, but was compelled to give in. Amputation followed, and he died on the 24th, from the nervous shock. *He had been engaged in sixteen battles*, and safely got through all but the last. He was followed to the grave, in Laurel Hill Cemetery, by the First City Troop, and by his fellow-Masons of the Industry Lodge, who mourned a gallant comrade and a noble-hearted man.

Major Taggart had so many friends in this city, that we are sure they will peruse, with pleasure, a letter from Brigadier Gregg, dated "Headquarters, Second Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac, November 1, 1863," addressed to Col. J. H. Puleston. It runs thus: "I must express to you, a friend of the late Major Taggart, 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry, how much the death of that gallant officer is lamented by a large circle of army friends. I had but slight personal knowledge of Major Taggart, his regiment having been assigned to my division but a few days before his death. It was only the day previous to his death that one of my staff officers spoke to me of Major Taggart in the strongest terms of admiration. After he had fallen, every tongue paid willing tribute of respect to a comrade who had met a soldier's death so gallantly. The handsome repulse given the enemy by the 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry is known to you. This advantage was not gained but at the cost of the life of one universally beloved and respected. A stranger to his relatives, I will express to you my deep sympathy with those who knew Major Taggart best, to love him most. May their grief be assuaged by the thought that he died in the defence of Liberty."

COMPARATIVE GROWTH OF RELIGIOUS SECTS IN PHILADELPHIA DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

A comparison of the present number of places of public worship in Philadelphia now, with those of 1811, shows the following figures, a Philadelphia directory for 1811 being our authority:

	1811.	1863.
Methodist	5	72
Episcopal	6	66
Presbyterian	6	62
Do., Reformed and United	3	17
German and Dutch Reformed	2	11
Lutheran	4	16
Baptist	6	39
Roman Catholic	4	30
Friends	4	12
Jews	2	7
Independent	1	3
Evangelical Association	0	4
Moravian	1	1
Unitarian	1	2
Universalist	1	3
Swedenborgian	0	6
Total	44	340

From this table it will be seen that the largest increase during the half century has been achieved by the Methodists; the Episcopalians and Presbyterians being next in order. *Comparatively*, the growth of the Baptist denomination has been much less rapid during this interval, the increase being from 6 to 39, while that of the Methodists has been from 5 to 72. The Moravians have remained in *statu quo*. There was one Moravian church in this city in 1811, in Race street, above Second; there is but one now, and it is the same, with its location changed to Franklin and Vine streets. The Swedenborgians have been more obtrusive. From no place of worship in 1811, they have attained a strength of five churches, while, in the same interval, the Unitarians and Universalists combined have only expanded from two to five. Jewish Synagogues have multiplied from two to seven, and Catholic churches from four to thirty.

From the above statement it is apparent that Philadelphians have become a more church-going people. The numbers of churches in our city now is about eight fold greater than it was in 1811, while our population is scarcely six times as large, which, considering the fact that churches now are, as a general thing, much more spacious, is proof that, relatively, our church accommodations at least have largely increased. We will not have the impertinence to inquire whether this statistical record finds a parallel in the improved moral and spiritual condition of our people.

A CONFLICT OF AUTHORITIES.—There is a singular diversity between the correspondents of the London *Times* in describing the Ohio election and Mr. Vallandigham's defeat:

(From a letter dated New York, Oct. 19.)	(From a letter dated Cincinnati, Oct 11.)
"Greenbacks" were as plentiful as the flowers of May, and to be had for the plucking by any man who would vote against Mr. Vallandigham. Soldiers and civilians were alike pressed into the cause; and what the promises of place, money, or advancement could not purchase, the threats of the provost marshal were employed to extort.	Voters dropped in one by one and interested persons on both sides took care that the operations should be conducted in all fairness and legality. The public authorities nowhere interfered. I saw soldiers nowhere; nowhere Irish bullies armed with formidable shillelaghs; nowhere any attempt, I will not say to force, but even to solicit a vote.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

MORE STARVED UNION PRISONERS—HORRIBLE PICTURE.—On the 18th inst. 360 more of the starved Union prisoners reached Annapolis, Md. On the 19th nine of them died; on the 20th four more died; on the 21st, four more departed this life; on the 22d three more died, and on Monday morning early, when our informant left, seven more were in the dead-house. The returned prisoners all agree as to the horrors of the Libby prison and Belle Island. They say that the articles sent to them from the North are, as far as they know, delivered, but soon they are all stolen from them. Some of the poor fellows are so far gone that even a spoonful of oyster soup will not remain on their stomachs. One man, belonging to Kentucky, weighed, when in health, 170 pounds; he now weighs only 60 pounds, and is alive. His legs are nothing but skin and bones, and, to use the language of our informant, they look more like crutches than anything else. It was thought that none of the 360 would ever fully recover. On last Saturday week there were 6,300 of starving men, from almost every State in the Union, on Bell Island, in an enclosure containing not more than three acres, or in other words there are about 2,000 men to the acre. Many of them are half nude, with no covering to shield them from the cold, wind, mists, or rain. If they find room to lie down, it must be in the mud. Most of the water they get to drink is obtained from small holes which they dig with their hands in the mud. The water settles in these holes, and though it is not fit for a beast to drink, yet these martyrs to their country swallow it at times greedily. The prisoners are put on half rations, being a bucket of soup every three days, made of old beans with the hulls on; the meat being full of worms. Besides his horrible treatment, there is much brutality visited upon them. Even at the Libby prison, a soldier fainted from starvation, and falling against a window his arm passed through. A brutal sentinel shot the arm, and the already attenuated limb was amputated by a person calling himself a surgeon. Of the prisoners who arrived on the 18th there is one who once was a fine specimen of humanity, who had done many good and charitable deeds. He was well educated, intelligent, and influential. Now he is a moving corpse, his eyes far gone in the sockets, the balls entirely dead, yet he retains his senses. Other poor fellows are crazy; and those who have slightly recovered their appetites are ravenous; their wild ravings are so appalling as to make the stoutest heart to shudder. But it is useless to enlarge upon the picture. The hard-hearted, brutal perpetrators of this unparalleled cruelty may tremble when they think that God is just. They say that the Yankees made such a fuss about the condition of the 180 men exchanged in October, that the above 360 were the best they could select from the number on Belle Island. What the men most want now at Annapolis are chickens, eggs, and butter. Mr. Robert Corson, who has just arrived from such scenes as above briefly described, will send all such articles at once to the place where they are so much wanted. We feel assured the people will affirmatively respond. There are thousands in our city who could purchase all the chickens and eggs in our market houses at once, and have them expressed to Annapolis within the next twenty-four hours.

SUPPLIES FOR UNION PRISONERS IN REBEL DUNGEONS.—Assurances having been given by the rebel authorities that any clothing or provisions sent by the Government, or the Sanitary Commission, would be forwarded and distributed to the Union prisoners confined at Richmond, Belle Isle, and other places, the Government, in addition to the experimental shipments already noticed, has sent forward 240,000 rations, and 5,000 complete outfits of clothing, under-clothing, overcoats, and blankets.

The Sanitary Commission have also sent forward large supplies of under-clothing, coffee, condensed milk, canned meats, tamarinds, soft crackers, and other articles for the comfort of the sick, and the feeding and clothing of the starved prisoners. Permission has also been obtained for an agent of the Commission to accompany the articles forwarded and attend to their distribution. Careful inspection of the rebel prisoners at Point Lookout has been made by the Sanitary Commission, and the statements of our released prisoners have also been taken. The comparison of these two reports affords abundant evidence of the barbarity which has characterized the treatment of the Union prisoners.

The rebels at Point Lookout are far better clothed and fed by our Government than the soldiers of the Southern army while in the ranks. Our officers and soldiers who have returned from Richmond are, on the other hand, unanimous in their declarations that they will never again be taken prisoners.

Letters acknowledging the receipt and distribution of the experimental shipments have been received from General Neal Dow and others, who express in the warmest terms the joy and gratitude of the officers and soldiers. Many were still unprovided, but those most needy had been cared for.

ANOTHER HERO GONE.—This war has caused many families to mourn, in consequence of the loss of loved ones who, for their country's honor, left all that was dear to them, and sacrificed even their lives for its maintenance. Scarcely a day passes by but a hero is returned to the dust from which he was made. On the 19th instant, the remains of the late Major John A. Boyle were deposited in the silent grave. The deceased was attached to the 111th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and received his death wound at the recent battle of Lookout Mountain, where he won imperishable honors which will be sounded abroad long after his body has crumbled to dust. His life was devoted to God and his country. As he lived, he died, with the hopes of a glorious immortality. He was for some time a minister of the Gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and attached to the Philadelphia Conference. The funeral services were conducted at the house, by the Rev. Messrs. Urie, Cunningham, and Cox, and at the grave, by the Rev. Messrs. Mullin and Thomas. The remains were taken to the Woodland Cemetery, followed by the friends and relatives of the family, and a number of veteran officers and soldiers. A salute was fired over the grave.

COOL IMPUDENCE.—A soldier, who has been in nearly every battle during the rebellion, and wounded on two occasions, was taking a leisure stroll on Chestnut street, on Friday, for the benefit of his health. He was accosted by a man in citizens dress, who demanded to see his pass. At first the soldier refused to show it, as he did not recognize a person in citizens dress as having any right to make the demand. The citizen replied that he was a secret detective in the service of the United States. The soldier, not desiring to have any further trouble with the stranger, exhibited his pass. It was pronounced all right. The strange citizen then started away. Perhaps this may be all right, or it may not be. The medical gentlemen who grant passes to their patients can settle the question when they issue such favors. Some of the shrewd ones of the police department have an idea that some swindling operation is contemplated by parties representing themselves as detectives in the secret service of the United States.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.—This institution, established in this city about the middle of July last, with a capital of $150,000, has had its capital increased to $500,000.· C. W. Davis, Esq., who started the project of a National Bank in Philadelphia, and whose energetic management has done much to give the bank the position it has already attained, retires from the presidency in order to resume his practice at the bar.

Mr. C. M. Clark, of E. W. Clark & Co., has been elected president to fill his place, and has assumed the duties of the position. It is understood that Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. and E. W. Clark & Co. own a large part of the stock of the bank.

We are happy to find that the system of national banking is taking so firm a hold on the confidence of the moneyed men of Philadelphia.

BEWARE OF HER.—A well-dressed, middle-aged woman, has lately been committing a number of depredations upon our shopkeepers. She recently made an attempt of this kind in the retail department of Sharpless Brothers, Eighth and Chestnut streets, but was unsuccessful, excepting in the matter of escaping arrest. Within the past week, also, she attempted a similar experiment at the Fur department of J. W. Proctor & Co., No. 920 Chestnut street, in an effort to secrete a three-hundred dollar fur cape under her cloak. But here, again, the vigilant eye of a salesman frustrated her scheme, although, to the mortification of the proprietors, she was allowed to retire without the escort of a police officer. We mention these facts in order that storekeepers may instruct their clerks to be on the lookout for this dangerous class of customers.

DECEASE OF A BRAVE MAN.—Captain Dendy Sharwood, Co. C, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, died at one o'clock on Saturday, at his residence in this city, from a severe attack of fever. This brave man was a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, very extensively known, and universally respected. We feel sure that his death will be regretted by all who knew him. In the recent battle on the Rapidan, that resulted so gloriously to our army, Capt. Sharwood led the regiment. Captain Dendy Sharwood's name will live in brilliant history. Though amid storms of rebel bullets he escaped, yet the excitement settled into a quick fever, that resulted in his death.

FLAGS AT HALF-MAST—The flags on the public buildings and private dwellings throughout the city were flying at half-mast on the 19th, in commemoration of the solemn scenes enacted at the same time on the late battle-field near Gettysburg, where so many of Philadelphia's sons fought their last fight, and now lay reposing in the narrow tenement allotted to all men.

COUNTERFEIT TEN-CENT NOTES.—Some of the mean counterfeiters have issued ten-cent notes postage currency. They might pass at night in the hurry of business. The loss by such notes to a considerable extent will necessarily fall upon the poorer classes. The back of the counterfeit looks pretty well; but the notes may be easily detected by even slight examination.

THE VOICE OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS.—If anybody has any doubt as to the fact that our gallant Union prisoners of war, at Richmond, are starving to death, that doubter should go to the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, and have a talk with Sergeant Wm. H. Collett, who is one of the 180 prisoners released on the 28th of last month. He says that he was sergeant of Company A, Captain C. H. Hatch, 13th New York volunteers. On July 6th, 1863, a squad of men, with one captain and two sergeants, were on their way to Washington, all being armed and fully equipped. Our business was to bring away five prisoners in the prison at Georgetown, they belonging to our regiment. We were captured ourselves, by a gang of about thirty thieves. They took us by surprise, and we found it useless to defend ourselves; they were entirely too many for us. We surrendered. The thieves shot our captain and sergeants down in cold blood, after we had surrendered. They at once took us into the bushes as quickly as possible, and robbed us of everything we had. I had one hundred and fifty dollars which they took. They also got my gold watch that had been presented to me, by a cousin, who had returned from California about five months before I enlisted. They also took my boots, and left me barefooted, and then marched us all to the Blue ridge, a distance of 21 miles. They took us into their den, and made the arrangements to send us to Culpeper, under an escort. We marched 75 miles further, barefooted as we were, and footsore. All they gave to us eat during this period was a biscuit and above a quart of milk. From Culpeper we were taken to Belle Isle, where we found starvation on a most gigantic scale; there was plenty of it all around. If a dog should happen to get into camp it was all up with him. The prisoners were so hungry that they would not even take time to cook the meat. They were ravenous for it, in its raw state. I was so hungry when I arrived there that I would liked to have had a piece of the meat myself. The Lord will certainly punish the rebels for what they are doing; he certainly will never let them overthrow the Government by the starvation of thousands of our men. I was released on October 28, 1863, and arrived at Annapolis, Mo., on the next day. There were, all told, 180 men released, of whom 62 had died when I left Annapolis to come North. Poor fellows! many of them have mothers weeping for them; many a kind parent will say, my son died from starvation at the hands of rebels, thieves, and murderers. If the people of Philadelphia could only look at the poor Union prisoners on Belle Isle, crawling about on their hands and knees, groaning and calling in vain for something to eat, then you would see, not the horrors of the rebellion, but the inhumanity of the rebels.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PHILADELPHIA, GERMANTOWN, AND NORRISTOWN RAILROAD.—The annual report of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad, for the fiscal year ending September 30th, 1863, has just been issued, of which the following is an extract:

The total amount of ordinary receipts for the year just closed is three hundred and thirty thousand eight hundred and ninety-six dollars and fifty cents ($330,896 50).

A comparison with last annual report shows an increase on passenger receipts on the

Norristown branch, of		$20,401 37
Germantown branch, of		14,390 12
Chestnut Hill branch, of		15,460 72
Total increase passenger receipts		$50,242 21
Increased amount of freight on the Norristown and Germantown branch	$20,137 39	
Increase on Chestnut Hill bra'h	5,616 98	25,754 37
Total amount of increase in passenger and freight receipts		$75,996 58

The rapid improvement of Germantown, Chestnut Hill, Manayunk, Roxborough, Norristown, and the increasing popularity of those places for residences is referred to, and from this fact, it is expected, the receipts next year will exhibit a still larger increase.

The Norristown branch has been ballasted with slag, and it is the design to ballast the Germantown branch with the same material, during this winter or next spring.

The change of coal for wood in the engines made four years ago has proved most satisfactory and economical, and during that time but two fire boxes have given out.

A new coal-burning engine was purchased in June last. To accommodate the increased business of the company, two new engines have been ordered, and will be finished in February next.

The Wissahickon bridge, which was destroyed by fire August 12, 1862, has been replaced by a new and superior wooden structure, much more substantial than the original bridge. A stone bridge (two arches) over the eastern span is now being constructed, by permission of the last Legislature. The same act also allows the remaining two spans to be built similarly of stone at any time hereafter. The bridge will be finished about the first of the ensuing year, when a double track will be laid over it. The dépôt at Ninth and Green streets is being greatly altered in view of the increasing business of the company.

Eleven new freight cars and ten new gravel cars were built during the year, at a cost of about thirty-five hundred dollars, and yet, owing to the increase of business, the company could still use an additional number of burden cars.

From the ordinary income of the past year—after deducting all necessary and incidental expenses, and making the usual appropriations to sinking fund, interest on loans, taxes, &c.—two dividends were declared—one of three and one-half per cent. in April, and the other of four per cent. in October, leaving a handsome surplus.

ONE YEAR'S POST OFFICE BUSINESS.—The statistics of the business of the Philadelphia post office for the year ending September 30, 1863, will prove interesting. They show a large increase over the business of the previous year, in support of which we present a comparative statement:

THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE.

Comparative Statement of business transacted at the Philadelphia Post Office, during the year ending Sept. 30th, 1862, and the year ending Sept. 30th, 1863:

	1862.	1863.	Increase.
Mails sent	21,159,990	24,914,052	3,754,062
Foreign letters sent	2,812,221	2,945,131	132,910
Total	23,842,211	27,860,083	4,016,872
Mails received for distribution	21,221,769	25,917,076	4,695,307
Mails received for delivery	2,749,396	2,909,340	159,944
			4,715,731
Foreign letters receiv'd	2,426,291	3,597,123	less 889,171
			4,656,600
Stamps and envelopes sold	29,040,924	33,840,323	4,799,399
Registered letters sent and received	41,300	43,110	1,810

If the amount of stamps redeemed in 1862 ($3,-354,78), which had been used for currency, be deducted from the sales of stamps in 1862, it will show an increase in sales of $61,358.77 over the sales of that year. There is an increase in every item, except foreign letters received, which shows a decrease of $891.71, leaving the increase in mails received of $46,565.

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.—On Saturday night, between eight and nine o'clock, fourteen deserters and substitutes, who had been confined in the fourth story of the hospital at Fifth and Buttonwood streets, effected their escape. The means by which they accomplished it, was by boring a hole in the side of the building, commenced probably with a pen-knife, and which they nibbled at until the opening was large enough for a man's body easily to go through. There is a low one-story stable contiguous to the hospital, and it is supposed the prisoners let themselves down upon its roof by blankets, held by comrades. The last man jumped the entire distance but received no injuries. They then let themselves down to the stable yard, and, undisturbed, walked quietly away. The stable-keepers heard the noise of the falling men, and saw the manner of the escape. They did not give any information about the matter to the guards, alleging that it was no part of their business to assist in their arrest. The names of those who escaped are as follows: John W. Abrams, Barney Donnell, Wesley L. Brook, William L. Arbuckle, Andrew P. Mann, William Cully, Max. Karcher, Charles Hour, Abraham Kroecher, Charles M. Dow, Wm. P. Payton, Wm. Meade, Henry Harris, Jarius Williams.

ANOTHER BRAVE PHILADELPHIAN LOST.—Lieutenant Edward Everett Coxe, of Co. D, 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers, died at Harewood Hospital, Washington, on Sunday, Nov. 22, 1863, from wounds received while storming the rebel breastworks at Rappahannock on the 11th instant. Lieutenant Coxe was, in the absence of the captain, leading his company up the hill to the charge which carried the works, when he fell and was carried to the rear. Five bullets hit this heroic young officer, but he spoke words of encouragement to his companions soon after receiving his death wounds. Lieutenant Coxe was a native of this city, a gentleman of manly appearance and bearing, respected and beloved by all who knew him, and earned the commission which he held by former gallantry in the service. A brother of Lieutenant Coxe was killed in action not very long ago.

LIBRARY FOR PAROLED PRISONERS.—The following publishers and booksellers, of this city, have made liberal contributions of books, through the United States Christian Commission, for the purpose of forming a library for the paroled prisoners at College Green barracks, Annapolis, Maryland: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Smith, English, & Co; Lindsay & Blakiston; Perkinpine & Higgins; Ashmead & Evans; Wm. S. & Alfred Martien; Wm. S. Rentoul; F. Leypoldt. Packages of books for the same purpose have also been received from the Presbyterian Board of Publication; Protestant Episcopal Book Society; Baptist Board of Publication, American Sunday-school Union, and the American Tract Society.

A BUSY DAY IN LIBBY PRISON.—Lieut. Babb, writing from Libby Prison, speaks of the reception and distribution of stores from the Christian Commission. Colonel Powell distributed part in the hospital of the prison. Lieutenant W. F. Randolph, 5th United States Artillery, assisted by Lieutenant Colonel White, of the 67th Pennsylvania Volunteers, distributed in the prison. A busy day, he says, it was in Libby. The monotony of prison life was broken, the gloom cheered; the gladness and gratitude were very great.

In answer to an inquiry as to the refusal of the rebel authorities to receive goods sent by the Christian Commission, for the relief of the Union prisoners, the following telegram was received:

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 19—Rev. W. E. Boardman, Secretary Christian Commission, Philadelphia—No goods have been refused.

S. A. MEREDITH, Brig. Gen.

RETURN OF THE CENSUS made by the assessors for the city of Philadelphia, in accordance with the act of 1821, for 1863:

WARDS.	Male.	Female.	Blind.	Deaf and Dumb.	White.	Colored.	Total.
First	7,334	384	2	2	7,619	99	7,718
Second	5,513	564	10	6	6,049	28	6,077
Third	3,029	162	1	1	3,177	14	3,191
Fourth	3,012	19	1	..	3,030	1	3,031
Fifth	2,988	186	1	..	3,158	16	3,174
Sixth	2,692	111	3	2	2,803	..	2,803
Seventh	4,978	418	2	3	5,306	90	5,396
Eighth	4,007	723	6	..	4,655	75	4,730
Ninth	5,025	1,158	6	1	6,143	40	6,183
Tenth	4,319	282	2	1	4,596	5	4,601
Eleventh	3,301	52	2	3	3,352	1	3,353
Twelfth	3,307	164	..	3	3,466	5	3,471
Thirteenth	3,807	559	3	..	4,366	..	4,366
Fourteenth	4,502	198	1	7	4,696	4	4,700
Fifteenth	7,151	555	20	3	7,703	3	7,706
Sixteenth	4,706	233	3	4	4,938	1	4,939
Seventeenth	4,769	54	4	1	4,822	1	4,823
Eighteenth	4,628	112	5	3	4,740	..	4,740
Nineteenth	6,807	474	5	4	7,270	11	7,281
Twentieth	7,218	523	8	3	7,732	9	7,741
Twenty-first	3,678	199	4	..	3,875	2	3,877
Twenty-second	4,286	249	3	..	4,524	11	4,535
Twenty-third	3,909	341	11	4	4,191	59	4,250
Twenty-fourth	5,055	215	4	1	5,234	36	5,270
Twenty-fifth	2,159	98	1	..	2,248	9	2,257
	111,177	8,096	107	62	118,753	520	119,273

The following are not included in the general report above:

Blind Asylum—Males, 86; females, 75. Total, 161.

Deaf and Dumb Asylum—Males, 97; females, 58. Total, 155.

Alms House—Blind white males, 28; females, 16; do. colored males, 1; deaf and dumb white males, 2; females, 3. Total, 50.

Blind males "in city" under 21 years, 6; under 10 years, 2; do. females under 21 years, 9; under 10 years, 6. Deaf and dumb "in city"—Males under 21 years, 13; under 10 years, 16; do. females under 21 years, 6; under 10 years, 6. Total, 62.

SEPTENNIAL ASSESSMENT BY PRECINCTS.

The following is the septennial assessment by precincts, by which the apportionment is made:

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	Tot
1	401	665	552	696	668	605	665	512	665	460	519	692	7718
2	646	563	658	501	609	667	427	698	713	507	300	..	6077
3	256	340	394	456	250	367	477	632	..	..	..	..	3191
4	182	258	305	238	210	264	358	493	324	209	..	..	3031
5	376	276	328	350	187	567	639	255	..	..	..	..	3174
6	304	256	496	189	262	297	304	611	..	..	..	..	2803
7	636	786	674	875	701	790	308	716	..	..	..	..	5396
8	929	613	655	871	1007	701	..	..	..	..	..	..	4730
9	482	781	788	788	464	504	554	601	..	..	..	..	6183
10	557	660	612	638	604	441	365	776	..	..	..	..	4601
11	491	273	371	502	309	614	533	493	..	..	..	..	3353
12	348	645	643	381	634	477	511	..	..	..	..	..	3471
13	670	528	557	603	661	634	489	624	..	..	..	..	4366
14	628	484	606	621	557	664	637	703	..	..	..	..	4700
15	700	832	655	604	971	653	787	884	892	722	..	..	7706
16	657	482	611	718	678	648	716	577	..	..	..	..	4939
17	370	504	473	366	346	457	408	830	692	327	..	..	4523
18	518	501	547	642	694	654	615	741	..	..	..	..	4740
19	1015	767	698	1007	860	1058	533	728	652	..	..	..	7281
20	764	674	1026	719	669	558	534	822	484	681	900	..	7741
21	619	725	536	374	460	472	299	631	..	..	..	..	3877
22	345	347	672	618	751	451	324	578	447	..	..	..	4535
23	611	477	410	181	690	523	672	188	188	..	..	..	4250
24	673	995	807	791	791	677	700	693	498	..	..	..	5270
25	445	565	253	330	207	427	..	..	..	..	..	..	2257

Grand total 119,273

WEEKLY REPORT OF ARMY HOSPITALS.—The following report of the Army Hospitals was received at the Medical Director's Office on Monday, for the week ending November 21st, 1863:

HOSPITALS.	No. admitted.	No. discharged.	No. deceased.	No. remaining.
Islington lane	..	..	..	3
Turner's Lane	26	1	1	173
Broad and Prime	..	..	1	69
Summit House	48	1	..	243
Chestnut Hill	2	1	1	1,612
Christian street	4	..	..	197
Fort Mifflin	3	1	..	13
Filbert Street	19	..	..	249
Sixty-fifth and Vine streets	12	4	..	148
Satterlee	41	4	1	1,814
South street	2	2	..	252
U. S. Hospital, Germantown	1	..	1	641
McClellan	2	2	..	631
Town Hall, Chambersburg	5	..	..	61
Mulberry street, Harrisburg	6	1	1	63
Walnut street, "	17	..	1	90
U. S. Hospital, York, Pa	122	..	..	585
Total	164	17	7	6,834

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION—UNION PRISONERS IN THE RICHMOND PRISONS.—The following directions will prove to be of service to persons who desire to communicate with Union prisoners at Richmond:

LETTERS.—Letters should be written on a half-sheet of note or letter paper, and only on one side. They should relate solely to matters purely domestic. Enclose the letter in an unsealed envelope, and put in five cents for postage. Address it to the person for whom it is intended, giving his company, regiment, and the prison in which he is confined at Richmond, Virginia. On the left-hand corner mark, "Via Flag of Truce, care of Brigadier General S. A. Meredith, United States Commissioner for Exchange, Fortress Monroe, Virginia." Then enclose it in a sealed envelope, addressed to "Brigadier General S. A. Meredith, Fortress Monroe, Va."

MONEY.—Money to be sent in the same manner as letters. It will be taken in charge by the rebel authorities at the prison, and given little by little to the person for whom it is intended.

BOXES.—Persons sending boxes will do well to observe carefully the following directions: Mark the

Name of the person,
Co. ——, —— Regiment, —— Vols.,
—— Prison,
Richmond, Va.

"By Flag of Truce."
Care of Brigadier General S. A. Meredith,
U. S. Commissioner for Exchange,
Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

Put in an unsealed envelope, directed to the party in the prison, an exact invoice (marked freight paid) of the contents of the box. Enclose this envelope, with the Express Company's receipt and five cents for postage, in another envelope, sealed, and directed to General Meredith. Send this by mail. Send the box by express, freight paid to Fortress Monroe. If there are more boxes than one, number each one, and mark opposite to this number in the invoice the contents of the box.

SAD.—Mr. Russell M. Briggs, aged forty-seven years, was admitted into the Pennsylvania Hospital on Sunday last, with (sad case!) both his hands amputated. It appears that he went to the National Cemetery at Gettysburg last week for the purpose of obtaining the body of his son, who was killed at that memorable battle, and while there he picked up a shell, which, unknown to him, contained some powder, and while hammering it on a stone the powder ignited, exploding the shell, and terribly lacerating both his hands, which were amputated there before he was sent to the hospital.

SPOTTED FEVER.—We understand that this disease, which prevailed at the Falls of Schuylkill last spring, has again appeared in that locality and at Manayunk. At the latter place it has been making fearful ravages; as many as ten persons being dead with it at one time. It does not prove so fatal as at the Falls, as it did last spring, owing, doubtless, to the fact that the sad experience of the physicians last spring has enabled them the more fully to understand the nature of the epidemic, and to prescribe for it.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.—One James Sutherland, who has been on trial at Indianapolis, for several days, for killing Roddy A. Small, was acquitted on Thursday. His wife and three children were in court at the time. After the announcement of the verdict there followed a scene, says the Indianapolis *Journal*, not often witnessed in a court room:

The prisoner that was—a prisoner now no longer—fell upon his knees, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, uttered an earnest prayer of praise and thanksgiving to God, whose justice and mercy have been so wonderfully manifested in him. The prayer was irresistibly eloquent, and when the amen was pronounced, amen came back in response from every part of the room, and there were tears in every eye. All rose to their feet; the acquitted man advanced and took each juryman by the hand, with a fervent "God bless you! You have saved an innocent man from shame and disgrace; you have taken a foul stain from my name. God bless you!" And to the prosecutor, whose conduct in the case commands admiration from all, for fairness and honesty, he gave a cordial "God bless you!" The old white-haired father, whose firm trust had supported the son in the dark hours of trial, now melted in tears of joy that his boy was acquitted of guilt, and his own good name remained untarnished. The judge, wiping his eyes of the tears that had come unbidden, ordered the sheriff to adjourn the court.

THE total valuation of the State of New York counts to $1,454,454,817, upon which is imposed for the year 1863 a tax of $7,272,271 08. The proceeds are to be applied as follows: For schools, laws of 1856, chapter 180, ¾ of a mill; for canals, laws of 1863, chapter 393, ¾ of a mill; for bounties, laws of 1863, chapter 184, 1 11-16 mills; for the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, laws of 1863, chapter 70, 3-16 of a mill; for general purposes, 1¼ mills; for deficiencies in former appropriations, ½ of a mill. Total, 5 mills on the dollar. Last year it was 4¾ mills. Last year the appropriations exceeded the amount provided about $500,000, and the Legislature of 1863 has also appropriated more than is provided for.

THE vote of the Ohio soldiers promises to be larger than was anticipated. It is thought it will reach from forty to forty-two thousand. This will run up Brough's majority close on to one hundred thousand. The soldiers' vote is wiping out the Copperhead majority in most of the few counties that were carried by the home vote. One of the gratifying features of the late elections is the one-sided character of the soldiers' vote. Out of eighteen thousand returned from Ohio, Vallandigham received less than one thousand.

A SLANDER ON MR. LINCOLN REFUTED.—The remark said to have been ascribed to President Lincoln by Wendell Phillips, to the effect that "the greatest folly of his life was the issuing of the emancipation proclamation," out of which such Copperhead journals as the *World* and the *National Intelligencer* are attempting to make political capital, is emphatically pronounced, in high quarters, to be altogether untrue.

THE UNIONISTS OF DELAWARE—THE RECENT CANVASS.

A correspondent writes: The Unionists are jubilant and demonstrative, for the people are with them and of them, and they sail on the full tide of a healthy and patriotic public sentiment. Their political canvass is as exultant and full of cheerful noise as the canvass which carried Tippecanoe and, alas, Tyler too, to the Presidency. They have banners, torchlight processions, stirring, hopeful speeches, meetings everywhere, and songs innumerable. To-day the subjoined lyric is flying about the streets to be sung to I know not what tune, in I know not how many places:

NEW NURSERY RHYMES.

Sing a song of sixpence,
With a pocket full of rocks,
Most two hundred dollars
In a tinder-box.
When the box is opened,
The Copperheads will scare,
Isn't he a pretty Brown,
To run in Delaware!

Bayard's in his office,
Cooking up some tricks;
Saulsbury's at the tavern,
Getting tight as bricks.
Riddle's on the platform,
Talking dreadful trash;
Out jump the Smithers' boys,
And knock you all to smash!

ANOTHER REBEL PLOT TO ATTACK OUR NORTHERN BORDER.

BURLINGTON (Vt.), Nov. 22.—Considerable excitement was caused yesterday in the villages of Rouse's Point and St. Albans, by the report that a body of Secessionists, in Montreal, had planned to seize Fort Montgomery, destroy the drawbridge at Rouse's Point, and plunder Plattsburg and Burlington. Information of such a plot reached Governor Smith and Collector Clapp, of this port, on Friday. They immediately took steps to communicate with the officer in charge of Fort Montgomery, and soon had its guns manned and ready to give the renegades a warm reception. This scheme was probably linked with the Johnson's Island project. Ample preparations have been made by Gov. Smith to repel any attack which may be made upon our borders.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE
FOR 1864 EDITED BY
T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.
VOLUMES XXIII AND XXIV.

The HOME MAGAZINE for 1864 will be conducted in the same spirit that has distinguished it from the commencement; and continue to unite in one periodical the attractions and excellencies of both the Ladies', or Fashion Magazines, as they are called, and the graver literary monthlies. *Our arrangements for 1864 include*

THREE ORIGINAL SERIAL STORIES, written expressly for the Home Magazine. One of these will be by MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, and commence in the January number. Another will be by T. S. ARTHUR. And the third from the pen of MRS. M. A. DENISON, a writer who has long been a favorite with the public.

Besides these, OUR LARGE CORPS OF TALENTED WRITERS will continue to enrich the Home Magazine with shorter stories, poems, essays, and sketches of life and character, written with the aim of blending literary excellence with the higher teachings of morality and religion.

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A History of the Great Railroad Adventure.
By Lieutenant WILLIAM PITTENGER,
One of the Adventurers.
With an Introduction by
Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK,
Editor of the *School Visitor.*

The whole nation was excited last spring by the revelations made before the President and the Cabinet at Washington by the survivors of General Mitchel's Secret Railroad Expedition sent into the heart of the Confederacy almost a year before. Of the twenty-two daring adventurers who penetrated the enemy's country, eight perished on the scaffold, and the others, after suffering untold hardships, finally succeeded in recrossing the lines and reaching the Union Army. The survivors each received a medal of honor and other munificent rewards from the hands of the President.

The marvellous adventures of this band are recorded by one of their number, who is fully competent to the task. Their history, as narrated by him, possesses the connected interest of an epic poem. The scene is grandly developed, and the interest deepens from first to last. The reader will follow the daring adventurers from their first midnight consultation onward through their perilous journey, and will scarcely breathe during the progress of the terrible chase, the most exciting ever recorded in the annals of any country. The death scene will draw tears from the eye of the sympathizing reader, while his cheek will burn with indignation at the cruelties practised by heartless rebels. The style is a simple, unaffected one, rising with the occasion to the loftiest eloquence, and abounding in the tenderest pathos.

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A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A CONSUMPTIVE CURED

DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow-mortals, he will send to those who wish it, the recipe, containing full directions for making, and successfully using, this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate—night-sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.

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"DEBT AND RESOURCES OF THE UNITED STATES, and the Effect of Secession upon the Trade and Industry of the Loyal States," by Dr. WILLIAM ELDER. This is a 32 pp. Pamphlet. The subjects treated of are: The Present National Debt; The Receipts and Expenditures of the Two Past Years; Rebellion Expenses, Proper; The Loans and Expenditures of the Rebellion Period compared with those of England during her war with the French Republic and Bonaparte; The Growth of Extraordinary Revenue; The Relative Rate of Growth of the British and American Debt; The Burden of Our Debt; Its Comparative Cost; The Credit of the Government; The Prospective Discharge of the Debt; United States Notes and Bank Notes compared with the Currency of Great Britain in 1812-15; Discount upon Paper, and Premium upon Gold, in the two Countries, in the Critical Periods, and the Market Price of their Stocks; The Effects of Secession upon our Exports of Domestic Goods—upon the Productive Industry of the Current Year; Prospective Resources of the Nation; The Territories—Their Mineral, Agricultural, and Pastoral Wealth; with half a dozen Tabular Statements, presenting the statistics concerned in the argument.

The Washington *Chronicle* says:

"So far as our knowledge extends, it is the most complete exposition of the character of our national debt, the ablest vindication of the system of finance to which the American nation is now committed for many years to come, and the most thorough and satisfactory demonstration of our power and resources that we have ever seen in print. The analogies of history teach us much, and the clear and comprehensive reports of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of the Interior have informed us very fully on these subjects; but in this pamphlet we have all the points collected together and arrayed before our eyes with a succinctness and masterly force that sets at rest forever the question of our capacity to become the greatest nation on the face of the earth."

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[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

She was very much relieved by Samuel's silent disapprobation of the amusements and people, for Benjamin would have more openly expressed his sense of their folly, waste of time and money. Samuel thought it quite time that his sister should be taken from her present associations; while the Major resolved, when he married Abby, her communication with her relatives should be as slight as possible.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The little village looks forlorn ;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways,
In the dark house where she was born."
[*In Memoriam.*

"Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom."
[Poe.

Six weeks had passed from the time Abby left the Major. She thought of this as she stood by the kitchen window looking out into the garden. It was a dull, dark day in early autumn; the clouds were heavy and gray, the wind moaned wearily as it passed through the trees. A row of French marigolds down the path vainly tried to look gay and warm, the beds of portulaca were slowly closing their petals in half sleep, a few sunflowers, fast hastening to decay, looked faint and sick as they hung their flowers, black and dim yellow, downward; the dahlias should have been gay, but they bloomed badly, and only had a few unsymmetrical flowers to show. The only plant with vitality and bloom sufficient to look alive this dreary day, was a scarlet sage, a grandiflora, in such beauty and vigor that it even shed a radiance on a heap of dead leaves piled up against a fence near it.

Abby looked very much like the portulaca as she stood leaning against the window-frame. She was still bright and in bloom, but chilled and numb from the atmosphere around her.

Possibly the kitchen was more cheerful than the landscape ; but Abby was still romantic enough to prefer looking at a gloomy autumn sky to a row of bright tins, glitter and shine as they might in the pleasant firelight. The fire *was* pleasant ; it had just been filled with wood, and was roaring and crackling in a marvellously cheerful way. The rolls Abby had made for supper were standing on an iron stool near the stove, covered with a white cloth ; a tray of ruddy apples stood on the table. She looked at her fingers, and sighed ; those fingers had cut up a great many apples for drying, and did not look any prettier for it. In the next room she could see Jane and her children. The little girl was asleep. "Little Daniel" was lying on the floor looking at the pictures in a torn geography. Jane sat by the window darning a huge blue yarn sock. Her ancle was nearly well, but she was still obliged to be careful of it. Abby walked away from the window, and looked in the door at them ; it was no doubt a very peaceful home-picture, but very inane to Abby just then.

"Jenny, I am going out under the grove to walk."

"No, don't go, it is so chilly and disagreeable ; come in here and get your sewing and be comfortable."

"Not much comfort in that just now, Jenny ; I want a brisk walk to warm and brighten me up. 'Tis life and fuller that I want." This last she said to herself as she took down her sunbonnet from the nail and went out. But it is one thing to want it, and quite another to have it. Abby realized the difference. The past six weeks had harassed her very soul. At first, the children had been a perpetual burden to her, and the very strife with herself to feel more kindly to them worried her. Jane's discontent and restlessness had not lightened her household labors ; and since her foot had been better the servant had been dismised, and to Abby's dismay heavier work than before fell on her, but just now she resolved not to complain, and indeed her greater troubles made these only annoyances. Her old pleasures at the farm—the children, the garden, the chickens, had all lost their charms to her ; her walks only were as pleasant ; they worked off a great deal of the irksome part of her life. She had had a glimpse of what life might be. Earnest, true, calm, free from the drudgery of her brother's house, and the restless gayety of Dr. Drummond's, she had not realized, until she was parted from him, how perfect the sense of repose and peace had been while she was with Major Reynolds—an influence so necessary for her.

She had no intention of accepting the sweet life offered her, but she dreamed of it, longed for it, and indulging her desires weakened her resistence.

The last two weeks had been full of trouble and anxiety to her. The month had passed, and she had heard nothing of her lover. With a contradiction very natural, she was at once better satisfied, and yet disappointed. Satisfied that it was better to rest thus and have no other strife ; yet displeased that *he* should be content to have it so. She feared he might have heard something to prevent his coming—feared his mother, aiming higher, had dissuaded him. Her dress rustled over the dried leaves as she walked under the trees, her feet fell on the soft elastic carpet formed by the dead pine leaves, the deposit of many years. A few birds flew by on their way to the gardens and orchards. She looked at the leaves ; she did not care to watch the birds in their merry flight ; she only cared to enjoy the luxury of misery. She could not part with it, as she hugged, the ugly, cold thing to her heart. She knew she was weak and morbid, but she could not help it ; she had no strength to conquer it, and she leaned against a tree, and cried in a forlorn, childish way. It was so hard—no one but Major Reynolds loved her dearly. Even Mrs. Drummond loved her husband, Phil, and her sisters better. "If I should die to-morrow nobody would care much but Major Reynolds, and he would forget me in six months !"

She was such tender, emotional girl, that this plaintive little complaint, this bitter cry, relieved her—did not distress, rend her. She was not used to fighting with grief—a great gloom had shaded part of her life, but it had passsd, and was almost forgotten, until Major Reynolds revived it. She looked very much like a sobbing child who only needs to be kissed into smiles, as she stood under the great pine, with wet lashes and tremulous lips.

Suddenly she heard the patter of feet coming quickly over the dry leaves, and turning she saw "little Daniel" flying to her, his round eyes wide open, his face full of news. Abby hurried to meet him, full of a half-defined joy and excitement.

"Oh, Aunt Abby ; there's a gentleman up at the house wants to see thee. He is such a nice-looking gentlemen, too—splendid ! He came right around the house into the old kitchen, and sis wakened up, and mother took him in the parlor ; and she says you must hurry if you want to get fixed, and she left the door open so it thee choose thee could go up stairs."

This speech was delivered in such short, panting sentences that Abby walked slower to accommodate the little fellow, who was not yet strong. Even in her eagerness to reach the house, she could not forget her habitual care for all things weak and tender. But "little Daniel" lagged along so slowly and wearily that she picked him up in her arms, disregarding his size and weight, and ran up to the house, put him down, passed by Jane, who was on the watch to smuggle her up stairs, and went quickly into the parlor, with her bonnet in her hand, her hair slightly tossed, her cheeks flushed, her eyes, from which the tears had scarcely dried, sparkling with joy, and delighted the Major by such an unlooked-for greeting. She half turned from him, however, as with both hands extended he hastened to her. She was abashed when she felt she had shown her joy and the love that had grown in her heart since they parted. But he caught both of her hands in his, and looking down at her, said—

"Are you really glad to see me, Abby ?"

"Let me go before I tell thee."

"Do you think you will elude me thus ?"

"Please, then !"

He laughed at the infantile tones she assumed, loosed her hands, and they both walked to the window.

"Where did thee come from—Oakland ?"

"Oh, no ; I left there a day or so after you ; I then was at home a week or ten days ; since then I have been with my regiment. I wanted to come two weeks ago, but it was impossible to get off. I would not write, for I hoped from day to day to come."

They played, as people will, around the main question, and when they reached it at last, they had an unobserved listener. "Little Daniel" had been very much attracted by the strange gentleman, and watching his opportunity, had slipped off from his mother, who "was on hospitable thoughts intent," and had come softly in the parlor. He understood very little of what they said, but he soon gathered enough to know that the stranger was troubling his aunty, a sight which made him very wrathful as he stood with his chubby hands rolled up in his little check apron.

"Are you so content, Abby, that you can afford to throw away happiness ? You did not look as if you had been very happy when you came in. You are misplaced here ; look at these little fingers !"

Abby flushed, and drawing them away hid them under her apron, very much in "little Daniel's" fashion. Major Reynolds smiled.

"I shall never give you up, little blossom. When I came here I resolved it should rest upon your own love ; if you cared nothing for me, I would not worry you, but leave you. Now I am sure I shall secure your own happiness as well as my own."

There was no more said for some moments. Abby looked out of the window, and the Major watched her. "Little Daniel" was immovable.

"Abby, I never wish to know your reason for refusing me. Mrs. Drummond would have told me, but I would not listen to her. No one but you shall tell me."

To his surprise Abby laid her head on the window-sill, and began to cry for the second time that afternoon. Her violence as she cried out, "I wish I had never seen thee !" alarmed her, and she sobbed wildly. The Major started to his feet insulted, angry. "Little Daniel" ferociously sprang forward—

"How dare you hurt her ! If you don't leave her alone I'll—"

The Major looked down on this puny knight. "You'll—what ?"

"I'll—I'll hit thee !"

The Major laughed. Abby looked up, and laughed so immoderately that her knight was offended, and went out. But he had done his work—he had changed a current of feeling, and with a movement of his baby hand had sent a life into a new channel.

The Major talked to Abby until supper was ready. He thought it a delightful meal, although he was not less resolved to lessen Abby's intimacy with her family ; and he walked away under the stars, convinced he was the very happiest man they shone on.

About two weeks after this, two ladies were sitting in their parlor at Lansdoune, when a servant brought the elder a letter. The younger one looked up from the fine sewing she was daintily trifling with :

"Who is it from, mother ?"

"From Henry. Heavens !"

"Why, what is it, what is it ? Is he sick ?"

"No, I wish that were all. He is going to make a fool of him ! A man of his age to have so little sense ! He is going to be married Christmas !"

His sister flung down her sewing.

"Why, mother, you have been urging him for years to marry !"

"Not to disgrace himself !" cried Mrs. Reynolds, passionately ; "not to marry from a Jersey farm ! *not to marry a Quakeress ! I would rather he had married the devil !*"

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The following has been obtained from the Department of Agriculture :

In the monthly report for September, the amounts of the crop of 1863 were given. The fall crops of corn, buckwheat, and potatoes were stated in bushels, for each State. The estimates of their amounts were based on their appearance only. But in the circulars for October, inquiries of their amounts were made, as compared with the crop of 1862, and upon the returns to these circulars, tables of these crops, and of tobacco were made. The amount of the estimates for September and October were as follows :

ESTIMATES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Corn.	Buckwheat.	Potatoes.	Tobacco.
449,163,894	17,193,232	97,870,035	258,462,413

ESTIMATES FOR OCTOBER.

452,446,128	15,821,305	101,457,144	267,302,770

These estimates exhibit a remarkably close approximation, and speak well for the system adopted by the Department to ascertain the amounts, annually, of the leading commercial crops. The amounts of these crops for 1862, were as follows :

Corn.	Buckwheat.	Potatoes.	Tobacco.
586,704,474	15,722,995	114,533,118	208,807,078

SORGHUM MOLASSES.—The five principal States of the West for the production of sorghum molasses are Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Their estimated production last year was 10,203,728 gallons. This year only 6,976,882 gallons, a decrease of nearly three and a quarter million gallons. The amount of ground planted was much greater than in 1862, but the frost destroyed the yield.

The annual consumption of molasses and sugar prior to the war was about 45,000,000 gallons of molasses and about 1,000,000,000 pounds of sugar, the amount per each inhabitant, slaves excluded, being 39 pounds. The increase of the consumption of sugar in the United States since 1840 was 227 per cent., whilst the increase of population was 63 per cent. The Louisiana cane sugar, this year, will not, it is supposed, exceed 30,000 to 60,000 hogsheads ; and since the country must rely upon heavy importations to supply its wants, new modes to supply its own sugar and molasses must be adopted by the country ; and hence the monthly report for October very properly directs the attention of the public to the great importance of the first experiment, now making by the firm of Gennert Brothers, of New York city, at Chatsworth, Livingston county, Illinois, to grow the sugar beet and to manufacture sugar from it.

THE FALL CROPS FOR 1864.—The wheat, rye, and barley crops, just sown, are full average crops, both in amount and appearance. The fall weather has been highly favorable to them, and the correspondents of the Department speak of them most encouragingly.

THE NUMBER AND CONDITION OF THE FATTENING HOGS AND CATTLE.—The hog cholera scarcely exists in the Eastern and Middle States, but in Indiana and Illinois it prevails in so many counties that great danger exists of its spreading among the fattening hogs. In these States a large number of hogs have died of this disease during the summer and fall. The number of hogs in the great feeding States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois is two-tenths less than last year, causing a reduction in the number fattened in these States of 606,139. Their condition in these States is still lower, being 30 per cent. below a general average. It is believed that but few hogs will be sufficiently fattened to make mess pork or to produce a supply of lard.

The exports of the animal productions of the United States are shown in the report to be as follows : 1860, 24,766,793 lbs ; 1861, 27,716,392 ; 1862, 42,253,006.

The amount of pork which entered into the commerce of the country in 1860 was about	323,353,800 lbs.
Of which there was exported in the form of bacon, lard, and barreled pork	86,909,005 lbs.
Leaving for domestic consumption	236,449,795 lbs.
Of which the Southern States took	184,386,409 "
Leaving for the consumption of Eastern and Middle States	52,063,386 lbs.

The cessation of commercial intercourse between the loyal and disloyal States cut off this Southern consumption of pork, and so reduced prices in 1862 that the foreign demand increased in that year to 291,056,665 pounds.

[Written for The War Press.]

SWEET MEMORIES.

I.

Here, at this utmost point, the summit of my bliss,
The prelude of my woe, my heart looks back ;
The flowers all lie withered in the beaten track
Through which my steps have roved. The dewy kiss
Of a returning morn shall ne'er revive them more ;
But still their fragrance lives, although their day is o'er.

II.

Sweet memories will arise long after joys are dead,
But with the fading *flowers* there is hope
That when the springtime comes their leaves will ope,
And live and smile again. Alas ! when *hope* has fled,
What springtime to the heart can e'er restore
Its faded joys, all radiant as before !

III.

Sweet memories will arise. Ah, yes ! I know
Bright thoughts will haunt me of the vanished hours,
When thou and I have wandered through the rosy bowers
Of a terrestrial Heaven. But o'er this gulf of woe
In which I plunge, their beauty will but seem
Like the bright floating clouds of some remembered dream.

IV.

A mild and golden halo shall their beauty spread
Above my lone, dark life that is to be,
And though in that dark life, no light of hope I see ;
Yet will my yearnings tend to where *thy* soul had led
My own to seek repose—far from the homes of men,
Where none shall ever grieve o'er hopes that once have been.
A. E. C.

MR. BEECHER'S EXPERIENCE IN ENGLAND.

THE GREAT ENGLISH HEART ON OUR SIDE—THE STATE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address on Thursday evening in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on the subject of his experiences in Europe. The seats were mostly reserved, at the price of two dollars each. The price of admission was one dollar. Nearly every seat in the building was occupied. The proceeds are to be given to the Sanitary Commission. At 8 o'clock Mr. Beecher, accompanied by a number of prominent citizens, came upon the platform. Upon his appearance he was greeted with a storm of applause. After an introduction, of interest chiefly to his own congregation, Mr. Beecher said :

WHAT AMERICA EXPECTED.

I will tell you what I saw and found. You are aware that the original expression of our people was almost universal that in Great Britain we should find a sympathizer, ready and prepared. One thing we counted sure, and that was, that if all the other nations stood aloof there was one that would stand by us in the hour of our peril, and that was Great Britain. And the sharpness of our retaliatory complaints was accumulated by that very disappointment of a very confident conviction. When I was asked in Great Britain why the American press so severely inveighed against England, and was almost silent in respect to France, I said, "Because we, in our deepest hearts, care for England, and not much for France." [Applause.] "Because, under anger, and lower down than prejudice, when you strike the deeper feelings, the Americans know that they have an English origin, and they are proud of their history, when it gets back further than the present generation [laughter]; and it was this growing affection and sympathy in the best natures and in the best parts of the best natures—it was this that made the disappointment of public expectation so sharp and so hard to be borne when Great Britain foiled our expectations and gave us no sympathy. We never asked for help. We never asked that she should lend us anything, or stretch out so much as the little finger of her right hand. We did ask simply the generous confidence and generous moral sympathy, and that was all, and that we did not get, and we felt sharply the conduct of England. The expression of public feeling had an effect of throwing her moral weight against the North and for the South. So I told them. I carefully discriminated between the intention and the result. What men intend has much to do with judging of their moral character ; but what men do does not depend always on their intention. And when, therefore, the British people disclaimed sympathy with the South, or a disposition to go against their own principles as represented by the North, I said to them, "What your intentions are you can best judge, but what the effect of your attitude is we on the other side can best judge," and we know that the moral influence of Great Britain has substantially gone for more than two years to help the rebellion of the slaveocracy of the South, and to hinder the progress of free institutions in the North. And if there is rescue or relief—if there is redemption finally, Great Britain must stand aside, and it must be said : "The nation that boasted of her free institutions and her sovereign sympathy with the welfare of the common peoples has had no part nor lot in the great work." [Applause.]

WHAT AMERICA FOUND.

This being the cruel disappointment that we experienced in our expectation of sympathy from Great Britain, you will ask me "What did you find to be the facts and condition of things ?" I found, in the first place, on going there, that every man I met was a Southern man, not literally born in the South, but this is the division they have themselves made. These are the terms applied. They are Southerners and Northerners even more than we are here. I found that on the railways, on the boats, in the hotels, wherever there was a travelling public, there was a public that sympathized with the South and was adverse to the North. It was not an uncommon thing to hear a gentleman who had talked freely and kindly with me on other matters, say, as the news was discussed, "Bad news we have got by the last steamer." "Ah, what is the news ?" being a little troubled. "I understand," he would reply, "that Meade has driven Lee entirely out of Pennsylvania." [Laughter.] "God send us much more bad news, then," said I.

I found also the most profound ignorance of our affairs and of the operation of our institutions, and that, too, in quarters where I had a right to expect more intelligence. I found the most active and unscrupulous efforts made by Southern men to stir up animosity towards our country. And let me say that the bad cause was better served than a good one there, as to some extent it has been in our own land ; for I am sure that the South, for a bad cause, has more nearly put forth every particle of strength that it has to put forth than we have for a good cause. And as it is at home, it was abroad. Where we sent one man to England to influence public opinion, they sent a score ; where we put one book of information, they put a library ; where we touched one spring, they touched a hundred. They seemed to pervade England, and they seemed, with the unerring instinct of selfishness and despotism, to know just where to undermine the generous and better feelings—just where to invoke the influence of ignorance—just where to touch men so that principle should fall and profit take its place. [Applause.]

You may then imagine the surprise and skepticism with which, under these circumstances, I received the assurance of friends on every side that the great heart of the British nation was on our side. I had found nobody except unconditional friends of emancipation in whose society I was thrown ; I had found almost nobody that spoke kindly of us or that seemed to be in sympathy with us, and yet my ears were filled with these assurances day and night. "You are mistaken, you are mistaken, this great English people are sound at heart." I said where under heaven do the English people keep their hearts, then ? [Laughter and applause.] And if I had spoken in my early visit to England in June, I could not have spoken as I now do and shall. Neither on my first return from the continent in September could I have understood and felt what I understand now, in some measure, and entirely believe that they were right, and that, after all, the great heart of the British nation is with us of the North. [Great applause.]

THE WEALTHY CLASSES AGAINST US.

Let me take up, then, one part of society after another, and state, as I understand them to be, the facts. First, there is the great commercial class of England, those that are making money and those that have made it ; if you please, call them the Plutocracy. They are against us. In the first place there is a large class of men that are actively employed in supplying the South with all its necessities—except principle [laughter], and they are making, or suppose that they are making, large fortunes. We cannot doubt which side they take. The next is a very large class of men, who, for precisely an opposite reason, somehow are opposed to the North and in favor of the South—namely, those who have been accustomed to make money, but find this interrupting war has stopped their profits ; and men that want to make money, but do not—they are opposed to us. And between these two classes lies an intermediate one of men who are bewildered and perplexed, and see that business is more or less affected, as it is over the whole continent, by its sympathetic relations with this continent. They say when will this war end ? and as the offensive is on the Northern side, they feel as though, whenever the North will stop *aggressing* the South, the war will stop.

So in the main they are against us. It may be lowered down to this : that while there are very noble exceptions here and there all through England—men that stand out of their class, above it and against it, not speaking comprehensively—the commercial class of England are against the North, and in favor of the South. I have spoken of the religious people. It is very difficult for me to analyze the causes that have turned both the established churchmen and the dissenters, in respect to their most influential men, against us. I do not think it so in respect to the laymen ; but the influential laymen and the influential clergymen I think are adverse to us as a body. The ground usually taken is this : That the North is not sincere ; and, secondly, that the war is a great sin. And nowhere else in this world is there so to speak a conscience on the subject of war as Great Britain—when she is not waging it herself. [Great applause.]

But I am sorry to say that while from the Friends, who have always maintained as against their own countrymen a consistent testimony against war, it should have been expected that we should receive the strongest denunciations from those men that had no particular objection to the Crimean war, none to the opium war in China, and none to the war that they now have, if not on their hands, on the tips of their fingers. I told them to their faces in Exeter Hall there was not a land on the face of the globe against which they had not dashed their bloody prows, and that their flag was a symbol of their history—a cross inscribed on a field of blood. [Great applause.] The English nobility, as a class, are also against us. And if you ask me what is the great underlying influence that has been at work upon the upper class of England, I answer thus :

1. Commercial interest and rivalry therein.
2. Class power and the fear of contagion and American ideas.
3. (I know not how I shall say it so that it shall be the least offensive to our friends on the other side, but they have not come, and you have not come, to the bottom of the conduct of Great Britain until you have touched that delicate and real foundation cause)—we are too large and too strong a nation. [Laughter.]

THE PEOPLE FOR US.

Men whose fortunes are made—men whose only thought of the future is to carry the rich freights of the present along into their future—that class are generally against us. Men who have no fortunes—men having very little in the present to care for, who are struggling for better fortunes for themselves and children—that class are on our side. They are in our favor, but they are a class who have not much voice, have very little expression, and they are therefore little heard. Their report is not wafted across, but their influence is felt on the other side of the sea. It seems to me that it is peculiarly fitting that we, who believe in the common people, should find ourselves opposed by the titled and strong, but should find our allies and fast friends in the emergency have been the common people of Great Britain. [Applause.]

The result has been that the Government has more and more modified its policy until it now came to that condition in which, I believe, we may in the main feel satisfied. England has determined that ships of war shall not be sent out from her ports to harass our commerce and drive it from the sea. The language of Lord John Russell in his statement of the policy of the British Government in the future has met with some few dissentient voices, but it has met with the approbation of the great mass of the British people, and the Government will unquestionably maintain for the future that policy which they now stand upon. [Applause.] There is a growing enlightened sympathy in our favor, also, throughout the realm. There are more public men, more public lecturers, and more public writings influencing opinion in our favor than ever before. And when men say to you that they doubt this English feeling, I always bring this fact to them, that the English Parliament, as it is now known to be adverse to the North, dare not vote against the North for fear of their own people. I allege this additional fact, that out of four or five hundred public meetings that have been held in Great Britain, not more than twelve or fifteen of them carried resolutions against the North—that out of eight or ten meetings held in Liverpool, there has not been one that has been carried against the North. And that at the great meeting which it was my privilege to attend there [laughter], the vote was five to one in favor of the North. The noise and tumult with which it was conducted would have given one an expectation of a very different result, but when it came to vote there was but one in five against us, and the men who were there for peace and quietness were four out of five for us. I hold in my hand a letter from Richard Cobden. [Tremendous applause.] He says : "You will carry back an intimate acquaintance with a state of feeling in this country among what, for a better name, I call the ruling class. Their sympathy is undoubtedly strong for the South, with the instinctive satisfaction at the prospect of the disruption of the great republic. It is natural enough.

"But do not forget that we have in the case, for the first time in our history, seen the masses of the British people taking sides for a foreign Government against its rebellious citizens. [Tremendous applause.] In every other instance—whether in the case of the Poles, Italians, Hungarian and Corsicans, Greeks or South Americans—the popular sympathy of the country has always leaned to the side of the insurgents the moment the rebellion has broken out. In the present case, our masses have an instinctive feeling that their cause is bound up in the prosperity of the States—the United States. It is true that they have not a particle of power in the direct form of a vote, but when millions in this country are led by the religious middle class, they can go and prevent the governing class from pursuing a policy hostile to their sympathies." [Tremendous applause.]

A LIST OF NOBLE NAMES.

Among the members of the Government known to be favorable to the Federal cause are the following : The Duke of Argyle, (who married a daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland,) Lord Granville, Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. James Stansfield, Mr. Charles Gibson ; Members of Parliament : Messrs. John Bright—[Cheers]—I told him it would be just so. Richard Cobden. [Cheers.] You know your friends, I see—W. E. Foster, less known, but just as firm and sturdy a friend ; E. A. Leatham, Guildford Onslow, James White, P. A. Taylor, E. Doulton, W. Williams, and Theo O'Donoghue, F. Barnes, Thos. Barnes, W. E. Baxter, James Caird, Samuel Gurney, George Hadfield, Grant Duff, James Kershaw, Wilford Lawson.

Among the newspapers and magazines favorable to our cause are the following : The *Morning Star*—the organ of the advanced liberal party—managing proprietor and editor, Mr. Samuel Lucas ; the *Daily News*, another liberal organ, edited by Mr. Walker, a paper which, if a man wants to take the *Times* without its venom and wickedness, he can take. It is just as able as the *Times*, and a thousand times more principled. The evening editions of the above journals are respectively named the *Evening Star* and the *Express*, (a queer name !) The *Spectator*—weekly—edited by Mr. Hutton, one of the oldest and most influential of the weeklies, and distinguished by its calm and philosophical tone ; *Lloyd's Weekly News*, edited by Blanchard Jerrold, with a circulation of 400,000 weekly, the great hebdominal organ of the weekly classes ; the *Beehive*, organ of the Trades' Union, non-conformists (all sorts of dissenters ;) the *British Standard*, Doctor Campbell, Congregationalist ; the *Freeman*, Baptist ; *Macmillan's Magazine*, edited by Professor Masson, of Cambridge University ; the *Dial*, weekly journal of the *Morning Star* ; the *British Ensign*, (Congregationalist ;) the *Westminster Review*, the quarterly organ of English Parliament ; the *Observer*, the ministerial organ ; the *Reader*, one of our principal literary journals. The most popular and widely-circulated journals, in both the metropolis and the country, support the Northern cause. The aggregate circulation is at least a million each issue. Among the leading provincial papers may be mentioned the following : The Manchester *Examiner*, circulating through the manufacturing districts ; the Newcastle *Chronicle*, Liverpool *Daily Post*, Leeds *Mercury*, Preston *Guardian*, Dundee *Advertiser*, *Caledonian Mercury*, Edinburgh ; *Northern Daily Whig*, Belfast ; Carlisle *Examiner*, Kendall *Mercury*, and the paper of Lake district ; *Hampshire Independent*, Southampton ; Bradford *Advertiser*, in which Perrone Thompson writes weekly ; Bedford *Mercury*, *The Irishman*, an organ of the Meagher and O'Brien party in Ireland, and the Bucks *Advertiser*.

Among men distinguished in science and literature are the following : Lord Carlise, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland ; Lord Houghton, better known as Monckton Milnes, author and poet [applause] ; Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist [applause] ; John Stuart Mill, the greatest of England's philosophers of the present day [tremendous applause] ; Sir Stephen Lushington, Judge of the Admiralty Court, and one of the great leaders in the English struggle against slavery and the slave trade [applause] ; Goldwin Smith, professor of modern history in the University of Oxford [applause] ; Professor Cairnes, professor of political economy in Belfast University ; Professor F. W. Newman, the eminent professor of Latin and English literature ; Gen. Perritt Thompson, the founder of the *Westminster Review*, first Governor of Sierra Leone, and author of the Anti-Corn Law Catechism [applause] ; Dr. Chapman, editor of the *Westminster Review* ; Mr. Thos. Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days," the most popular work in England, next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." [Applause.] Mr. Edward Miall, leader of the English Nonconformists ; George Wilson, chairman of the Anti-Corn Law League ; George Thompson, the fellow-laborer with Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Brougham in their anti-slavery struggles ; Professor Nichols, of Glasgow University ; Dr. Foster, chairman of the Religious Liberation Society ; Professor Beesly, professor of political economy in University Hall ; James Taylor, founder of the freehold land movement ; Dr. Lees, the eminent temperance lecturer ; W. J. Fox, the late member for Oldham ; Washington Wilks and Henry Vincent, well known as popular leaders or writers ; Mr. Scott, the Chamberlain of London ; the Mayors of Manchester, Birmingham, Rochdale, and Faversham.

Clergymen and ministers are as follows : Dr. Trench, dean of Westminster ; Dr. Candlish and Dr. Guthrie, the leaders of the free Church in Scotland ; Hon. and Rev. Belfast Noel, Rev. Newman Hall, Rev. William Brock, Rev. Dr. Halley, president of New College ; Rev. Dr. Angus, president of Regent's Park College ; Rev. Dr. John Cairns, Berwick-on-Tweed ; Rev. Dr. James Begg, Edinburgh ; Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, Edinburgh ; Rev. Canon Robinson, of York Cathedral ; Rev. Prof. Maurice, of London ; Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee ; Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Glasgow ; Rev. Dr. Campbell, of London ; Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of London ; Rev. W. Batchelor, of Glasgow. These are only a few of thousands of names of men who are our friends, but they are better known, and have signalized their friendship by literary services in the cause of the North.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA TO STAND TOGETHER.

It has pleased Lord Brougham—who is not, I think, any longer responsible for what he says—to say that the American people are a mob. Let it be ours to show that an American mob is more decent than a British aristocracy. [Tremendous applause.] We are proud of our common schools ; we are proud of our citizens they make. Let it not be pride and mere vanity on our part, but in all the attributes of fidelity to our conviction at home, patience with our enemies abroad, let us show to the world one more thing : that while, with free institutions, a self-governing people can acquire wealth from the bosom of the earth, as no other ever did, and while they can maintain a government more cheaply and more fairly than any other—while they have power to put down foreign enemies, and subdue the most terrible intestine foes that ever afflicted and tormented a people—while we are exhibiting that, let us also show to the world that under crowns nor coronets nor under any educated influence, is there another class of people on the globe that are so temperate, so self-restraining, so just, and so generous in their sentiments toward foreign people as the great mass of the common citizens of America. [Applause.] The day is coming when nations are to feel each other's hearts more nearly ; when more and more themes for national discussion are to be those that turn upon the moral sentiments—those that are allied to common ideas and common feelings—for we need no other. We do not need Great Britain for any material reasons. For moral reasons we need her. And I say more than that—for moral reasons she needs us.

For the sake of man, and for the cause of God, for the hope of civilization, these two nations of the earth, carrying a civilization which is derived from and which carries with it the common people, and they are uplifted in civilization—these two great Protestant Christian nations all forbid that we should ever cross hands in strife and struggle. But while other nations are beginning, though with slow steps, to look to the rising sun, while even in Russia her frosts begin to glitter in that light that ere long shall melt them, let not these foremost of nations that have stood in witness for liberty, and all other blessings of free government, fall out by the way ; but shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, bearing and forbearing with each other, loving, or hoping to love by and by, let them stand together, to bear out to every part of the earth the influence of Christian civilization and human liberty.

Mr. Beecher closed amid long and loud applause.

THE MONEY MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23, 1863.

Gold opened somewhat excitedly at 153 this morning, with a general disposition to buy, which, towards noon, was checked by advices from Knoxville, and the price fell off to 152¼, but rallied, and closed at 153. The market is very strong, owing to the condition of the European money centres, which just now are much troubled by the heavy export of bullion, to buy cotton in the Indies, and the probability of large shipments from our own ports. Money is quite easy, the demand being moderate at 6@7 per cent. It is generally conceded that no stringency will afflict the market for some time.

There is no change in Government loans, prices being steady and the demand fair.

The stock market opened active and buoyant this morning, the speculative feeling being very observable, and most of fancies advanced. Reading was in strong demand at 63@63¼ ; Catawissa preferred at 31¼ ; Philadelphia and Erie at 30¾ ; North Pennsylvania rose to 24½ ; Camden and Atlantic sold at 13—the preferred at 23 ; Elmira preferred at 54¼ ; Pennsylvania at 72¼ ; Beaver Meadow at 78 ; Little Schuylkill at 53 ; 42 bid for Long Island ; 69½ for Norristown. State fives sold at par ; new City sixes at 103, old at 104 ; Sunbury and Erie sevens at 111 ; Pittsburg Railroad sixes at 90 ; Camden and Amboy 1883s at 104, 1889s at 106½. Reading bonds were firm ; Pennsylvania Railroad 2d mortgages sold at 108½ ; 94 bid for North Pennsylvania sixes.

Canals were steady. Susquehanna rose to 17, the sixes to 64½ ; Union at 2, the sixes at 27 ; Lehigh scrip at 49½, the sixes at 106 ; Schuylkill Navigation preferred at 35@35½, the sixes 1882 at 90¾. West Branch sold at 106 ; Morris preferred at 139 ; Wyoming Valley at 83.

Penn Mining rose to 6¾ ; Bohemian sold at 8 ; Green Mountain at 6½ ; Big Mountain at 6¼. Arch street Railway rose to 32½ ; Race and Vine to 19½ ; Girard College sold at 27. Commercial Bank sold at 53 ; Manufacturers' and Mechanics' at 27½. The market closed firm.

Jay Cooke & Co. quote Government securities, &c., as follows :

U. S. 6s 1881	109¾@110¼
U. S. 7-30 Notes	106¼@106¾
Certificates of Indebtedness, old	102 @102½
Certificates of Indebtedness, new	98 @ 98¼
Quartermasters' Vouchers	98 @ 98½
Demand Notes	152 @153
Gold	152 @153

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

NOVEMBER 23—Evening.

Business has been only moderately active, owing to the unsettled state of the money market, and the advance in Gold. Bark is quiet. Breadstuffs are coming in slowly, but all kinds are rather better. Cotton is firmly held, but very little doing. Coal is firm. Coffee continues scarce. In Fish there is less doing. Fruit is without change. There is rather more doing in Provisions, and holders are firm in their views. Naval Stores are unchanged. Oils are rather quiet. Sugar is very firm, and prices are looking up. Whisky has again advanced. In Seeds there is very little doing. Wool is firmly held.

There is not much demand for Flour, but holders are firmer in their views. Sales comprise about 10,000 bbls at $5.50@6 for superfine, $6.50@7 for old stock extra family, $7.25@8 for fresh ground ; 1,500 bbls Brandywine sold on private terms, including 1,500 bbls Broad-street Mills extra at $7.12½, and 3,000 bbls City Mills extra and extra family on private terms. The retailers and bakers are buying at from $5.50@6 for superfine, $6.25@7 for extra ; $6.75@8 for extra family ; and from $9 up to $10 per bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is very scarce and in demand at $6.50 per bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce ; Brandywine is held at $5 per bbl.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in demand, and prices have advanced 2@3c ℔ bu, with sales of about 52,000 bus at from 157 up to 163c ℔ bu for good to prime red, and white at from 180 up to 206c ℔ bu, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is in demand ; sales are making at 122@125c ℔ bu for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn is wanted ; sales comprise about 25,000 bus at 114c for yellow ; 113 for Western mixed, and 112c ℔ bu for white. Oats are in request, with sales of 21,000 bus at 83c, weight. 3,000 bus Barley sold at 156c, and some Malt at 163@165c ℔ bu.

PROVISIONS.—The market continues very firm, but the transactions are limited. About 1,200 bbls old Mess Pork sold at $16.25@16.75, and new at $17.62½@17.87 ℔ bbl. City-packed Mess Beef is in steady demand, at $15@16, cash. Bacon—There is a good demand, with sales of Hams at 11@15c, the latter for fancy ; Sides at 7⅞@8⅜c, and Shoulders at 7¼@7¾c ℔ lb, cash. Green Meats continue scarce ; small sales of Hams in pickle at 11c, and Shoulders at 6¾@7c cash. Lard is in fair demand, and prices are firm ; 1,000 bbls and tierces sold at 11¾@12c, and 400 kegs at 12¼@12½c ℔ lb. Butter is in steady demand, at from 16 up to 28c ℔ lb for common to prime. Eggs are worth 26c ℔ dozen.

METALS.—The market for Pig Iron continues very firm. Small sales are reported at $41@43 for No. 1 ; $38@40 for No. 2, and $35@37 ℔ ton for No. 3 ; 600 tons Scotch Pig have been sold at $43.50 cash. Manufactured Iron is in demand at full rates.

LEAD has advanced ; 2,000 Pigs Galena sold, to arrive, at 9¼c, cash.

COPPER.—There is very little doing. Small sales of Yellow Metal are making at 32c ℔ lb, and Bolts at 33c.

BARK.—There is very little doing in Quercitron ; 1st No. 1 is held at $37 ℔ ton.

CANDLES.—Adamantine are held firmly, with sales of Western at 20½@21½c, cash, and full weight 23c. Tallow Candles are steady.

COAL.—The market continues firm and quite active, and the late advance in prices has been well maintained.

COFFEE is scarce and in demand, with sales of 760 bags at 31@33c for Rio, and 32½@33c ℔ lb for Laguayra.

COTTON.—There is very little doing in the way of sales, but holders are firm in their views ; about 350 bales of middlings sold in lots at 80@86c ℔ lb cash.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There is very little doing in any kind ; small sales of Sulphuric Acid at 2¾c ; Copperas 2c, and Saleoda at 2½c. Indigo is scarce and firmly held.

FISH.—There is less demand for Mackerel, but prices remain about the same as last quoted ; 1,200 bbls Bay 1s and 2s sold from the wharf at $13@10.37½ ℔ bbl. The sales from store are making at $16 for No. 1, and $11.50 ℔ bbls for No. 2. Codfish are selling at $7 the 100 lbs. Pickled Herring are scarce, and range at from $3.75@4.50 ℔ bbl.

FRUIT.—Foreign continues scarce. A few Lemons have been sold at $4 ℔ box. A cargo of Raisins has just arrived. Green Apples are coming in freely, and sell at $2@3.50 ℔ bbl, as to quality. Dried Apples are scarce at 6@7c ℔ lb, and unpared Peaches at 7@15c. Cranberries are selling at from $8@11 ℔ bbl.

FREIGHTS.—The rates to Liverpool and London are without change, and there is very little doing. Two vessels are loading Flour for Rio, on private terms. A brig was taken to windward at 90c, and a brig from Manzanilla, with wood, at $20 per 1,000 feet. Coal vessels are in demand.

FEATHERS are scarce, at 55@60c ℔ lb.

GUANO.—There is little or nothing doing, as usual at this season.

HOPS are firmer, at 20@30c ℔ lb, the latter rate for 1st sort Eastern.

HIDES.—There has been an arrival of 3,279 dry South American Hides, about 1,000 of which were Caracas, and they have been sold in this market at 27@27½c. The balance are Porto Cabello Hides, and are intended for New York. There has been little change in dry Hides ; quotations are a trifle firmer, but tanners are ordering liberally, and quite a quantity have gone to the yards since our last review. In dry domestic and Western there has been no change. Dry flint are offering at 23@25c, and dry salted at 20@22c. The green-salted market is a little heavy ; sales from salters' and dealers' hands have been moderate. The views of holders and buyers are at variance, and Hides are accumulating. We quote sales at 11¾@12¼c for steer, and 11½@12c for cow. Parties are holding at 12@13c, but are realizing few sales for the usual selection of Hides.

HAY is firm at $22@25 ℔ ton.

LEATHER.—The demand has been good for the season. The heavy leather market has been sold up close to receipts. The arrivals from the country yards are falling off, as the tanners have generally sent forward the stock as fast as it could be prepared, and the weather is growing unfavorable to drying out. Tanners have light stocks to come into market during the coming 30, or even 60 days. Prices have a continued upward tendency.

LUMBER.—Prices are without change, with a steady business doing. A cargo of yellow sap Boards sold at $23 ℔ M feet. Laths are held at $4.50 ℔ M.

MOLASSES.—The market continues very quiet ; about 100 half bbls tart New Orleans has been sold at 45c ℔ gallon, cash.

NAVAL STORES.—All kinds continue scarce. Rosin ranges from $13 up to $45 ℔ bbl. Tar and Pitch are without change. Spirits of Turpentine is in limited request ; small sales are making at $3.20 ℔ gallon.

OILS.—Lard Oil is firm, and ranges at from $1.03@1.10 ℔ gallon cash. Fish Oils are in steady demand ; 2,000 gallons winter sperm sold at $1.66@2 cash. Linseed Oil is selling at $1.40 ℔ gallon. There is more doing in Petroleum, and prices are rather lower ; about 5,000 barrels sold at 2@34½c for crude, 50c for refined in bond, and 50@53c ℔ gallon for free.

RICE continues scarce with small sales at $7.50@7.75 cash.

PLASTER.—The last sale of soft was at $1.62½ ℔ ton.

SALT is firm. Two cargoes of Turk's Island have come direct to the dealers.

SEEDS.—There is very little doing. Clover is in demand at $7@7.50 ℔ bushel. Timothy is selling slowly at $2.60@2.75. Flaxseed is dull, with small sales at $3 ℔ bushel.

SUGAR.—The market is very firm, and prices are rather better ; 2,140 hhds Cuba sold at 12¾@13½c ; a small lot of Porto Rico at 12½@14c, and 1,000 boxes Havana at 12¾@13¾c ℔ lb.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are scarce and high. New England Rum is firm at 75c. Whisky is in demand, and prices have advanced 3@4c ℔ gallon ; about 800 bbls sold at 66@69 ; small lots at 70c, and drudge at 62@63c ℔ gallon.

TALLOW is firm. Country is selling at 11@11½c ℔ lb, cash, and 12@12½c for city rendered.

TOBACCO.—There is a fair demand for manufactured, but the stock is light. Leaf is rather dull.

WOOL.—There is a fair demand, and prices are well maintained ; sales comprise about 250,000 lbs at 75@76c for pulled, and 78@80c ℔ lb for fleece and tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

NOVEMBER 23, 1863.

The arrivals and sales of Beef Cattle at Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard continue large, reaching about 2,580 head this week. The demand is fair, but prices are without any material change. First quality Western and Chester county Steers are selling at from 10@10½c ; 2d do at 8@9½c ; and common at from 7@7½c ℔ lb, as to quality. About 600 head sold to the packers at the above rates.

The market closed rather dull, and sales were reported at rather lower prices than the above.

COWS.—About 115 head have been sold, at prices ranging from $18 up to $45 ℔ head.

SHEEP.—The market is firmer ; about 3,000 head sold, at from 5@5½c ℔ lb, gross.

HOGS.—5,100 head arrived and sold at the different yards this week, at from $7@8.75 the 100 lbs. net.

The cattle on sale to-day are from the following States :

1,250 head from Pennsylvania.
700 head from Ohio.
660 head from Illinois.
60 head from Maryland.

The following are the particulars of the sales :

A. M. Fuller & Co, 430 Western Steers, selling at from 8½ up to 10¾c for fair to extra quality.

P. McFillen, 115 Western and Chester county Steers, selling at from 8@10c for fair to extra.

Jones McClese, 27 Chester county Steers, selling at from 8@9½c for fair to good.

Martin & Shriver, 68 Delaware and Western Steers, selling at from 7@9½c for common to good.

P. Hathaway, 132 Chester county Steers, selling at from 9@10c for good to extra quality.

Ullman & Bachman, 110 Chester county Steers, selling at from 9@10c for good to extra.

John Kirwin, 40 Western Steers, selling at from 8½@10c for fair to extra.

B. C. Baldwin, 91 Chester county Steers, selling at from 8@10c for fair to extra.

Mooney & Smith, 110 Ohio Steers, selling at from 8½@9½c for fair to good quality.

H. Chain, 100 Western Steers, selling at from 7½@8¾c for common to fair quality.

Christy & Brothers, 135 Illinois Steers, selling at from 7@10c for common to extra.

Frank & Shamberg, 121 Ohio Steers, selling at from 7½@9c for common to good quality.

W. Rice, 206 Western Steers, selling at from 8½@10½c for fair to extra.

B. Hood, 115 Chester county Steers, selling at from 8¾@10¾c for fair to extra quality.

COWS AND CALVES.

The arrivals and sales of Cows at Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard reach about 115 head this week. There is a fair demand and prices are without change. Springers are selling at from $18@32, and Cow and Calf at from $25 up to $45 ℔ head, according to quality ; old poor Cows are selling at from $10@16 ℔ head.

CALVES.—About 30 head have been sold to-day, at from 4½@5½ ℔ lb, as to weight and condition.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

The arrivals and sales of Sheep at Phillips' Avenue Drove-Yard are quite small this week, only reaching about 3,000 head. There is more activity in the market, and prices have advanced ; good fat Sheep are selling at from 5@5½c ℔ lb, and a few extra at 5¾c ; stock Sheep are quoted at from $2.75@3.50 ℔ head, as to quality. Lambs are rather scarce, and from $3@4.50 ℔ head.

THE HOG MARKET.

The arrivals and sales of Hogs are increasing. About 5,100 head have been sold at the Union Avenue and Rising Sun Drove Yards, at from $7@8.75 the 100 lbs net, as to quality.

4,079 head sold at Henry Glass' Union Drove Yard, at from $7@8.50 the 100 lbs net.

770 head sold at the Avenue Drove Yard by Jno. Crouse & Co., at from $7.50@8.75 the 100 lbs net.

270 head sold at Phillips' & Muth's Rising Sun Drove Yard, at prices ranging from $7@8.50 the 100 lbs net, as to quality.

MARRIED.

At St. Peter's Church, on Thursday, November 19th, by the Rev. Geo. Leeds, D. D., JAS. SOMERS SMITH, Esq., to ANNA, daughter of John Welsh, Esq.

BEAMISH—MATELAND.—On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Alex. Crooke, M. A., Charles Beamish to Maggie, daughter of the late Thomas J. Mateland, Esq., all of this city.

STANTON—ANSPACH.—Thursday, November 12th, 1863, by the Rev. G. F. Krotel, M. Hall Stanton to Clara E., only daughter of Wm. Anspach, all of this city.

THOMSON—MORRIS.—On the 12th instant, by the Rev. T. J. Shepherd, Mr. Geo. A. Thomson to Miss Amanda M. Morris, both of Philadelphia.

BIEN—BROWN.—On the 14th of November, 1863, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. C. F. Turner, Julius Bien, Esq., of New York city, to Almira Summers, daughter of Wm. Brown, Esq., of Philadelphia.

VOLKMAR—SPANGLER.—On Thursday, the 12th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. A. Rittenhouse, Harry W. Volkmar to Miss Emma A., daughter of Geo. W. Spangler, Esq., all of this city. No cards.

STEPHENS—STERLING.—At Trenton, N. J., on the 12th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, before W. C. Howell, J. P., by Friends' ceremony, James P. Stephens and Mary W., daughter of James S. and Hannah W. Sterling. No cards.

WHALLEY—BABB.—On the 10th instant, by Rev. John Chambers, Samuel Whalley to Julia B. Babb.

LONGAKER—BOWEN.—On Nov. 10, 1863, by the Rev. Miller Jones, of Bridgeport, Pa., Mr. D. B. Longaker, to Miss Phebe Bowen, both of this city.

STOKES—SQUIRE.—In this city, on Third-day, the 17th instant, by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of Alexander Henry, Mayor of Philadelphia, George C. Stokes, of Germantown, Penna., and Sarah Squire, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROHRER—HAMILTON.—On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborrow, Earl Penn Rohrer to Mary Louisa Hamilton, both of this city.

BUDDY—RICE.—On the evening of the 18th inst., by Rev. Willard M. Rice, assisted by Rev. Morris C. Sutphen, Mr. J. Marshall Buddy to Miss Nettie R. Rice, daughter of the principal officiating clergyman, all of this city.

SHELLENBERGER—WHITECAR.—On the 19th inst., by the Rev. D. W. Bartine D. D., John F. Shellenberger to Miss Amanda M., daughter of William B. Whitecar, Esq., all of this city.

DAVIS—COX.—November 19th, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, at the Parsonage of the Twelfth-street M. E. Church, 1318 Poplar street, Mr. Isaiah Davis to Miss Rachel C. Cox, all of this city.

EVANS—MATHEYS.—On Monday, Nov. 16th, by Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. Joseph Evans to Miss M. L. Matheys, all of this city. No cards.

McCANDLAS—ATKINSON.—On the 19th inst., by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, Thomas G. McCandlas and Miss Margaret J. Atkinson.

SKILL—HARRIS.—On October 8th, by the Rev. Mr. Murphy, Mr. Charles W. Skill to Miss Mary Farris, all of this city.

JONAS—ISAAC.—On the 22d inst., by Rev. L. Frankel, Mr. Sigismund Jonas, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ellen Isaac, of New York.

CONARD—ZIMMERMAN.—On the 19th inst., in Alexandria, Va., by the Rev. Charles Ball, D. D., Mr. Wm. Conard, of Philadelphia, to Miss Adelaide Zimmerman, of Alexandria. (No cards.)

DIED.

FIELDING.—On Sunday, 15th instant, of typhoid fever, Mr. Jeremiah Fielding, in the 48th year of his age.

ALLEN.—On the morning of the 16th, at his residence in Burlington, N. J., in the 63th year of his age, Wm. R. Allen, for the past twenty-five years President of the Mechanics' Bank of that city.

LOOMIS.—At Pittsburg, Nov. 17, Annie W., wife of Hon. A. W. Loomis.

FITZGERALD.—On Wednesday, 18th instant, Jesse Fitzgerald, Sr.

McDOWELL.—On Monday evening, 16th inst., Mary P., only child of John A. and Hannah M. McDowell, aged 6 years.

NELSON.—On the morning of the 17th inst., Ann Nelson, wife of the late Captain A. Nelson, in 83d year of her age.

ROBBINS.—On the 16th instant, Oliver R. Robbins.

[illegible] night, Nov. 15, Sarah Ann, wife of Lilburn Harwood, formerly of Philadelphia, in the 59th year of her age.

SMITH.—On the 15th instant, J. Creagh Smith, in the 62d year of his age.

STURDIVANT.—On the 15th inst., Nathan R. Sturdivant, in the 16th year of his age, youngest son of Catharine J. and the late John Sturdivant.

TILDEN.—On the 18th inst., Mary Leslie, daughter of Howard and Rebecca Tilden, aged 15 years and 2 mos.

BLADIN.—On Thursday, Nov. 19th, Margaret Rogers, infant child of Washington L. and Elizabeth S. Bladin.

PEARSOL.—At the residence of I. Newton Pierce, in this city, on the 20th inst., William H. Pearsol, a member of Capt. Nevins' Independent Battery, and only son of John H. and Cecilia Pearsol, of Lancaster, Pa., in the 18th year of his age.

HARRIS.—On Friday morning, November 20th, at the residence of her son, Robert Wescott, M. D., at Elizabeth, N. J., Mrs. Caroline D. Harris, in the 65th year of her age.

BAIRD.—On Friday morning, the 20th inst., Ann Eliza wife of Matthew Baird, aged 30 years.

PALMER.—On Wednesday, 18th instant, Edwin A. Palmer, aged 64 years.

WILCOX.—On Wednesday, 18th instant, William T. Wilcox, in the 59th year of his age.

LEDNUM.—On the morning of the 18th instant, Rev. John Lednum, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the M. E. Church.

WHARTON.—On the morning of the 20th inst., Anna Wharton, daughter of William and Deborah F. Wharton, in the 50th year of her age.

WECKERLY.—Suddenly, on the 19th inst., Daniel L. Weckerly, aged 62 years.

SMITH.—On Thursday evening, 19th instant, Sarah Griffitts, widow of Wm. Alex. Smith.

HEAP.—In the city of Lancaster, on the 17th inst., Evelina P. Heap, wife of G. Harris Heap, and daughter of the late Commodore David Porter.

LUKENS.—On the morning of the 17th, of disease contracted in the Peninsular campaign, Franklin B., youngest son of Chilton and Sarah Lukens, in the 21st year of his age, late a member of the 3d New Jersey Volunteers.

OGDEN.—At Woodbury, N. J., on the 20th instant, Joseph Ogden, in the 89th year of his age.

SHARWOOD.—On Saturday, the 21st inst., of disease contracted from exposure in the field, Captain Deady Sharwood, of C Company, 118th (Corn Exchange) Regt. Penna. Vols., in the 47th year of his age.

DYRE.—On 10th inst., James W. Dyre, aged 63 years.

MULLIN.—Killed, by the accidental explosion of a shell, on the 14th of November, at Fortress Monroe, James H., son of James and Caroline Mullin, in the 16th year of his age.

BOYLE.—October 25th, at the battle of Lookout Mountain, in the service of his country, Major John A. Boyle, of the 111th Regiment P. V.

WEEKLY REPORT OF INTERMENTS.

HEALTH OFFICE, November 21, 1863.

Deaths and Interments in the City of Philadelphia from the 14th to the 21st of November, 1863.

CAUSES OF DEATH.	Adults.	Children.	CAUSES OF DEATH.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess	1		Fatty deg. of Heart	1	
Apoplexy	6		Gangrene	1	1
Burns and Scalds		1	Hernia	1	
Cancer	1		Hæmorrhage		
" Uterus	1		Hare Lip Double		
Croup		17	Inflammation, Brain	1	5
Congestion, Brain	2	1	" Bronchi	2	3
" Lungs	1	2	" Bladder	1	
Consumption, Lungs	31	5	" Heart	5	
Convulsions	1	8	" Larynx		1
Cyanosis		2	" Liver	1	
Diptheria		6	" Lungs	7	9
Diarrhœa	3	1	" Stom. & Bow	2	1
Dropsy	3		" Throat		1
" Brain		5	Inanition		1
" Chest	2		Intemperance	1	
" Heart	1		Ischuria	1	
Disease of Brain		2	Mania-a-Potu	2	
" Heart	6	2	Marasmus	1	4
" Spine		1	Necrosis	1	
" Liver	1		Old Age	3	
Dysentery	1		Palsy	3	1
Debility	4	2	Run over on Railr'd	4	
Effusion on Brain		1	Scrofula	1	2
Epilepsy	1		Softening of Brain	2	
Erysipelas	1		Small-Pox	1	
Enlargement Heart			Still-born		18
Fever, Congestive		2	Suicide	1	
" Petechial		1	Sore Throat		1
" Spotted		1	Unknown	2	1
" Scarlet		4	Gunshot	7	2
" Typh. Malig	5	6			
" Typhoid	6	2	Total	123	126

OF THE ABOVE THERE WERE—

Under 1 year	60	From 40 to 50	29
From 1 to 2	18	" 50 to 60	18
" 2 to 5	26	" 60 to 70	[illegible]
" 5 to 10	16	" 70 to 80	[illegible]
" 10 to 15	6	" 80 to 90	[illegible]
" 15 to 20	10	" 90 to 100	[illegible]
" 20 to 30	22		
" 30 to 40	21	Total	[illegible]

WARDS.		WARDS.		WARDS.	
First	24	Tenth	9	Nineteenth	14
Second	13	Eleventh	4	Twenty-second	5
Third	8	Twelfth	2	Twenty-third	3
Fourth	12	Thirteenth	4	Twenty-fourth	13
Fifth	6	Fourteenth	11	Twenty-fifth	7
Sixth	5	Fifteenth	12	Unknown	11
Seventh	10	Sixteenth	[illegible]		
Eighth	12	Seventeenth	[illegible]	Total	254
Ninth	7	Eighteenth	[illegible]		11

Deduct deaths from the country........243

Net deaths in the city.... Foreign, 65 ; Unknown, 10. Nativity—United States, [illegible] People of Color, 15 ; from the country, 11. From the Almshouse, [illegible] compared with the corresponding weeks of 1862 [illegible]. The number of deaths last week, was as follows : Week ending November 22, 1862, was 241. Week ending November 21, 1863, was 242. Males, 112 ; Boys, 70 ; Girls, 66. Interments of soldiers in city, 11.

By order of the Board of Health.
WILLIAM READ, Health Officer.